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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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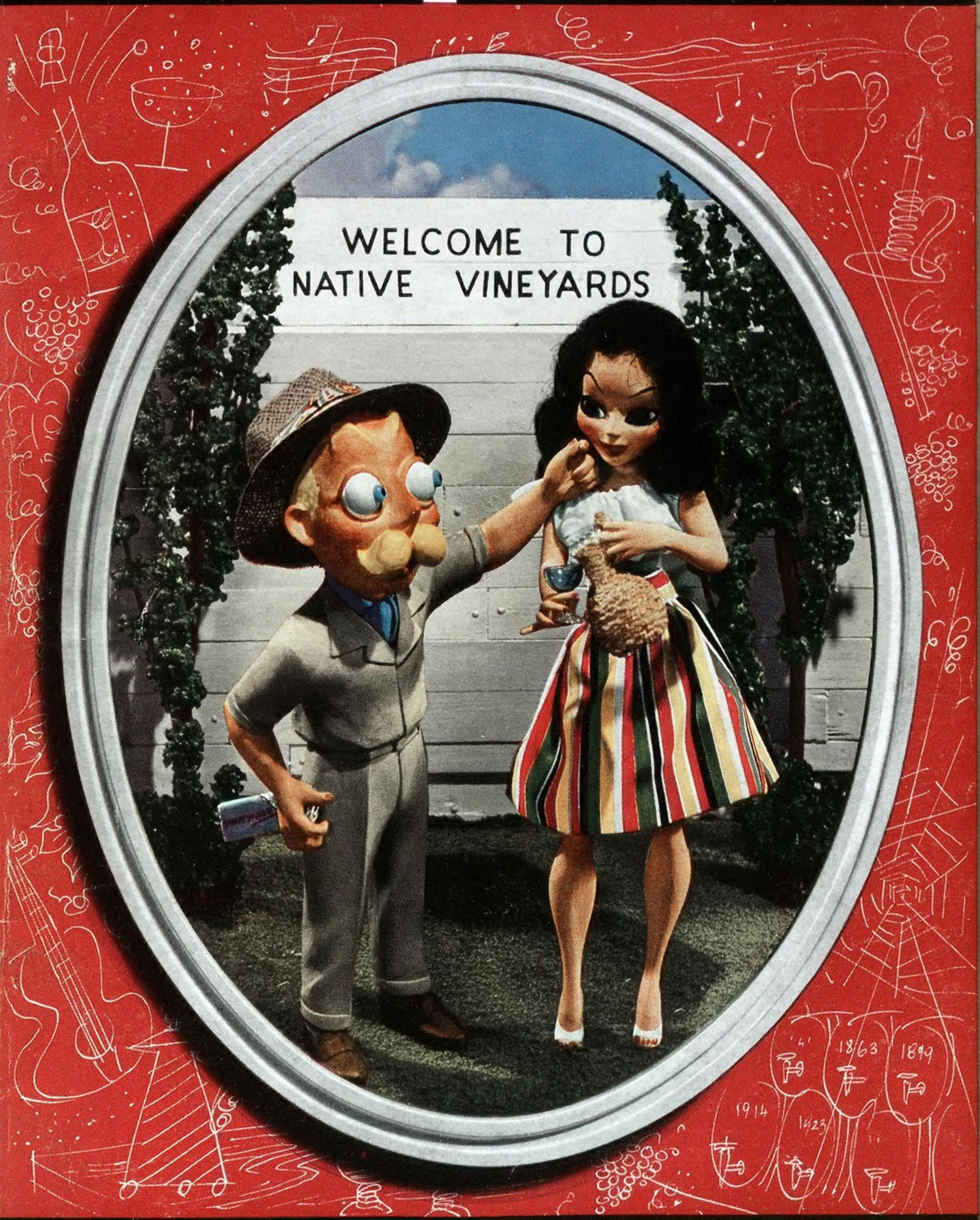

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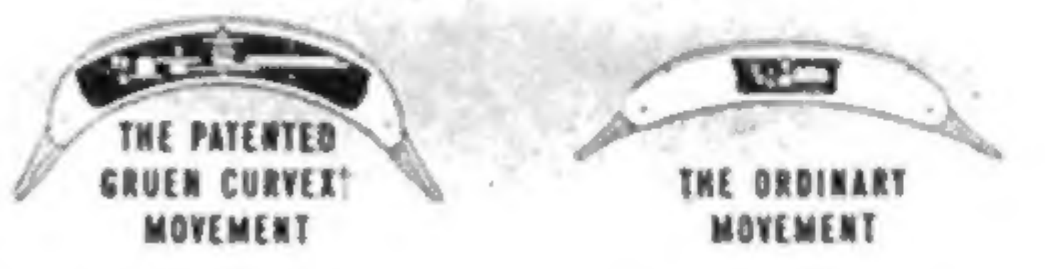

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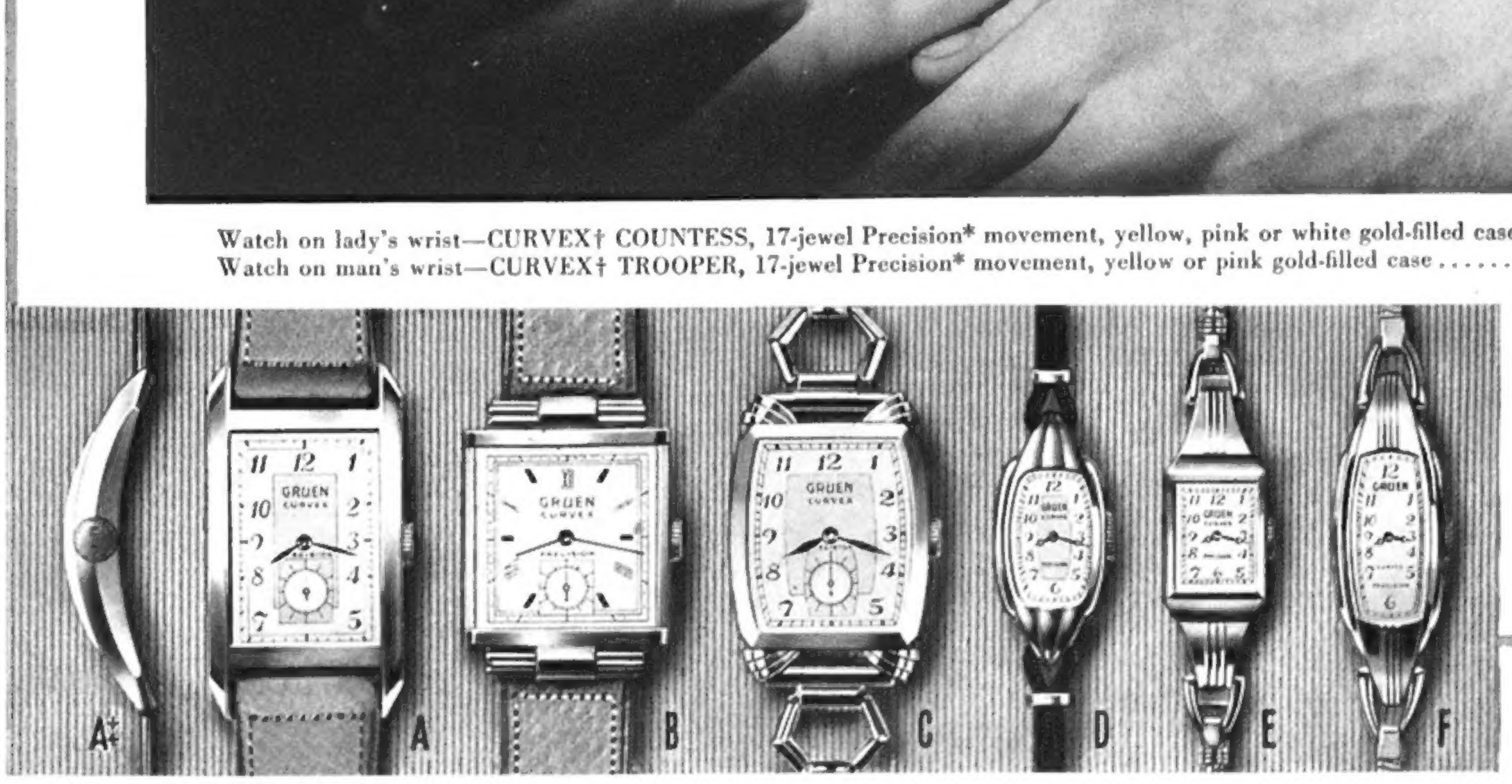

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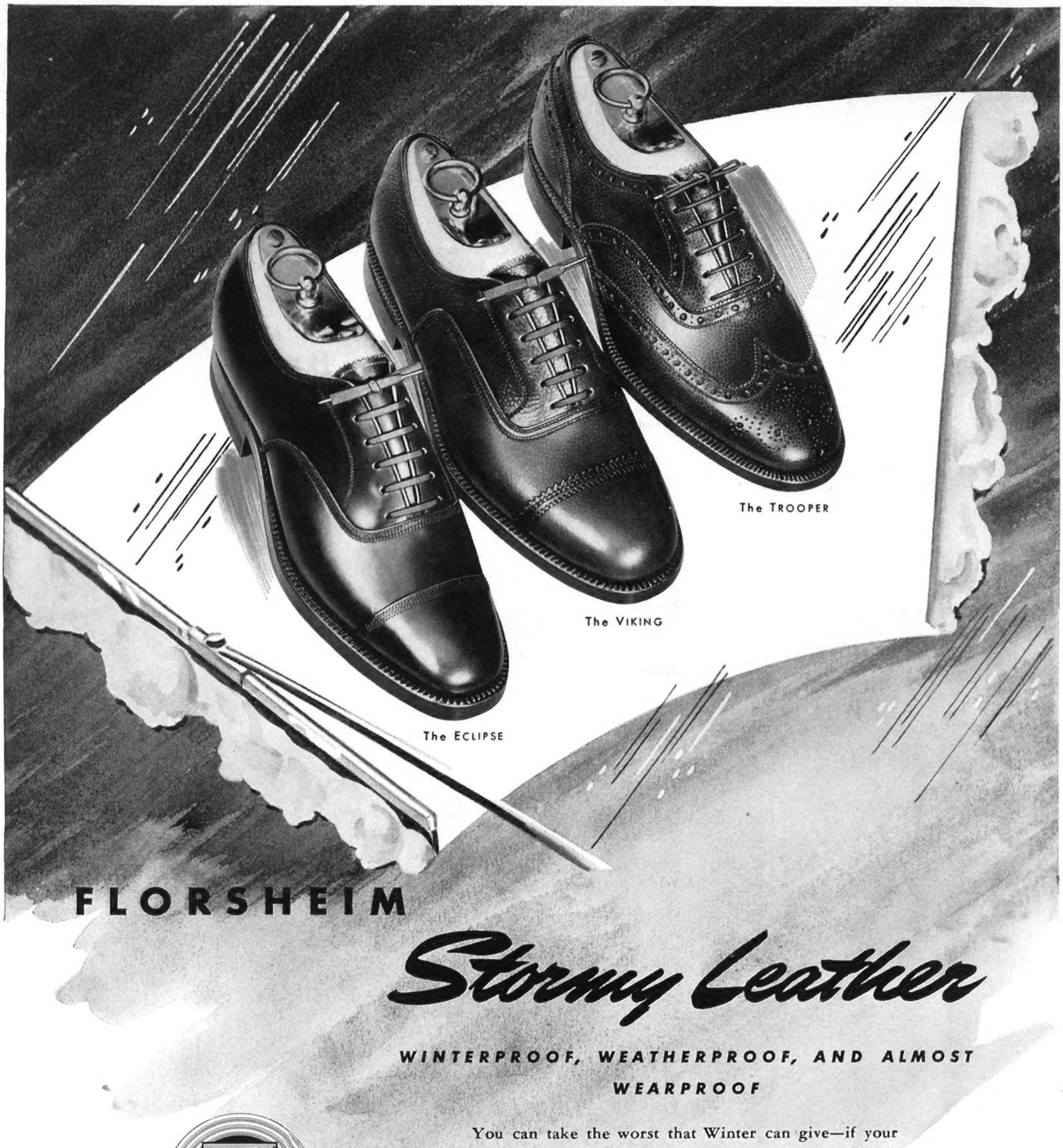

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
November, 1941
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EDITORIAL: To the tune of "this is our own, our native wine"

Last month this page was given over entirely to thought for food. In the course of our ruminations it occurred to us to record our considered belief that most Americans over-eat.

Now this month we choose to devote this page to the subject of wine, in token of the fact that this is our U. S. Wine Issue, as the front cover suggests and as the large section beginning on page 99, and concerned exclusively with Native Wines, bears out.

And the first thought that occurs to us in this connection is that Americans, as a species of human kind, under-drink. This thought is not as simple as it seems, thus boldly stated. We under-drink just as consistently as we over-eat—and that there is no notable consistency about either process merely makes the diagnosis of any resultant ailments that much more difficult.

The trouble with our over-eating is that it leads us to go in for crazy dieting fads in attempts, over a period of days or weeks, to compensate for years of over-indulgence. And the trouble with our under-drinking is that it leads us to go on crazy bats from which we are lucky to escape unscathed and unpinched. That sounds like over-drinking—and it's meant to. But the big reason that we over-drink on occasion is simply that we under-drink as a rule. If our eating were done only on "occasions" we'd undoubtedly catch up with even more spectacular results. If we didn't eat daily our stomachs would react as unpredictably and violently to food as they do to strong drink.

Whenever food and drink was the subject of discussion in the old days it was always just a question of time until someone would remark, and quite rightly, that "they order these things better in France." And so they do, or rather did.

Now old Marshal Pétain blames the fact that France was soaked in alcohol for its collapse. That's grist for the again busily turning propaganda mills of the prohibitionists, and that's all it is. If you believe anything Papa Pétain says publicly about the fall of France you are far more naïve than he is himself.

The Frenchman drank daily, and he drank wine as we drink water. (That is he drank wine as we *should* drink water—chilled but not iced.) As a result, the Frenchman, and most Europeans with him, built up a tolerance for alcoholic beverages that we over here have never acquired. As a people, we're alcohol starved. That's probably why we gravitate, like moths to the candle, to the strongest of strong drink whenever we drink at all. We're a nation of bar drinkers. Even in our homes we drink at bars rather than at tables. The only time the average American drinks at a table is when the table is set beside a dance floor. We have a tendency, perhaps perfectly understandable as a result of the prohibition era, to make a party out of the mere act of taking a drink.

The sad result is that we are playing right back into the hands of the prohibitionists. People who unthinkingly subscribe to the belief that history repeats itself, and do nothing about it, usually wake up to discover that history repeats itself only in its aspects that are least pleasant for *them*. At any rate, like it or not and believe it or not, the gaunt ghost of prohibition is again discernible against the horizon. And if the rest of us are going to behave like so many Bourbons, forgetting nothing and learning nothing, we may yet wind up again behind the same old fantastic padlock.

One way to counteract the old down pull toward the maelstrom into which prohibition plunged us once before is by a revision in our drinking habits. This method of outflanking the re-forming ranks of the dry forces is probably the most pleasant one, too, that could be devised. Let's evade and avoid the possibility of a return engagement of the Ignoble Experiment by drinking more, rather than less, as a means of obviating the evils of which the prohibitionists are always quick to make capital. Only let's mix our drinks a bit in doing it.

If we would drink daily, rather than reserving our drinking for festive occasions (and getting cockeyed as a result), we would be drinking more in total, yet actually drinking more moderately than with the way things are.

* * *

The most familiar wines to Americans today are sherry, port and muscatel. These three wine types substantially outsell all other individual types of wine in this country. Yet they are the sweet appetizer and dessert wines with an alcoholic content about half again as much as that of light table wines. The most recent figures we have seen indicate that the consumption of American wines (counting both commercial and home or basement production) is about evenly divided between the table wines and dessert wines. These figures in our opinion should be altered so that the bulk of consumption would be table wines. It is not that we are drinking too much port and sherry but simply that we are not beginning to drink enough table wine, and it is this latter variety that most readily classifies itself as food—this is the kind that should be drunk daily as an integral part of meals, with no more fuss or ritual of serving and drinking a bottle of it than of serving and eating a loaf of bread.

As drinkers, we Americans run. We don't walk. In fact, we have always run without ever learning to walk. Or, to vary the figure, "we don't write; we telegraph." We are a hard-drinking nation. We drink hard liquor on all occasions, including some when we might drink wine. And when we do drink wine, which is rarely, about half the wine we drink is the heavier sweet wine, rather than table wine. As a day in and day out bread and butter type of drink—for sit-down drinking at the table as opposed to stand-up drinking at a bar—the lighter table wines are vastly preferable. Port and sherry have their appointed time on the drinking calendar, or clock, but it isn't "every hour on the hour."

You will learn, in reading the section on native wines beginning on page 99, in three different gospels according to those sturdy disciples of Bacchus, Messrs. Mackall, Brody and Ashley, that American wines have come of age. What we all have to be told, next, is how soon America's drinking habits may be brought to the same point—and how.

We drink the way sailors make love—as if it might be months before there'd be another chance. Nothing could be more pointless. Unless we misuse our legal privileges and bring on the dark age of prohibition again, the supply is as endless as it is excellent.

* * *

Nobody loves a drunk. Not even, unfortunately, another drunk—or night club and barroom fights would be unheard of. And least of all does the distiller love a drunk. Don't let any of us ever get the idea, at this late date, that we are doing the distillers any disservice if we learn to take our liquor or leave it. The liquor industry has become a big business since prohibition—a big business in the best sense of the term. It's no longer, and may it never be again, in the hands of the gangsters. It is now run by businessmen who hope, this time, to be able to stay in it for keeps. They deplore, every bit as much as the highway police, the drinking driver. One of the biggest of them spent his entire advertising appropriation, over a considerable period, to preach moderation. Those dollars, that might have been devoted solely to the development of brand preference, were wisely devoted to temperance instead. And while men in the liquor business are in it to make money, just like any other businessman, they aren't out for the kind of sales increases that are tantamount to a killing of their golden goose.

So it's no skin off the distiller's nose if we give the vintner a break. In fact the distiller benefits in the long run. For if we as a nation come to the point where we consume wine as a food, buy table wines as casually and as constantly as we buy groceries, so that their presence on our lunch and dinner tables occasions no more surprise or comment than the presence of forks, we will be a happier healthier and wiser nation of drinkers, and, best of all, when we do drink hard liquor we will be better able to hold it like gentlemen.

* * *

This is no longer the land of the free lunch, but it may yet become the land of the free table wine. Europeans in America are always surprised to see how casually packets of matches are given away in our restaurants. But that came about perfectly naturally in the tradition of American business, as a service born of a demand. Until we became a nation of smokers, very few restaurants gave away book matches. In fact, it was not until the widespread use of cigarettes by women, after the war of 1914-1918, that many restaurants even permitted smoking. But those same restaurants soon supplied ashtrays and free matches at every table, after we became a nation of dinner smokers. When we become a nation of dinner drinkers, rather than before-and-after-dinner drinkers, free table wine may make its appearance, as casually and commonly as free matches.

It will be, of course, just what it should be for common everyday use, the wine of the country—as plain and ordinary a commodity as the local baker's bread. And that's the way for beginners to acquire a taste for wine. It may even be mixed with water, as the children's wine is in Europe. For wine is unlike cigarette smoking in that a taste for finer wines comes only gradually, after continued acquaintance with ordinary wines. On the other hand, the beginning cigarette smoker usually prefers the more expensive varieties, but gradually loses his taste for them, to a point where your average smoker of a pack or more a day has become so accustomed to his popular-priced cigarettes that he would rather do without than try an expensive Turkish or Egyptian.

But once a taste for wine has become established, a desire for the finer wines, and an appreciation of their delicate differences (lost on the uninitiated palate), follows naturally.

If the tax were to be taken off table wines of ordinary quality, putting them on a parity with other agricultural products (for that is what they are after all), so that they could be sold cheaply and widely—sold by corner groceries and by inexpensive restaurants which cannot now afford the expense of a license—so that they could become, say, as common as orange juice, the move would be a constructive one. The loss of tax revenue at the beginning of such an experiment would be made up many fold after a couple of years, as the appreciation of wine as a daily food would bring about a vast increase in the national appetite and taste for the finer wines for company and party use.

American travelers on the *Normandie* and *Ile de France*, after a few days of drinking the excellent and inexpensive table wine that came free with their meals, soon began to take a keen interest in the wine steward's list of wines for purchase. People who would never have dreamed of drinking wine with their meals at home soon acquired a questing palate, and the French Line sold them fine wines which they would never have ordered if the free table wine hadn't put them in the mood for more.

What worked, there, on a small scale, could work across the nation if it were ever put into practice on a broad scale. California, obviously, is the logical state to try to start it.

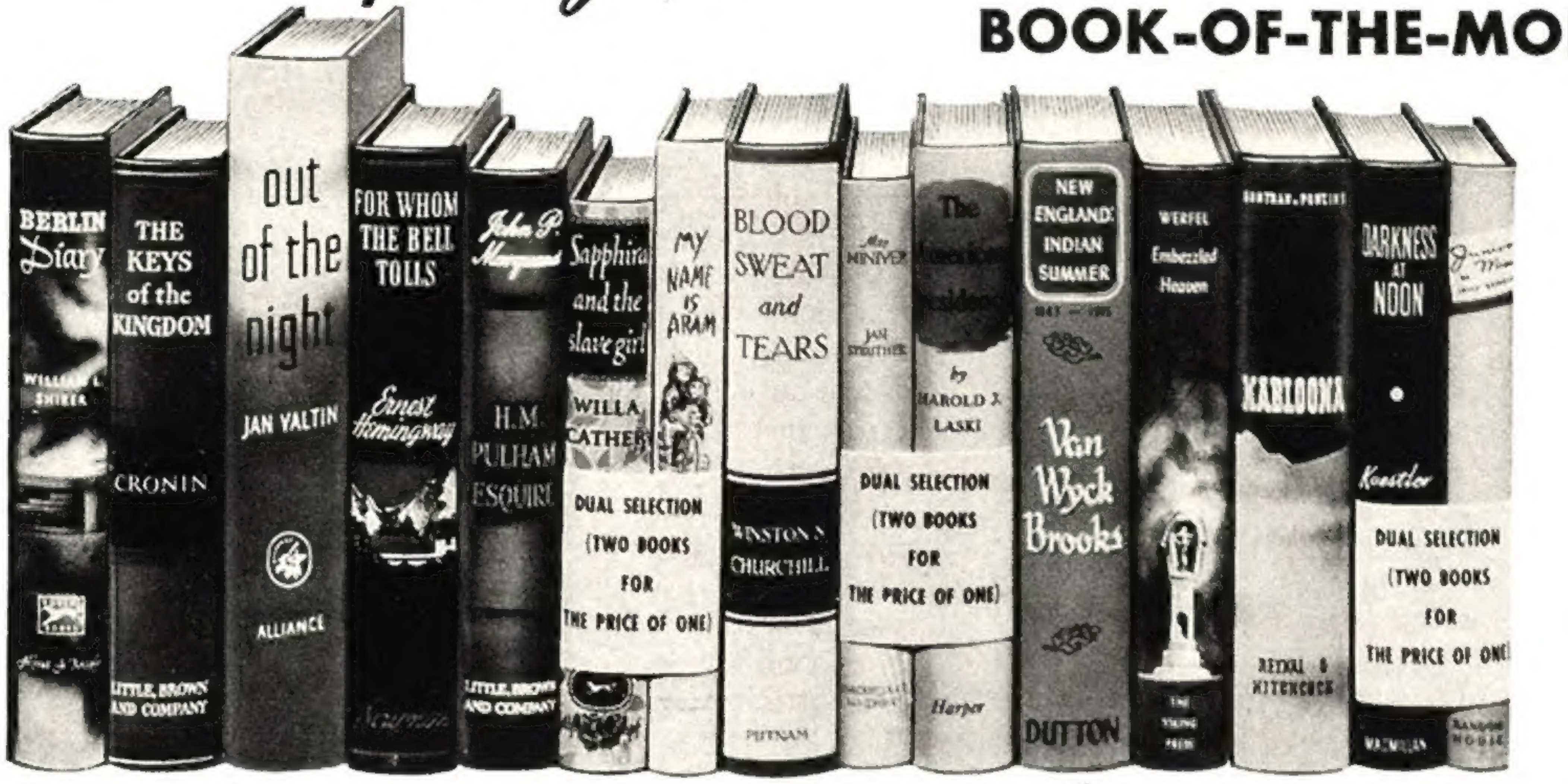
* * *

Of one thing you can be sure. Drunkenness will decrease as wine-consumption increases. And the decrease in drunkenness will take the wind out of the again-flapping sails of the Drys. The wine-bibbers beatific state, happy and mellow yet lucid and harmless, is felicitously expressed by Iles Brody (on page 122 of this issue) as "just a tiny glow on at all times." And there, masters, is a capsule definition of bliss. For, to quote Mr. Brody further, "Wine, this healthy stimulant, affects people propitiously. The wine-drinker is a happy and peaceful, untroubled man."

But read Mr. Brody for yourself—along with Mr. Mackall and Mr. Ashley. Go with them on their ten-minute tour of the felicities of the present state of our native wineries, with due attention, in between, to the glories of America's wine map. If you can do that without grabbing for your hat to rush out and buy at least two bottles of native wine, then you're a better man than we were at the moment we finished reading this section on American wines.

Meanwhile, here's looking at you—through very slightly more than "just a tiny glow."

In the past year – IF YOU HAD BOUGHT THESE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTIONS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The Oxford Book of English Verse
Leaves of Grass
Short Stories from the New Yorker
THE LIFE OF GREECE
WILL DURANT
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
LEO TOLSTOY
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA
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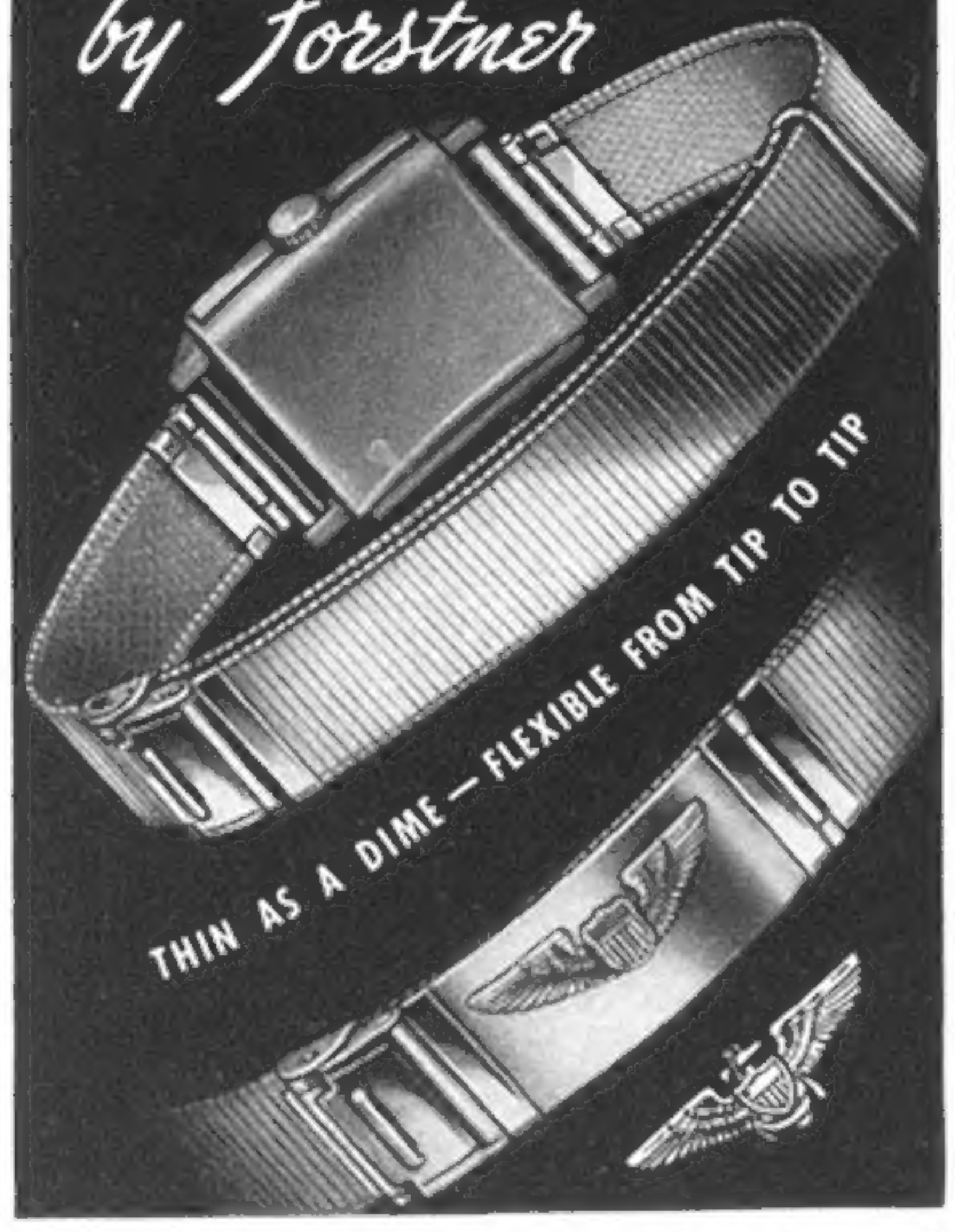

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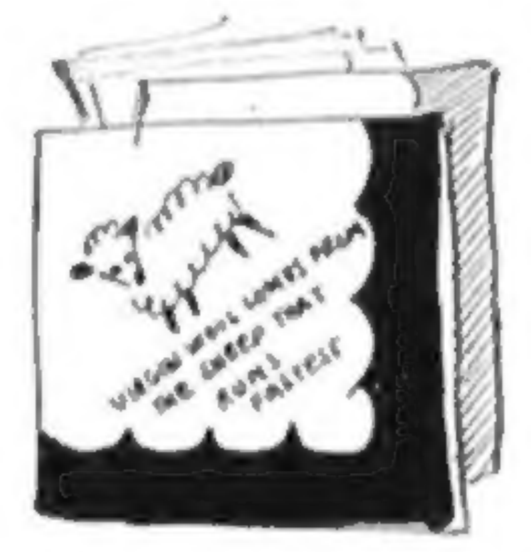
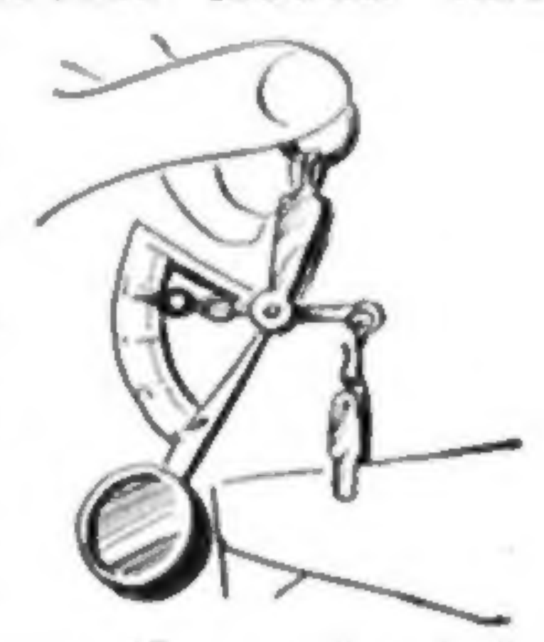
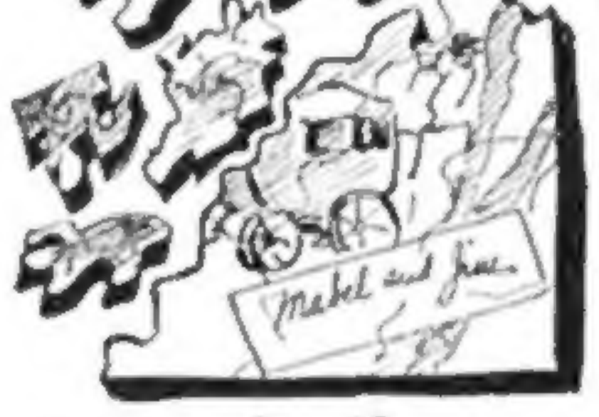
START THE BALL ROLLING. There are little things that make a party a success, and the sagacious host makes the most of them. Like, for instance, a box of fifty paper cocktail napkins, each printed with a different well-chosen gag, appropriately illustrated. The humor wells from a vast number of sources and human experiences, and is directed at just about anyone who could use a laugh. This assortment comes nicely boxed; the napkins are good-sized and bordered with variegated colors.



WEIGHT ON YOUR MIND? Not your waistline, but that other perplexing problem of whether a letter needs one stamp or two. Many a fine mind has pondered over the hairbreadth issue of postage, and has been found wanting. How to call a halt to needless cerebration without having to go in for bulky equipment has been brought about by a postal scale for your pocket. This fascinating accessory, neatly installed in a leather case, is based on the principle of balance. (No springs.) A clip on one side holds your letter, a weight pulls an indicator on an ounce gauge to its proper place.

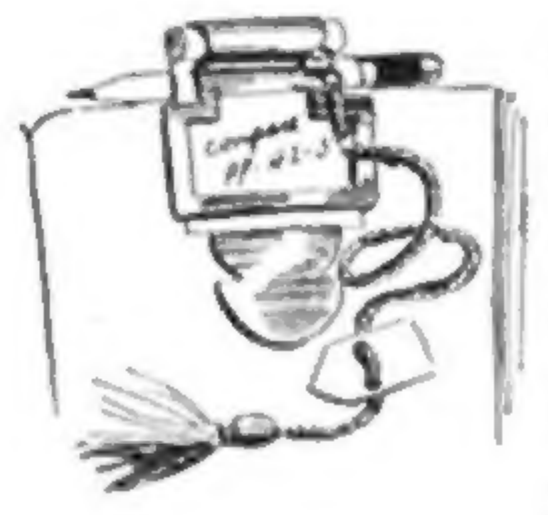


CHRISTMAS CARD TRICK. Here's another Christmas card possibility to bolster your reputation for doing the unexpected. This, friends, is a jigsaw puzzle, which the recipient has to put together before he finds out who sent it, or, for that matter, what the darned thing is. Three sizes and a variety of effective designs are offered, among them Currier & Ives prints. You are supposed to sign your name to them and then scramble them up before mailing in their own special boxes. A printed slip is to be enclosed in case your friends don't know a jigsaw puzzle when they see one.



NO SOAP. We're occupied for the moment with the problems of those whose puttering involves paint, grease, carbon paper, and other hand-dirtiers. Packed in a trim rubberized pouch is a soft, square cloth that, believe it or not, gets almost any kind of hard-to-remove dirt from the hands. You just wipe your grubby digits with the towel, and without the help of soap or water, they're pristine once more. It's recommended that you keep one in your car (for cleaning up after changing tires or fixing spark plugs), one in your secretary's desk (who will call you blessed the next time she wrestles with typewriter ribbons or carbon paper), and one around the house as an antidote to paint stains on your hands or chocolate on the children's. Non-irritating.

CONTENTS NOTED. An individual gift—and not an expensive one—harks back, but only somewhat, to the days when hand-painted ribbon bookmarks were automatically given as presents. This is a bookmark, too—with a difference. It comes in the form of an attractive brass clamp with a small but serviceable memo pad set in it behind a frame. Has a holder above for a pencil, and the final furbish is a cord threaded through a plastic pointer. This is good both for those who know How to Read a Book and absent-minded souls who like to doodle as they read.



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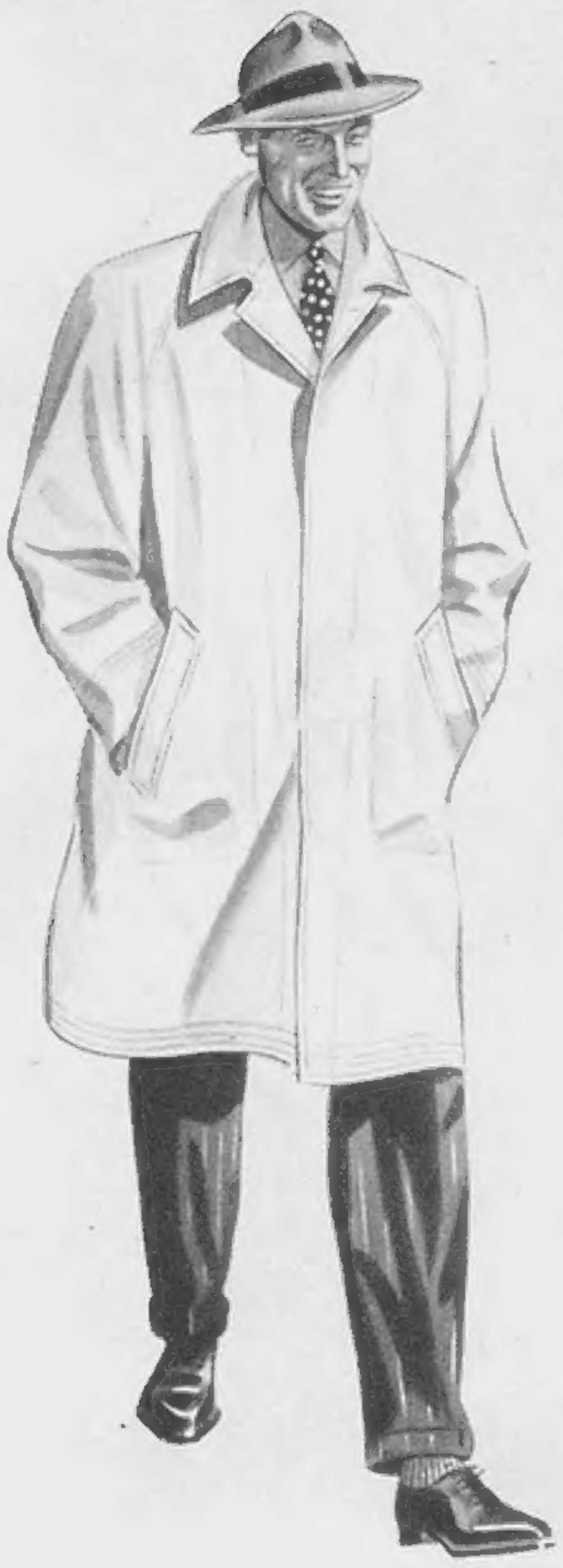

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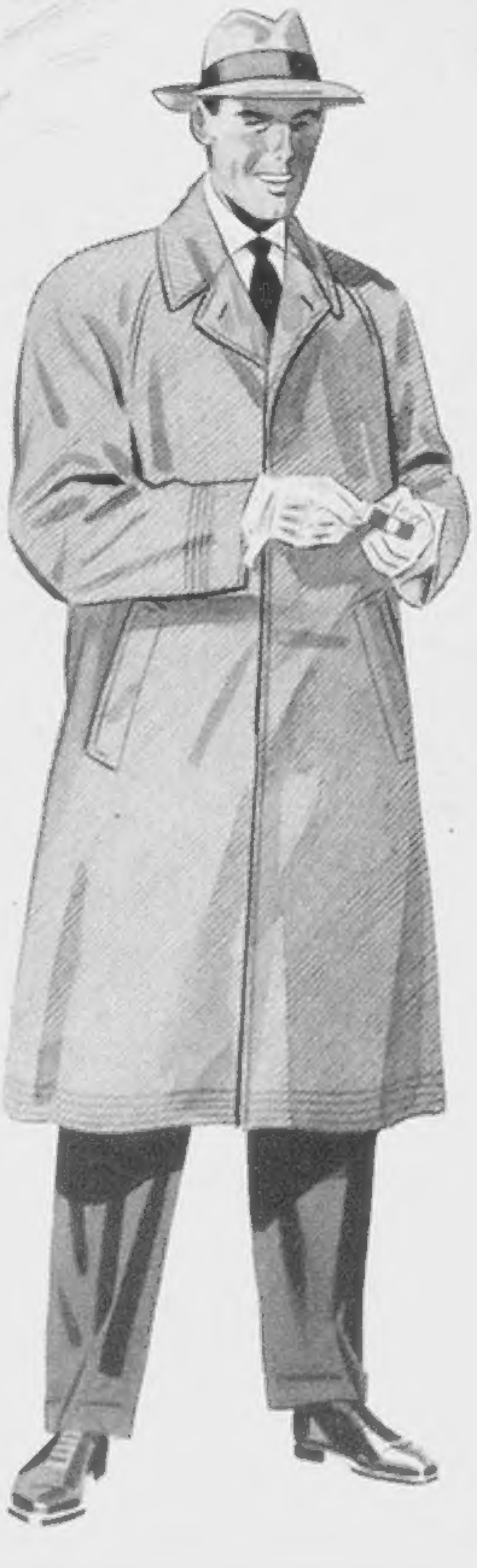

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

IN RE NAPOLEON READ *CAP* FOR *CORP*

In *The End of Hitler*, by Rupert Hughes in your September number, Mr. Hughes makes a "rapprochement" between Napoleon and Hitler by saying that both were corporals in the army. Mr. Hughes is very much mistaken. *Napoleon never was a Corporal in the Army.* After his studies in a Military Academy he became Lieutenant at the age of 16, I believe.

The title "Caporal" belonged to his ancestors. In Corsica there existed, we might call it, a Clan made up of worthy citizens, men of good families, for the purpose of keeping order and protecting themselves from the "bandits" who were very numerous on that rugged island. The chief or head of this Clan had the title of "Caporal"—hence Napoleon whose father was a "Caporal" was called "le Petit Caporal." Without being familiar with the life of Napoleon, if Mr. Hughes had ever studied French in school he should have read Mérimée's *Colomba* in which the author corrects this common error: people thinking that Napoleon had been a Corporal in the Army.

Sincerely,

Portland, Ore. Jacqueline Arnaud

THE PEOPLE VERSUS ESQ AND VICE VERSA

Here's what that marble-eyed, mildly sinful old codger on your cover's been waiting for! A private opinion poll all about Esquire—and most daringly conducted by an old hand at polling, extolling, and adventuring—yours truly. This incredible survey, unlike others which involve great quantities of money and time (neither of which have I) required only about a half hour of determined questioning among a small group of gently undulating imbibers at an ultra ultra late evening party I recently attended, and which I subsequently left in a very lamentable condition, as a result of a slight conversational misinterpretation, about which further details, gore and all, later.

"Should women read Esquire? Should they have a voice in Esquire affairs? Should their writings be tolerated in *Of Sound and Fury?*" These were the angel-sweet, simon-simple queries I cast upon the glittering group, guzzling gustily. But the fierce, almost bestial replies to these questions were quite enough to render me speechless for several eternity-like moments, after more than twenty-two years of never being speechless for even one eternity-like moment. Still, not being of the Milquetoast breed, I grimly pursued my quest for knowledge, oblivious and unhampered by the fact, as it later developed, that where Dr. Gallup had blazed the way, I was rapidly laying an egg.

So, here, no less historic and momentous than if it were written in my heart's blood, is presented the remarkable replies of those remarkable and possibly slightly dopey personalities I interrogated on that mad-cap evening:

Mr. R. L.: (This "R. L." stuff is largely for my protection.) "I am most emphatically opposed to women reading Esquire. I am opposed to them in *Sound and Fury*. I am opposed to them period." (Author's bloat: This gentleman's views must be greatly discounted. He was once a rabid advocate of blind dates.)

Mr. L. C.: "Women and Esquire? Hitler and treaties? Gasoline and gin? Boris Karloff and Shirley Temple? Get it?"

Miss E. V.: "Of course I don't want to press the point home too dramatically. I know lots of guys who think a hell of a lot of the *Ladies Home Journal*."

Mr. R. G. (Yale man.) "In view of the marked tendency of the feminine sex towards the adoption of masculine apparel, viz.: slacks, sport coats, shirts, shoes; it would seem only appropriate that their interest and attention should center upon a periodical which caters more or less luridly to their most ardent desires, sartorial and otherwise."

Mr. D. P.: (Reputedly quite a fox with the ladies.) "The whole thing is okay by me. I have found that the kind of a gal who reads Esquire is the kind of a gal who, well—reads Esquire."

Mr. F. S.: "No! Women should stay strictly on their side of the fence. If they continue this encroachment into man's domain, it will goad us into retaliation. Then, they may wake up some day to find a mob of burly stevedores directing the policies of *Vogue*."

Mr. E. G.: "Can't be bothered with anti-climaxes now, chum. Mable here is giving us the low-down on what sorority gals are *really* like."

Before presenting the final comment, that of a certain Mrs. J. L., which lady I did not know even faintly at the time I requested her views, it might be well to sketch in a bit of the background. Too late did I learn that this rather comely little vixen was handicapped with hearing faculties that were, to be extremely kind, not so hot. And in addition—this is of the utmost importance—she was legally attached to what appeared at first sight to be the largest male human being in existence. This bundlesome gentleman, the grim fates decreed, was not strategically present at the time I approached his treacherous worse-half in continuance of my survey. Later, I learned very abruptly that he was not far off.

The simple question I directed to Mrs. J. L. (mind you, a vicious, fog-eared, uncomprehending little minx) was, quote, "Should women read and attempt to dictate the policies of Esquire, madam?" unquote.

And her reply: "What's that? I'm a liar? John, come here! This ugly fiend just insulted me. A woman can't come to a party any more without being mauled by a drunken bum! John! Get him before he gets away!"

Portland, Ore. Clifford S. Cernick

P.S. John got me. The disturbance was fortunately quelled before I was able to inflict serious injury on the fellow. The fact that I was carried off the premises in a horizontal, semi-conscious state is beside the point.

CALL TO PENS

Seeing as how your magazine is widely read, I was wondering if you would do the soldiers in Panama a large favor?

I am attempting to start a "social correspondence" between the soldiers here and the girls in the States. So far I have done fairly well, having heard from every state in the Union, Canada, Alaska, and Hawaii. But as yet it is still just an idea, as we need a lot more publicity.

It costs nothing for the girl to join our club; all she has to do is write a letter in care of me, explaining the type of soldier she would like to hear from, her age, likes and dislikes, and anything she would care to write about.

I shall do my best to fill her request, but please tell them it is impossible for me to have an officer write to her, as I am writing only for the enlisted personnel.

I remain sincerely yours,

Have them address all letters to,
Staff Sergeant George Russell,
6th Bomb. Group Recreation Center
France Field, C. Z.

STERN WAKER-UPPER FOR OUR MR. TUPPER

I do not know Fred Tupper, Jr. Never heard of him, except that he wrote *From Campus to "Cub"* in the September Esquire. So perhaps we had better start with me. In my own purely typical American way, I am a Junior at Dartmouth College, intensely interested in journalism, both at college where I am a member of the Junior Directorate of *The Daily Dartmouth*, and as a career. "A pap-fed collegian"—Mr. Tupper, in the guise of a city editor calls such as I. Add to this, however, the more hard-bitten experience of a full summer's work as a reporter on the Albany *Times-Union*, only morning daily serving the Capital of New York State and surrounding communities.

With this as introduction then, let's have a look at Mr. Tupper's article, which according to the table of contents, tells "How Johnny Jones, fresh out of college, plans a one-man blitz and catapults himself into journalism." I am at a distinct disadvantage. I don't know if Mr. Tupper spends the better part of his time in a city room or if he is a staff member of Esquire. I don't know whether he's 30 years older than I am or only 3 years older. But at any rate, I'd like your indulgence while we examine his article:

As the story on page 51 for the September Esquire opens, Johnny Jones has left the sanctum of the editor's office of *State College News*. (We'll leave Mr. Tupper's misconceptions of a college paper untouched for the sake of brevity only.) By a freak of nature, Jones lands a job on a New York daily. Says his city editor:

"Come in Monday, I'll give you a two-week trial."

(Mr. Tupper apparently does not know the American Newspaper Guild, with which most dailies have contracts, has a frowning attitude on temporary employes. If Jones is on, he's on for good, unless he is grossly incompetent or negligent.)

The article continues: "Here's a sample day. The phone rings at 4 a. m. It's the desk. 'Get over to 10th Avenue and 50th. Police think there's a bomb there. They're watching it. You watch it.' "

(Now look, Mr. Tupper, if the story is an important one, the city desk isn't going to waste time calling Jones to get out of bed. Every newspaper works on a schedule. If it didn't have someone available already on the job at 4 a. m., it would be rather shot to hell, wouldn't it?)

Three hours later Jones, still on the bomb story calls the desk and hears: "Meet the Century," says the desk. "Betty Grable's on it. In at Grand Central in fifteen minutes."

(Another case of It-can't-happen-on-a-metropolitan-daily. If meeting Grable is big enough for a story, the city desk isn't going to wait until poor Jones calls in, because maybe, if he called fifteen minutes later, the paper would miss the story completely, much to the managing editor's disgust.)

"Jones gets no breakfast."

(But he does, if his paper is a Guild paper, even presuming he did start his day at 4 a. m. The Guild, you see, says an hour to eat for everyone.)

"A half hour later . . . Jones is in Brooklyn . . . It's noon, then 2 p. m."

(Oh, it's 2 p. m., is it? Well, that's exactly 10 hours after Jones started work for the day. On a required eight-hour day, (the federal wage and hour law) that means he's drawing overtime pay since noon, and no metropolitan daily is handing out time-and-a-half to a cub.)

After Brooklyn, Jones calls the desk again and listens: "Get up to the Municipal Building fast."

(More overtime. More possible missed stories. More baloney.)

"There are days like that in the newspaper business."

(There used to be, Mr. Tupper, back in the days gone by. There aren't any more.)

"He (Jones) walks into a bar and starts downing ryes straight."

(Oh, come, come.)

So for all this I'd like a little explanation. These are the only hypotheses for Mr. Tupper's article that I can deduct:

1. The author wrote the article a decade ago, when it might have made sense; or
2. Esquire needed another collegiate story to fill its "Back to School" issue, so a staff writer sat down and dreamed up a short filler; or
3. Mr. Tupper really is a kind-hearted newspaper man trying to discourage college men from falling into a journalistic rut; or
4. Somebody is just plain screwy.

Certainly, it's almost impossible to get into the newspaper profession. I know it, and I've only worked in a city room for eight weeks, and I've still got two more years of college before trying to earn my full-time living from journalism.

But think, Mr. Tupper, of all the members of the college classes of 1945 who read your article and who are still raw enough to take all that in.

Think of them and hang your head in shame. Either that, or please write me and tell me where to head in.

Esquire, ain't you 'shamed?

Sincerely,

Herbert L. Marx, Jr.
Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.

PATRON SAINTS OF SOARING

I wish you had given me a chance to reply to the letter from Sterling Reynolds which you published in the September Esky.

I happen to be a member of the Soaring Society of America, and I know, of course, that the organization was founded by Warren Eaton. I also know just what progress the sport made in capturing public attention in the decade since the annual meets were started at Elmira.

As of August 1, 1941, there were exactly 52 certificated gliders and 104 uncertificated gliders in these United States; with them were 66 commercial glider pilots, 80 private glider pilots, and 534 student glider pilots registered with the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

What a hell of a showing for an organization which has been guiding the destinies of the "world's most thrilling sport!" The sport is all and more than that, but until McDonald got into the picture nobody knew it. The impetus he gave it is just beginning to show results; the few factories now in production are swamped with orders and inquiries, clubs are springing up everywhere, soaring schools are turning away pupils, and new schools are impatiently waiting for ships to fly.

Let's give Eaton credit for everything to date, even though it means overlooking such pioneers of money and effort as Du Pont, Bowlus, Franklin, Barnaby, Evans, Klemperer, etc., and then check the Official CAA figures about gliding on August 1, 1942, and give the difference to McDonald. Eaton's efforts have had as little influence on soaring as the Chinese invention of movable type has had on modern printing.

Cordially,

Chicago, Illinois Ted Leitzell

Continued on page 114

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

What happened to the fourth Manhattan?

WE RECENTLY ASKED a famous photographer to take a picture that would really do justice to the magnificence of Manhattan Cocktails made with today's Four Roses Whiskey.

He brought us the photograph you see above. We were tremendously pleased with it. But, knowing that, in the past, his Four Roses photographs have usually shown *four* cocktails, we asked, "What happened to the fourth Manhattan?" His answer amused us—and pleased us. So we asked him to re-enact just what did happen to it—for your benefit...

First, with infinite pains (for our friend is *also* famous as a connoisseur) he mixed the four Manhattans... using one-sixth *dry* Vermouth... one-sixth *sweet* Vermouth... a piquant dash of Bitters... and for the remaining two-thirds, Four Roses. Stirring well with cracked ice, he poured the ruby-gold libation into the four glasses. So far, so good.

Next, he worked out the composition of his "still-life", being careful to give the Manhattans and the Four Roses bottle the patrician surroundings they deserve. For this Four Roses, he'd heard, was the very finest whiskey we'd ever made or known in the past 76 years. And that, he knew, meant it was finer than any whiskey *anybody* ever made!

In fact, he confided, this Four Roses made such downright gorgeous-looking Manhattans, with such ambrosial aroma, that... well, *he drank that fourth Manhattan!*... We wish that *you*, too, would discover the satin-smooth perfection, the softly exquisite flavor, of today's Four Roses. Just try this matchless whiskey—won't you?

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

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TALLER
than "SHE" is!

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The outward appearance of these amazing shoes that make you **TALLER** the instant you put them on, is the same as that of any other fine smart shoes. The "confidential" inner construction: 1. Increases your height. 2. Improves your posture. 3. Makes you stand better, look better, feel better. In a selection of smart styles for sports, business and evening wear. $12.50 Slightly Higher West

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Exclusive Manufacturers of "Elevators"
Gentlemen: Kindly send me Free Booklet and name of nearest "Elevator" dealer.
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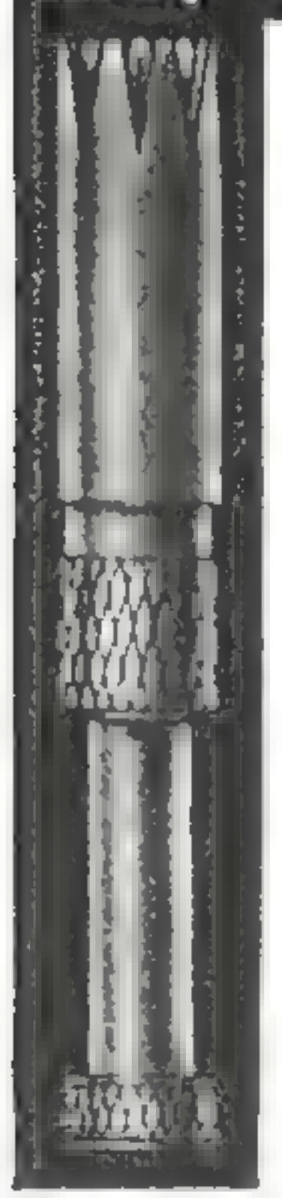
Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical: No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficent. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

So simple! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Actual Size
$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark, N.J. Dept. 234
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
Name________________
Address________________

DEFROSTING MILLENIUM. You can ignore the whole procedure of defrosting your refrigerator and yet have it function better than ever, through a new automatic gadget. It appears to be, at first glance, a good-looking rectangular kitchen clock—but it's more than that. Plugged into an electric socket, it automatically turns off your refrigerator at twelve o'clock each night and starts it running again at three—three hours being considered in scientific circles as the ideal length of time in which to defrost. Good authority says this painless procedure will add years to the refrigerator's life, save you dough on inefficient functioning due to an excess of frost accumulation.

THE MID-DAY ALARM. An alarm clock is all well enough for getting you up, albeit grudgingly, in the morning. But what about those times during the day when you have to remember to take a pill, keep an appointment, telephone a client? The solution—a wristwatch with an alarm attachment. Set the hour at which you wish to be prodded, by turning the rim of the dial. At the appointed time, a still, small buzz says, in effect, Hey, You. This is no mere toy, but a darned good stainless steel watch, precisely constructed, and ruggedly handsome.

SURFACE SAVERS. For the two schools of shaving thought—electric and standard razor. You electric boys get a shaving powder stick that you rub over your phiz before and after shaving. Before, it gives the shaver an improved working surface; after, it softens your whisker-less chin and adds *éclat* to your complexion. The shaving cream contingent might use a combination shaving-soother and skin cleanser in the form of a concentrated oil that goes on after the lather, be it by brush or by hand. Smells swell.

WORTHY OF NOTES. A gift for the college student, or anyone who does intensive scribbling—a handsome notebook ruggedly bound in natural cowhide. One of the two sizes offered should be able to stand any amount of battering, for the cowhide is thick and tough. The smaller book—eight and a half by five and a quarter inches—has a lock; the larger one, which is eight by eleven inches, has a copper back. Otherwise they're unadorned, though a name or initial could be tooled into the leather cover. Should make four long, hard years of English Lit. a positive pleasure.

LILY-GILDING DEPARTMENT. You might pass this on to the little woman, subtle-like, if her format is beginning to pall. She sends to a leading beauty expert a photograph of herself, full-face, with such salient information as coloring, height, and complexion. Comes back to her, after a short but breathless wait, an enlarged 5 x 7 photograph with a new hair-do superimposed, very lifelike, on it, and make-up suggestions. A small coin of the realm takes care of all this glamour, and she can lug the photo to the local hairdresser, making him come across, for a change, with something distinctive.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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When you see this tag on a lamp, you know it's "tops" for good lighting... meets 54 standards for better light and better service, as certified by Electrical Testing Laboratories.

Insist on Certified
I·E·S
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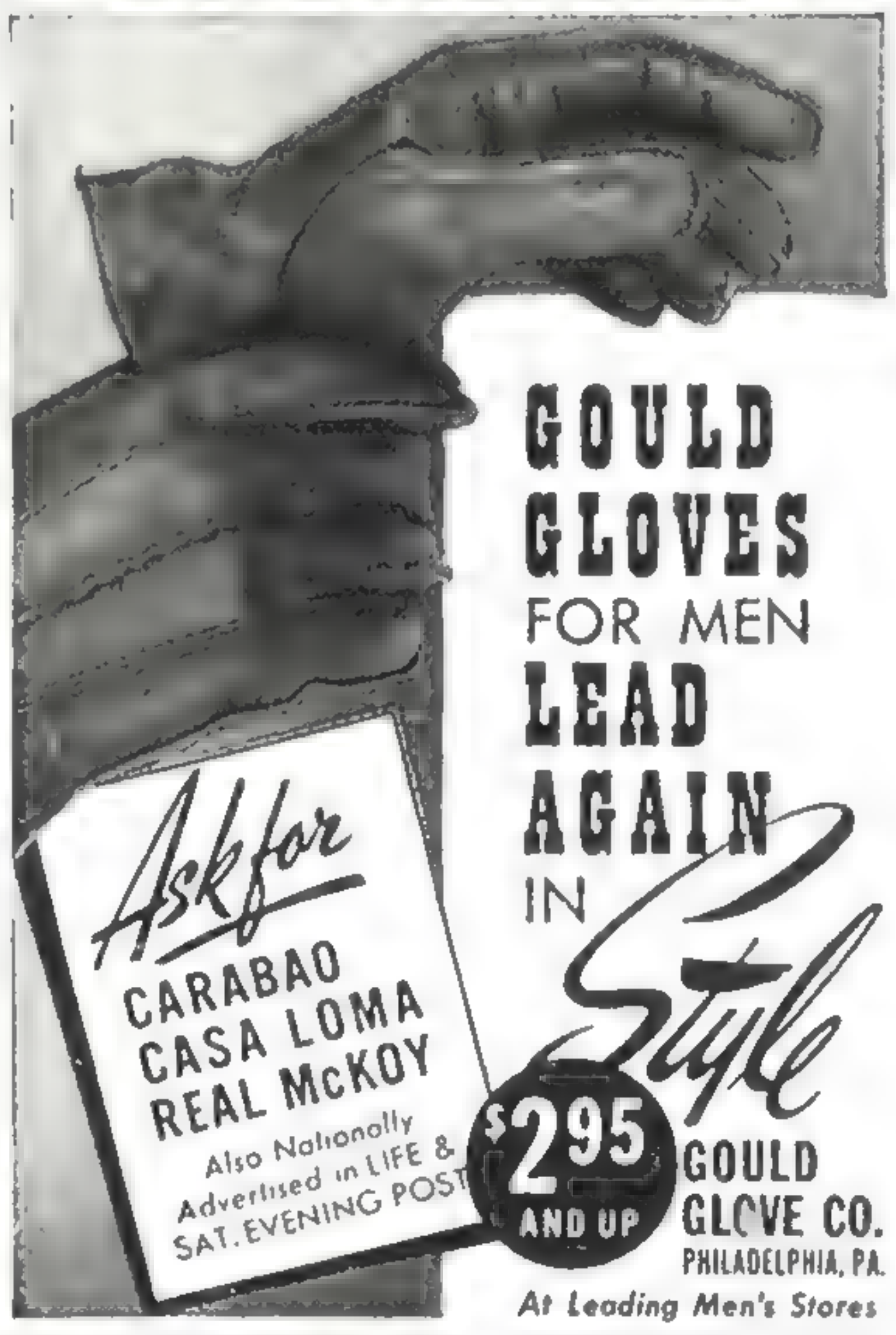

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THE PRIZE GIFT
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Tool of 1001 uses. For precision work on metals, alloys, wood, horn, plastics, bone, glass, etc. For your own hobby enjoyment or as a gift.

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Here's our answer: Wherever you are, we'll send you a generous 7½ oz. jar of Cassebeer Skin Cleanser, attractively packaged, for $1.25 (Money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction, of course.) *Order yours today from* **H. A. CASSEBEER, 953 Madison Avenue, New York,** *Established 1843.*

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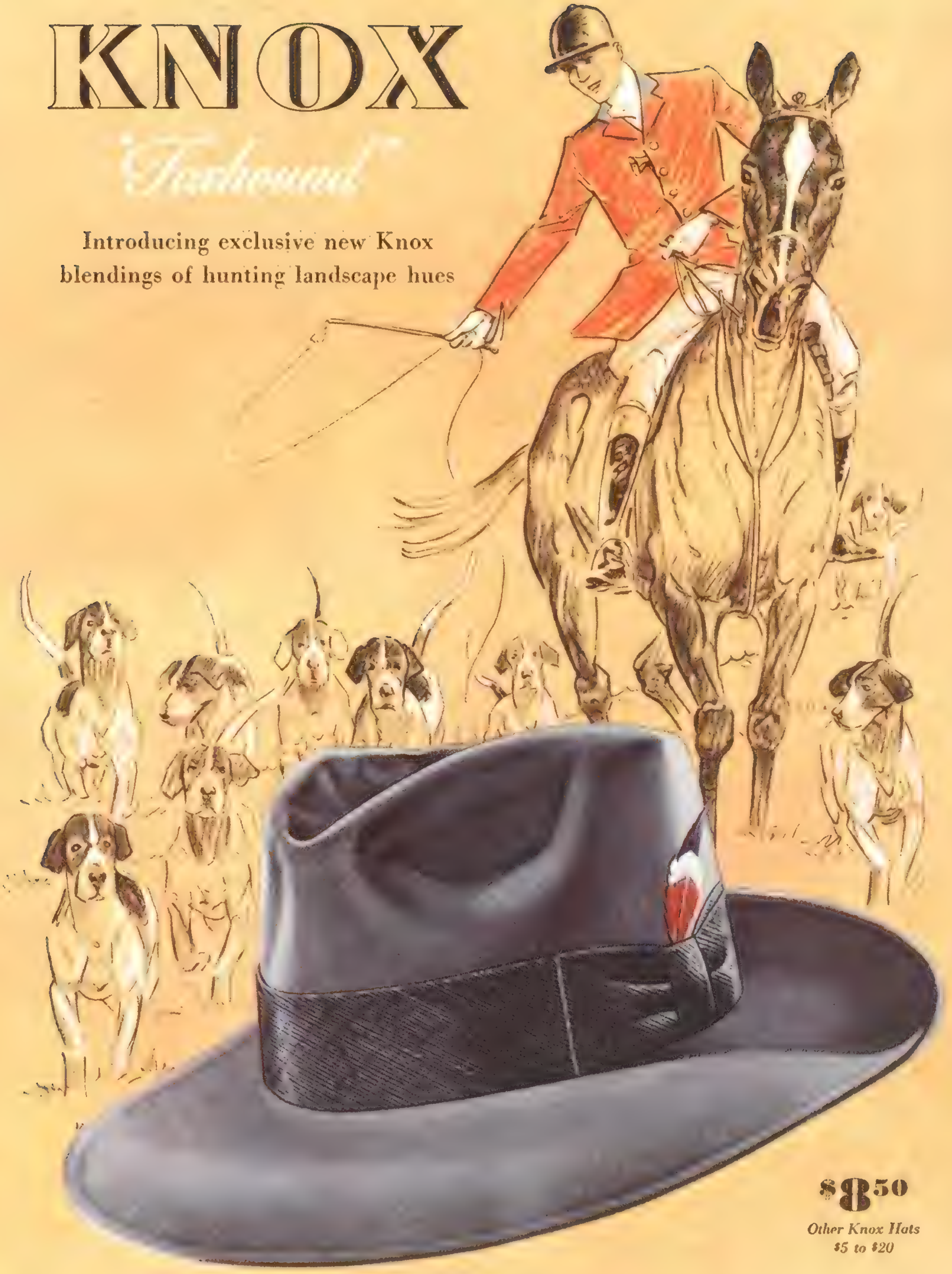

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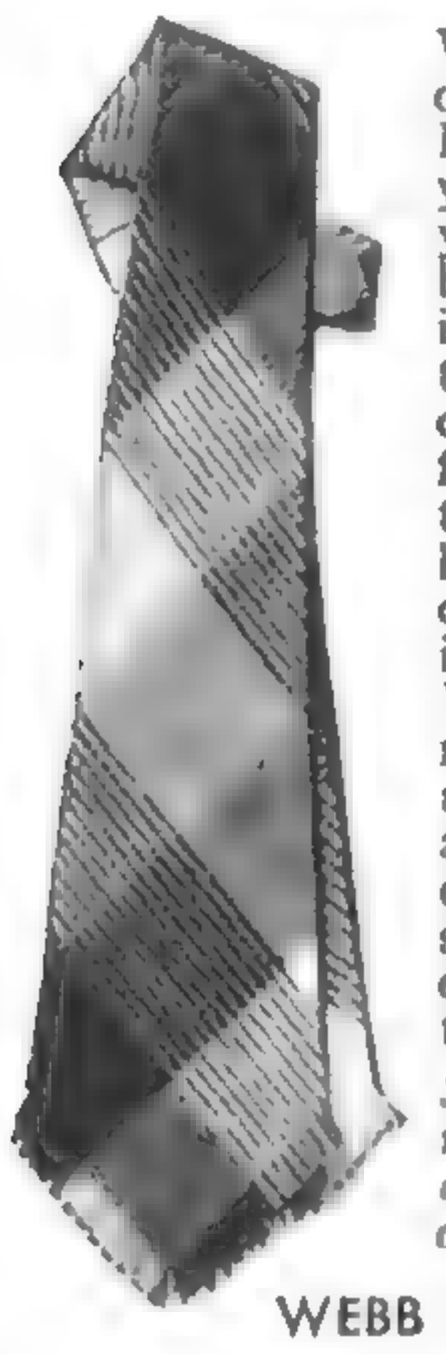

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Wouldn't you like neckties different from every Tom, Dick and Harry? Wouldn't you like real distinction in your ties—at *low cost?* I have discovered it for you in the hand woven, all wool ties of the mountain people of New Mexico—weavers for generations. Lovely patterns and colors. Texture like tweed gives that outdoor look. Cut so as to tie in either loose or tight knot. Wrinkles fade out overnight. Wear and wear and *wear*—can be cleaned again and again. And . . . only $1 each, postpaid; 6 for $5, by selling direct from weavers. Sounds too good to be true, but is.

See for yourself. Write now for my interesting Rainbow Folder of 62 patterns and plain colors, with fabric sample.

WEBB YOUNG, Trader
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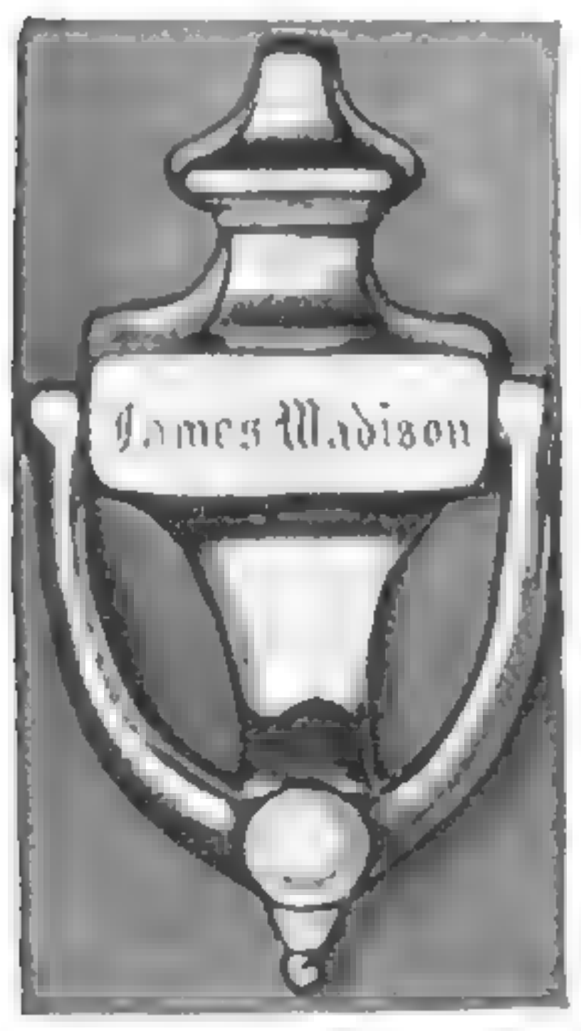

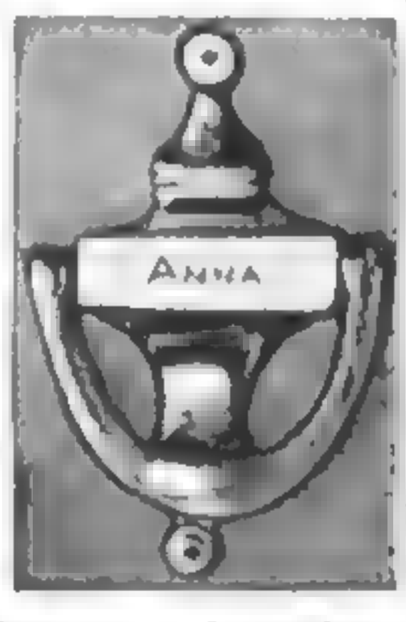

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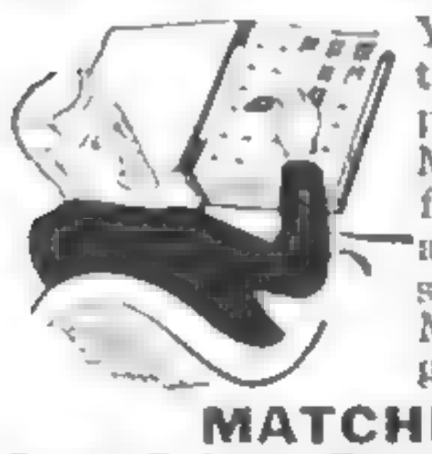

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FREE—Write for Party Record List

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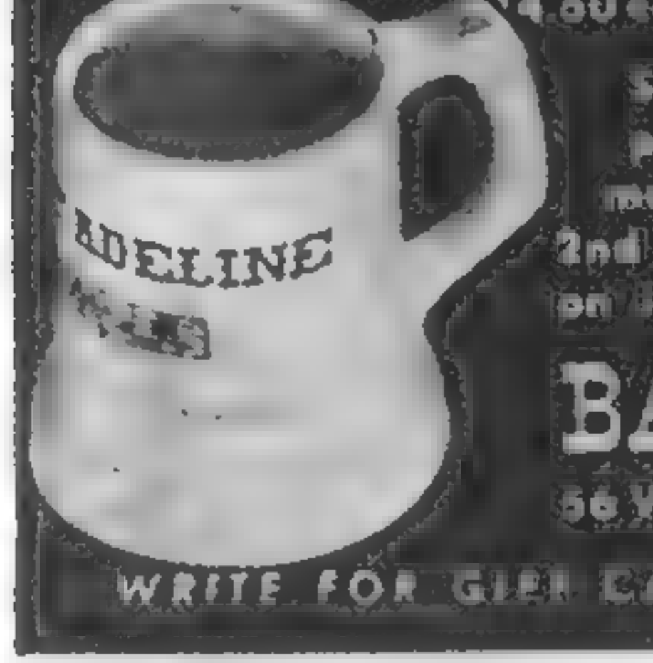
HOW DRY I AM
ALL HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE



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$4.50 ea. Post-paid, U.S.A.

Swiss music box plays gayly when mug is lifted. (State 2nd choice.) Red trim, on ivory. No C.O.D.

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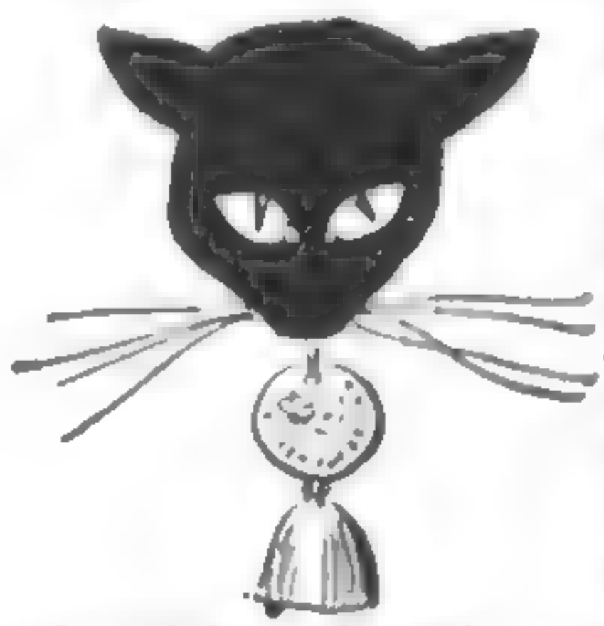
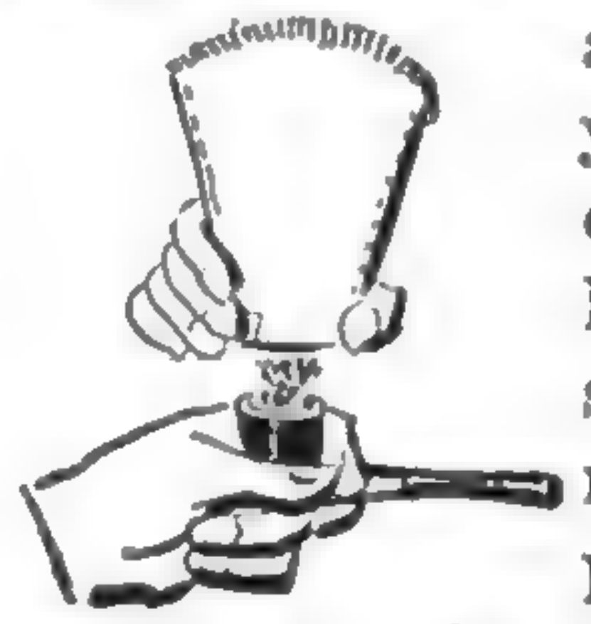
WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG [illegible]



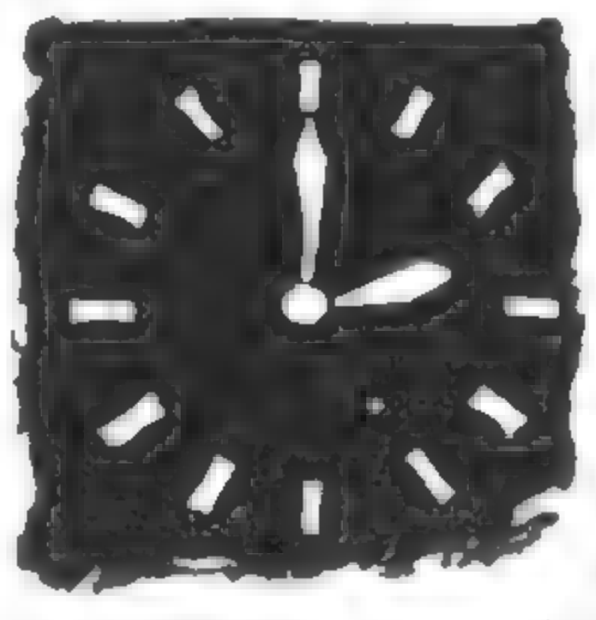
FELINE FEALTY. Even the family cat can be utilized in doing your bit for British aid. It's Bundles for Britain this time that is sponsoring a bell for a cat's collar. It's squarish in shape and is suspended from a metal disc about as big as a dime. On this disc is engraved the words "Kitten for Britain" and a jaunty Persian's head wearing a crown. This adornment would add class to any cat, besides having the practical purpose of giving birds a warning signal when Tabby sneaks up on them. You might buy an extra one (they're inexpensive) for your girl friend's charm bracelet.

SHOOT OUT THE LIGHTS. If you have an old shootin' iron that can no longer bring down anything but a sentimental tear from your eye, don't let it moulder up attic. Shotguns, squirrel rifles, or almost any kind of gun can be made into an out-of-the-ordinary floor lamp for your den or game room. The butt is sturdily mounted so that the gun aims vigilantly and steadily upwards, and while the choice of lampshades is up to you, we can't think of anything more appropriate than a parchment one hand-painted with birds on the wing. Ski poles can also be made into effectively sportsmanlike lamps.



FILL 'ER UP. Anyone suffering from the exhaustion consequent upon constant pipe-filling should be glad to hear about a tobacco pouch that does it for you. This one, approximately cone-shaped, except that the small end is squared off, has a zipper across the top for the installation and preservation of tobacco. A metal spring at the bottom keeps the pouch closed tight; but when you want to fill your pipe, you pinch the sides together and out she comes, headed towards your meerschaum with unerring and tidy accuracy. A low-budget item; three colors.

WHEN PARENTS TRIUMPH. When the infant son and heir pitches his dish of dinner on the floor, it can be O.K. by you both. A deep three-sectioned plate decorated with colorful nursery designs has, instead of a metal section below for keeping juvenile edibles warm, a heavy rubber one, which can be filled with hot water. It's firmly attached with plugs that go through the plate. The additional benefit of the rubber base is that, should your offspring take a violent dislike to the menu and fling the dish from him, it is much more likely to bounce than break. Oh, to be a child again.



NEON IN THE BEDROOM. It was bound to happen sooner or later—a clock with a neon-illuminated dial—and quite effective it is, too. Made of plastic in dark and light finishes, it gives forth a blue neon glow when fall the shades of night. This makes the hands and numeral symbols remarkable legible, even across the room. And the glow makes it useful as a night light, too. The light doesn't go off and on, *à la* Broadway, but we kind of wish it did.

Ranger

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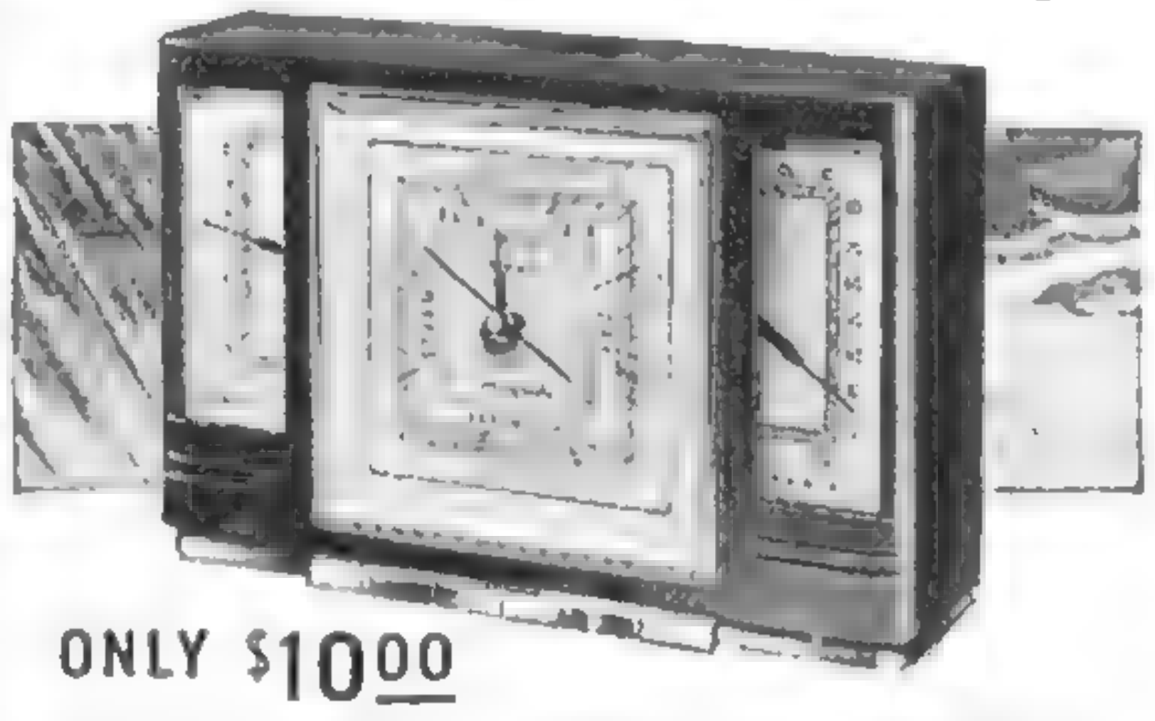

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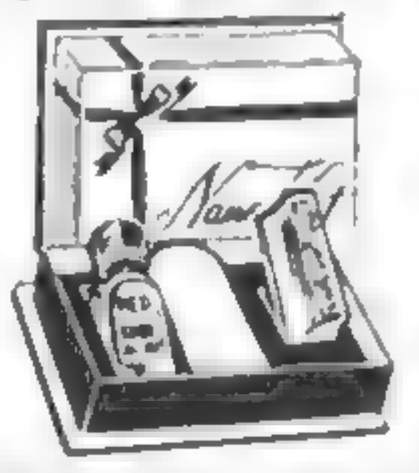

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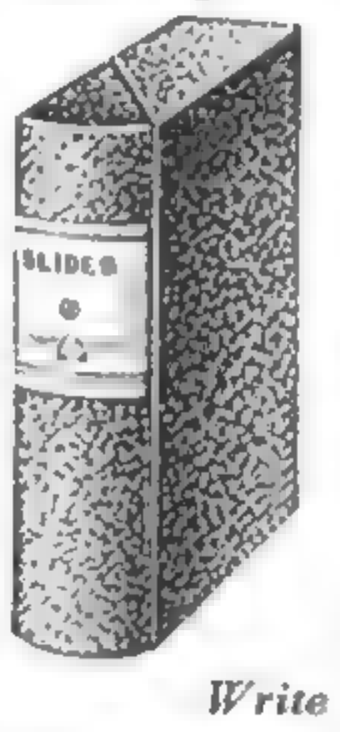

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Don't put up with eyestrain and fatigue caused by bad lighting. Use LIGHTMASTER, the new light-meter that actually *measures* the light by which you read, work or play—*tells you if it is safe and correct.* Simple to use—scientifically correct and 100 times safer than guessing! Every home and office should have one. Sold at most household appliance stores, or send $1.95 (no stamps, please) direct to

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You'll Love Paddy and his Growing Hair
BEFORE

The amazing novelty adored by thousands

Shure—'tis magic! Fill PADDY with water, spread seed, watch miraculous growth of bright green hair, eyebrows, sideburns. Grows for months, can be planted many times. Durable pottery, rich suntan color, 5" tall—a lovable, unusual gift. Mail $1 now for PADDY, postpaid, *complete* with special seed. *Money back guarantee!*

PADDY NOVELTY CO.
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One of a series interpreting SM

smileage in a glass . . .

but it sells pipes.

SMileage bubbles from all *of Esquire's pages. Matchless tonic for the headline-heavy spirit, however, is Lawton Mackall's companionable monthly comment on "Potables." There's something about the formula for Champagne Punch or a Byrrh Cocktail that soothes the blitz-jittered reader. The Cup that Cheers, Mr. Advertiser, is close to the Mood that Buys. A word on the vintage of fine sherry (a SMileage filled subject if there ever was one) not only titillates the palate, sir, it can sell pipes as well!*

THE SMILEAGE CHART

AN AUDIT OF THE EDITORIAL HUMOR CONTENT OF TEN LEADING MAGAZINES

	average humor lineage per issue	*percentage of humor content to total editorial content*
1. Esquire	26,642	30.5%
2. New Yorker	5,110	28.8%
3. American Magazine	3,094	5.8%
4. Collier's	2,198	8.4%
5. Sat. Eve. Post	2,177	6.1%
6. Liberty	501	2.5%
7. Cosmopolitan	490	0.9%
8. Good Housekeeping	381	0.7%
9. Life	—	—
10. Time	—	—

Report for the first six months of 1941, compiled by the Editorial Analysis Bureau of Lloyd H. Hall Co.

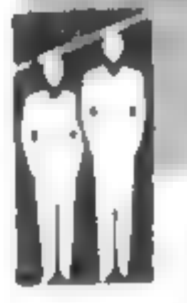
Here's what Mr. Lee H. Singer, Vice President of the Kaywoodie Company, has to say about SMileage:

"We have a very kindly feeling towards Esquire's SMileage. There's no better selling principle than to catch your customers when they are in a buying mood, we know that. Esquire has our compliments for SMileage, a blend of just the right things to bring us responsive readership to Kaywoodie advertisements."

ADVERTISERS GET MORE smileage WITH Esquire

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

So You Want To Be
TALLER
Than "SHE" Is!



Don't wish you were taller! DO something about it! Change to Adler Elevators and become impressively taller instantly. Outwardly, Elevators look like any other fine shoes — the heel is no higher. The secret lies in a concealed inner construction achievement, built right into the shoe itself, which "confidentially" increases your height. Your posture is improved. You're TALLER than she is!

FREE BOOKLET—Mail orders filled. Write Adler, 122 E. 42 St., N. Y. C.

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128 W. 42nd St. 249 W. 42nd St.
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ADLER SHOES for MEN

ADLER "ELEVATORS"

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Approved by Good Housekeeping

Removes cap from ANY bottle, glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime.

See at stores or order on money-back guarantee. In White, Red, Green or Cream finish $1.25. Silver finish $1.00.

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Water-Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS! Get the original Gokey Botte Sauvage only by writing for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

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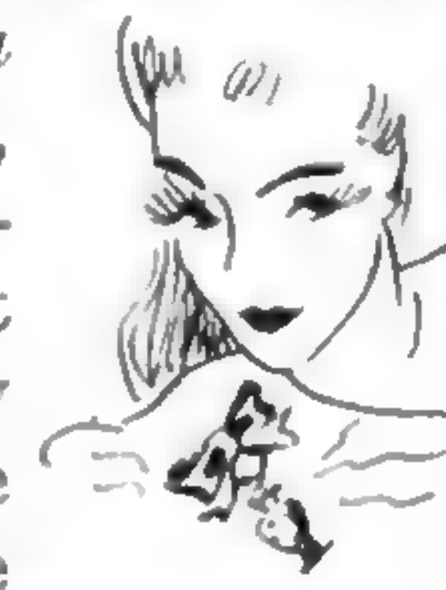
Name

Address

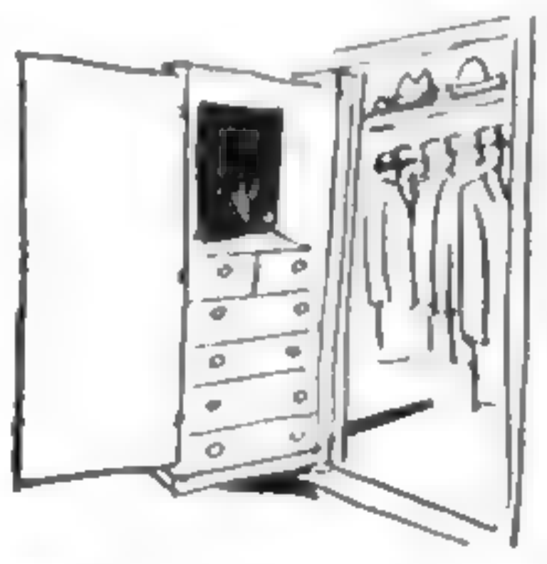
GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS. The greeting card season will be here soon enough for us to comment on one that's a little different. Moderate-sized square cardboards, decorated in traditional greeting card fashion, turn out to be playable phonograph records. These are prettily sung, some with additional dramatic effects, by a mixed vocal group. Selections are appropriate unto the day thereof, such as Mother's Day, Valentine's Day, birthdays, and, of course, Christmas. It ain't Art, but it's good fun.

happy birthday

FOIBLE OF THE MONTH. For the side-saddle, or distaff side, of the Ranger division—a new one for the lapel. This one, slightly reminiscent of Keats' *Ode to a Grecian Urn* (though he'd never know it), is just about that—a Grecian urn, suspended by chains from an irrelevant but equally poetic bowknot. The urn is hollow and is meant to contain perfume or a piece of cotton saturated with perfume. The whole thing is sterling silver and considerate in price.

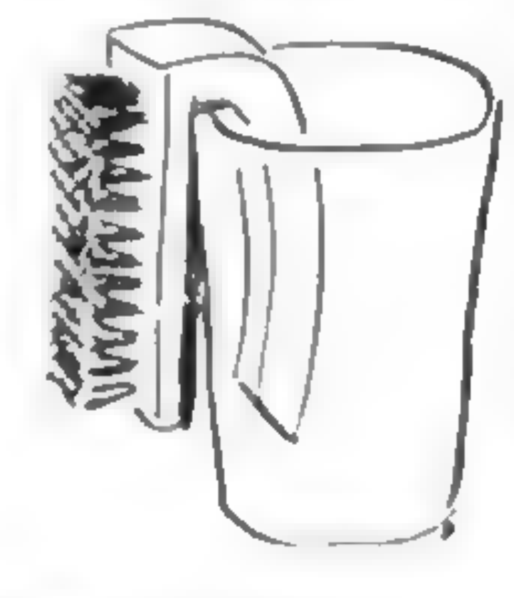


NO ROOM FOR SKELETONS. Homes don't have too many wide open spaces These Troubled Times. We live in a world of space-saving Units, with one room often doing the work of three. Yet in the average closet, compact though it be, are 2½ feet of wasted space between the closet door and the nearest sleeve of your other suit. So you need a bar, you need a linen closet, you need a bureau. What your empty closet space and your need for utility add up to is a fascinating piece of construction that is quickly attached to the inside of a closet door and actually doubles its working space. Efficiently designed (by architects), expertly built, it has one side curved in the arc described by a door as it opens, and is therefore no stumbling block to passersby. Each unit has, in turn, a door of its own which can serve as a screen, making it possible to turn a closet into a dressing room. There are six standard models—bar, wardrobe, wardrobe with dresser, bureau, linen closet—also a kitchen cabinet (for other doors besides closets can be utilized for extra convenient space). These will be, we predict, a salient feature of the apartment house and small home of tomorrow, we should live so long.



POUR US A CHORUS. You'll be busier than ever setting 'em up if you attach a musical chrome pourer to your potable bottles. Fits any size bottle, and features a music box hidden somewhere in the innards which plays *How Dry I Am* when you tilt the bottle glasswards. Compact, considering its musical background; an ice-breaker if ever there was one; and something to bear in mind against the coming Yule.

A GOOD GRIP. A nail brush can catapult out of your soapy hand once too often. But here's one that you can hang onto, soap or no soap. Its plastic back curves rearwards to form a handle that is hand-fitting and slip-proof. This handle makes it possible, too, to hang the brush over the rim of a bathroom glass or other likely object, in order to facilitate drainage. Made by a firm with a reputation for fine brushes.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GENTLEMEN'S L'odorante

MEN,—do you know that every day is unfortunately apt to be a source of embarrassment for most of us, and it's the wise ones who take no chances? . . . L'ORLE ***Double Purpose Refreshant*** is the only masculine toiletry of its kind that ***deodorizes;***—your year 'round bodyguard. Take your choice of many exclusive, he-man, tangy, typical outdoor scents. 2 oz. $1 . . 8 oz. $3 . . 16 oz. $5.50 at fine men's shops and wherever toiletries are sold . . Illustrated folder of masculine toiletries essentials will be sent you on request to PARFUM L'ORLE Inc. . . 6 E. 39th St., New York

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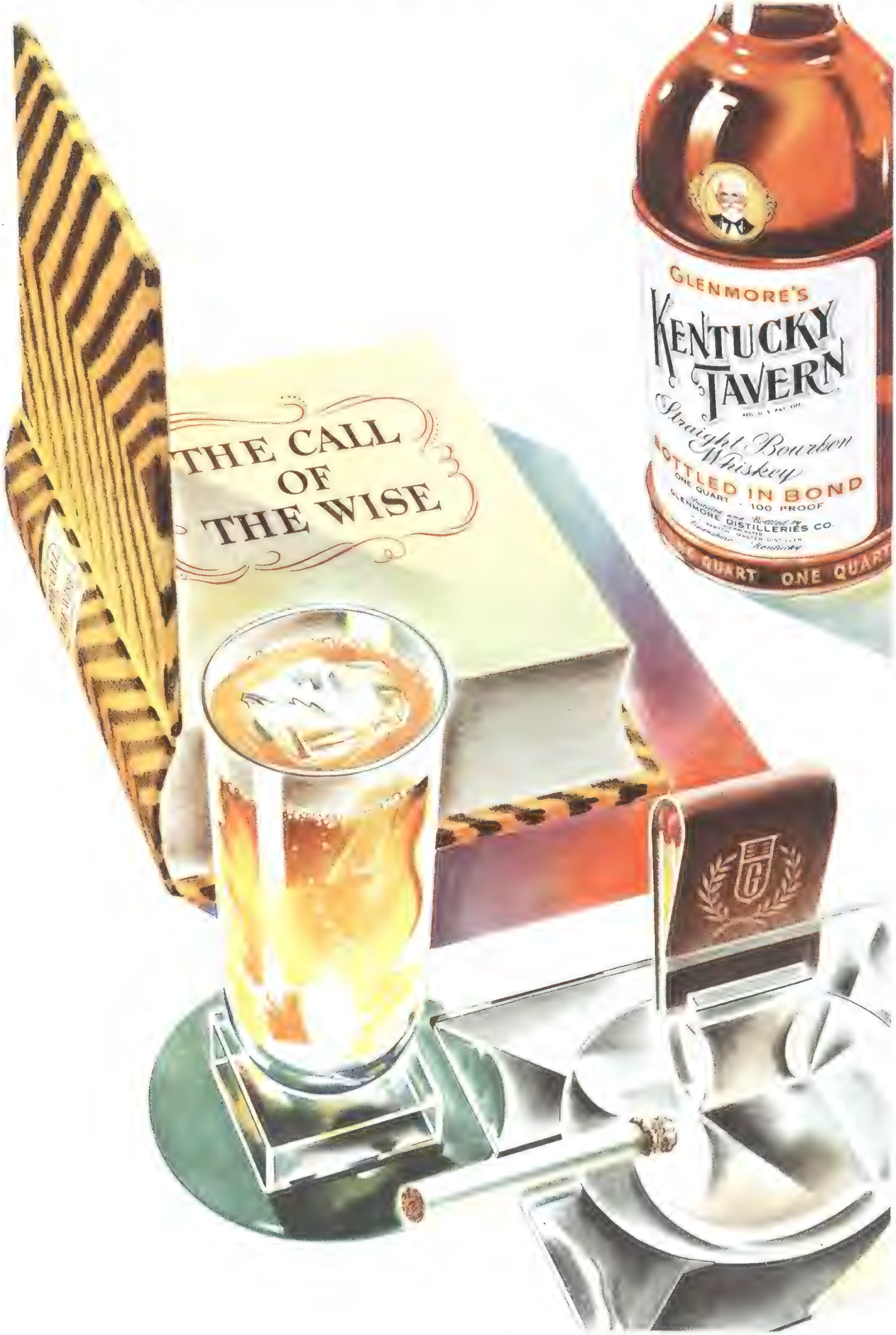
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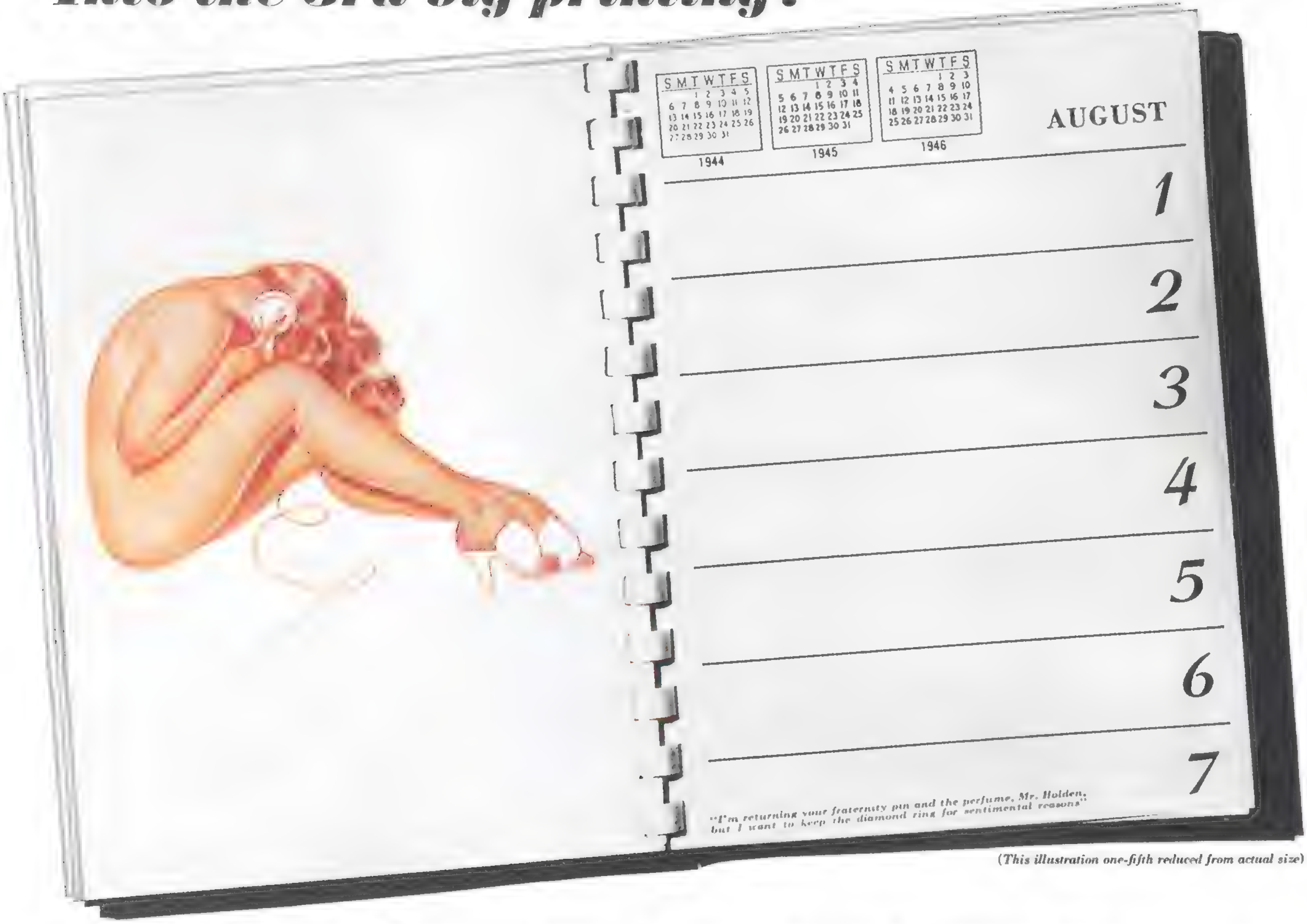
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"I'm returning your fraternity pin and the perfume, Mr. Holden, but I want to keep the diamond ring for sentimental reasons"

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EVERY adult in Kings Row knew that a human face sometimes becomes a "mask"—hiding its owner's secret love, hate, or ambition—but fourteen-year-old Parris Mitchell did not suspect it. He simply took people at their face values.

He liked his affectionate little girl-friend Renee. They tramped the country and went swimming together, at first in Adam and Eve innocence. He loved his big-hearted, girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He liked and trusted Drake's tomboy girl-friend, Randy Monaghan, and Jamie Wakefield, who secretly wrote poems, and whom people called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the prettiest young girl in town, he admired but thought "strange," perhaps because she was always kept at home by her unpopular physician father, who lived mysteriously well without any patients to speak of. Parris liked Dr. Tower, even if few grown-ups did. But he feared and disliked the cold-faced surgeon, Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Renee and Parris had heard frightful screams from a farmhouse, with Dr. Gordon's buggy there. Parris never forgot them.

Through this sensitive reaction to the people around him, Parris gradually developed the intuitive insight of a born physician; gradually he discovered that each and every one of them faced the world of Kings Row through some kind of protective mask, which hid a sickness of the mind or soul—perhaps a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And later, as Dr. Parris Mitchell, equipped as a psychiatrist by five years study in Vienna, he helped some of them to take off their masks.

How the masks of Kings Row were removed, and how their wearers' tangled lives joined in dramatic and thrilling conflict, makes an extraordinary story that is gripping in its intensity, exciting in its action, fascinating in its suspense, compelling in its power.

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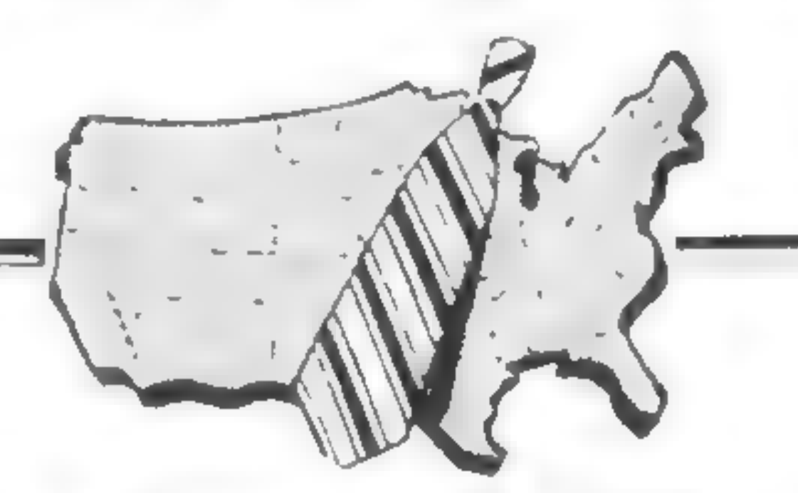

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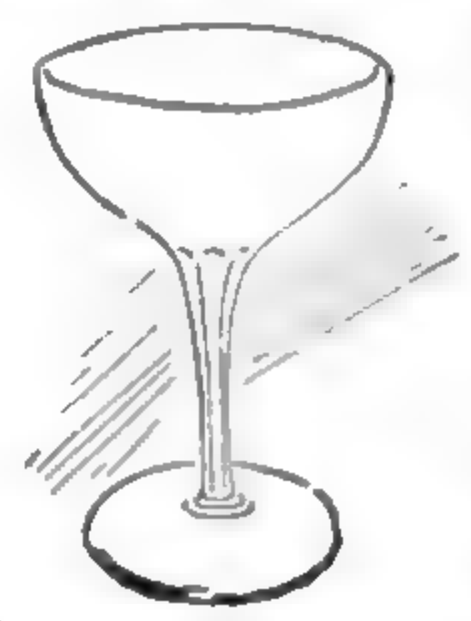
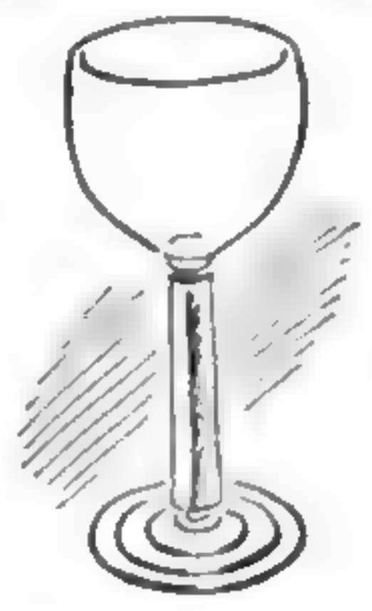
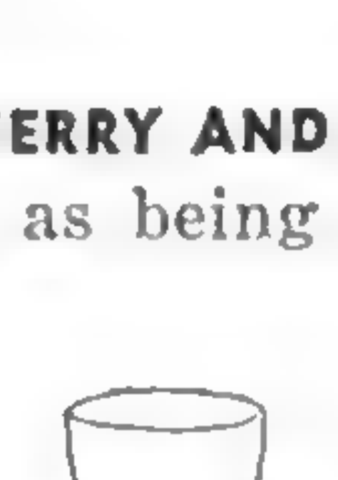
The object of the intelligent drinking of American wines is to strike a happy balance between tradition and rugged individualism. As much applies to the choice of wine glasses as to the fine distinctions among wines themselves—a state of affairs that can become needlessly complex when all you want to do is serve wines properly without, at the same time, having to buy enough glassware to equip a restaurant. We're concerned for your sakes with your chief wine-serving problem; how to be equipped with a minimum, basic set of wine glasses at which your gourmet friends won't look down their noses; glasses which, at the same time, will be quite correct for the service of the wines you are most likely to be buying and using . . . We're showing below three basic types of wine glasses that should enable you to hold your own very nicely. Fourth in the wine picture should be a tall, thin highball glass in which to serve the increasingly popular wine-and-seltzer summer cooler.



CHAMPAGNE. Although there is a U-shaped champagne glass on the market in various designs, we prefer (and the chances are you do, too) the traditional wide shape. Here at least is one immediately recognizable wine glass shape; and its very special contours are in perfect affinity with the very special wine it contains. Many of the newer champagne glasses have a solid instead of a hollow stem; for one thing, it's easier to keep clean. Such a one is the illustrated glass, in a brand-new design—so new that it won't be obtainable until around the first of November. The chaste, simple lines of bowl and stem are harmonious with any type of table decoration.



DINNER WINES. The larger, the better, say an increasing number of wine connoisseurs; and in this pronouncement lies the key to the simplicity of your wine glass collection. The dinner wine glass shown here is a six-ouncer, intended to hold, in a generous serving, the white or red wine of any description that accompanies the main part of the meal. Distinguished, with its square-cut stem and slightly terraced base, its capacity recommends itself to the informal American way of dining, where there may be only one servant or none at all. There's no need for constant refilling, making it easier on host, guest, and help (if any). You'll find a five- or six-ounce glass such as this infinitely useful; and there are those who say that in addition to being a convenient general size, it helps to retain the bouquet of the wine.



SHERRY AND PORT. The sherry glass is usually thought of as being a two-ounce, cone-shaped affair. A rounder, larger size, however, is equally correct, and, in fact, is pushing the cone shape in popularity. Such a glass can be used interchangeably for port. The one shown alongside belongs to a shorter-stemmed family that is particularly well adapted to informal dining. It doesn't look it, but it holds four ounces—another example of the tendency towards larger glasses for all wines.

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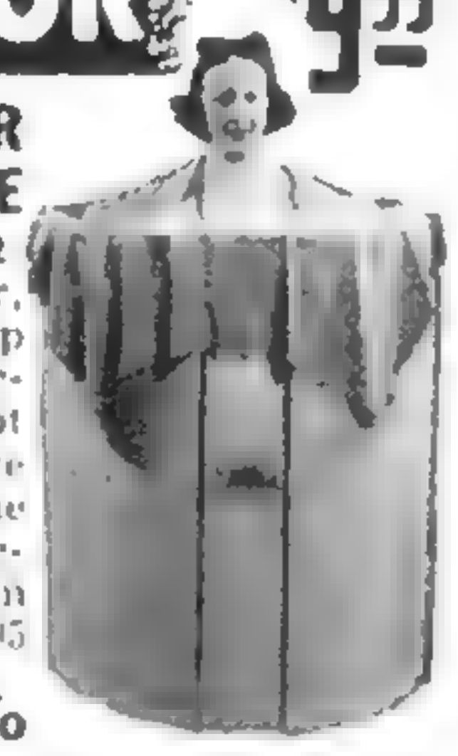

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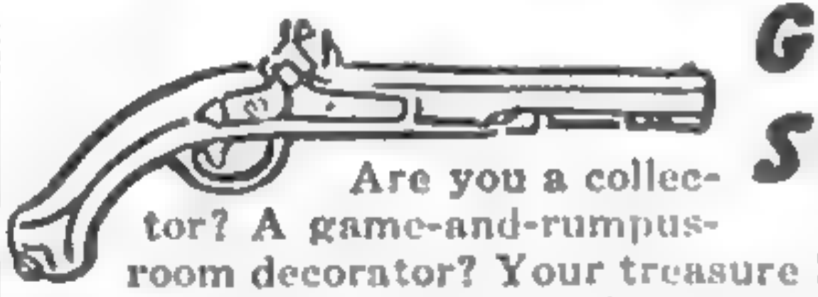

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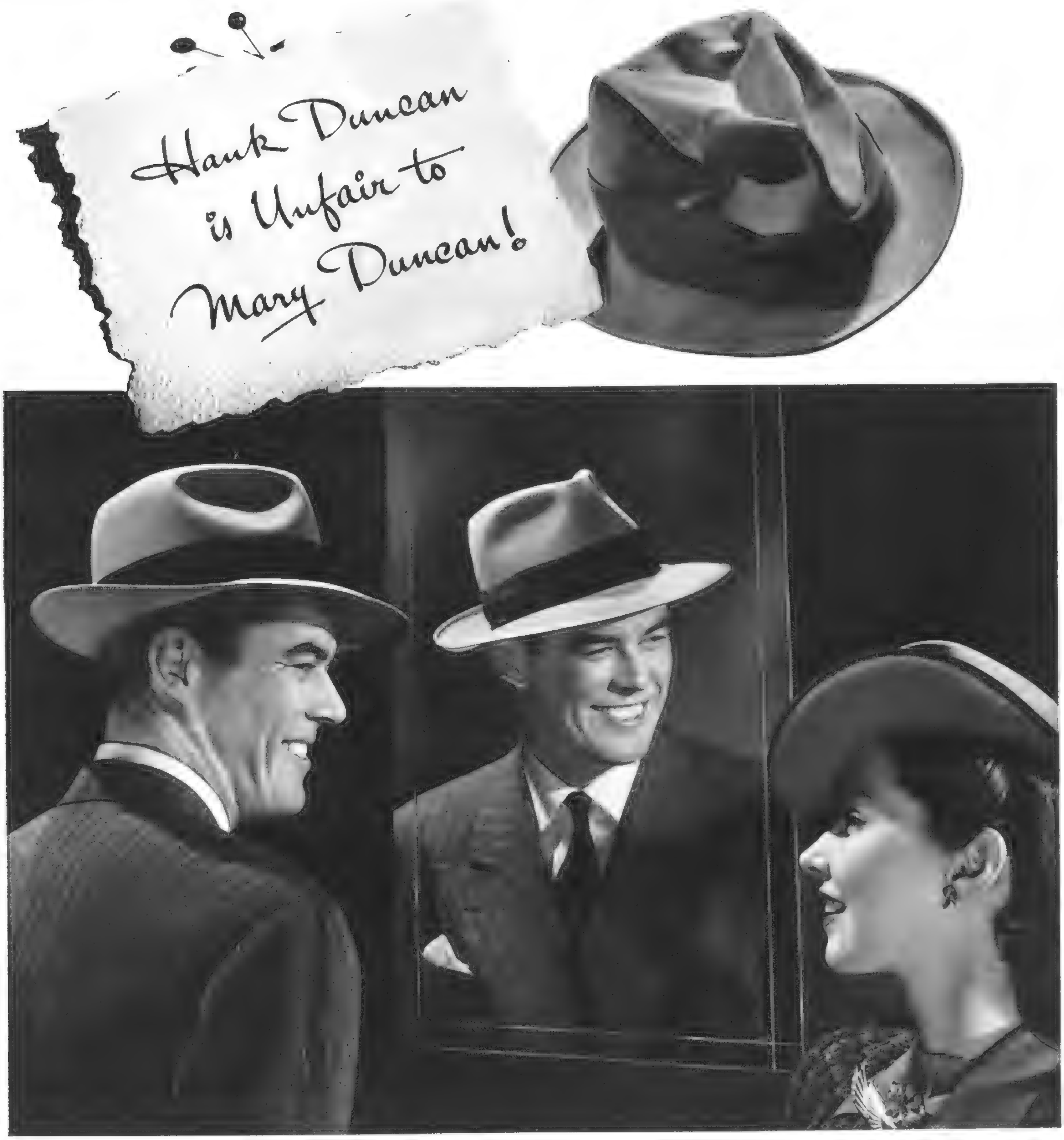
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HANK: Feel better about me now, Mary, with that old hat in the waste-basket?

MARY: You are now the husband supreme! What's that good-looking number you have on?

HANK: It's the "Whippet," a Stetson. The best. Like it?

MARY: I like it a lot. It's not too old, not too young. Has a kind of prosperous, breezy look to it that becomes you.

HANK: Wonderful felt. Lots of looks and wear in it.

MARY: It's your hat. Take it. Take two!... Why, I have four hats now that cost as much as that apiece!

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Precisely a century after John Hancock and other good men and true signed on the dotted line for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," an establishment called Cavanagh's, dedicated to these inalienable rights, especially as enjoyed with napkin under chin and silver mug of ale in hand, was unveiled at 260 West 23rd, and hasn't backslid yet. There has been expansion, to be sure, but no dilution of devotion to frillessly superb food (bisque of soft clams, fresh brook trout, Dublin style lamb stew, broiled veal kidney with Beech-Nut bacon, baked Idaho, Alaskan reindeer steaks, etc.) and perfectly beautiful drinks. The Manhattans have a balance which is positively triumphal; the Wine Cups, specialty of the house, spell fragrance in capital letters.

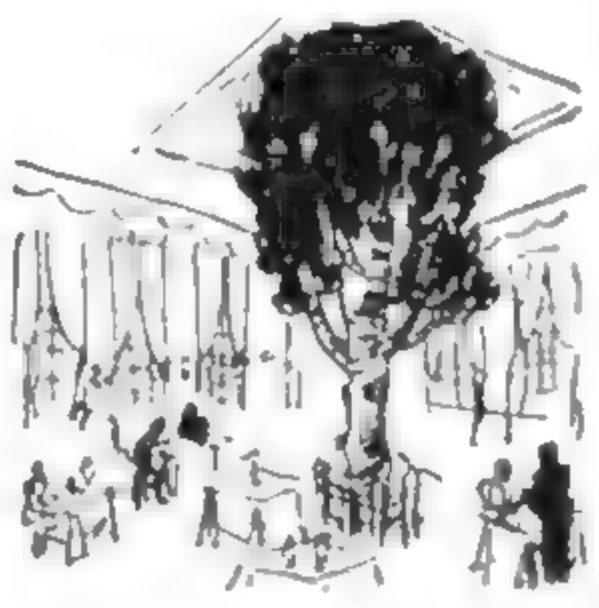
Declaration of Independ

The newly splendored Century Room (in red and white and blue) of the commodious Hotel Commodore is currently catering to the youngish set by podiuming trumpet-tootler maestro Vaughn Monroe (who also baritones), winner of the votes of 171 colleges in a recent popularity poll. Not unpersonable Marylin Duke is his vocaliste, Ziggy Talent his clown, and an able marimba band takes over in a rhumba way betweenwhiles. And this melody industry hums and zooms from 7 till nightcap, Sundays incl., with Enesco's Commodores plugging the Monday gap. As a sumptuous side dish at dinner and supper, there's a floor show cheffed by Al White, Jr., wherein 8 comelies disport themselves in supplement to the stellar terping by Martha Burnett (outa Geo. White's Scandals) and Bill Gary, summer applaudee at Chicago's famed Chez Paree. So if the bronze likeness of Commodore Vanderbilt emceeing the auto traffic on Grand Central Bridge, suddenly turns his head eastward, you'll know why.

Kitchen virtuoso Charles Rollet of the Restaurant Mayan (International Building, Rockefeller Center) refuses to be held down by that establishment's ancient Mex mood. Mondays he breaks out a Hungarian goulash with tarhonya; Wednesdays he goes Swedish with Kottbullar, och potatis med gurka och lingon; Thursdays he's a Turk, skewering ouseunkebad; Fishday moves him to Bouillabaisse à la Marseillaise; Saturday he bundles beef-and-kidney pot pie for Britain. Those who wish to have their hats knocked off instead of entrusting them to the check girl, may lip a Mayan Special Cocktail, powered with tequila and smoothed with vermouth. California's winedom has a sub-station in the cellar, with maitre Bernard as expositor.

Hildegarde and the Savoy-Plaza's Café Lounge are restored to each other again. Really, it's getting to be a hilarious habit . . . Brand new, petite, and spiritedly décored in wine-and-white, the Café Bagatelle (106 East 52nd), jointly hosted by Jimmy Savini and Joe Fernandez (you'll remember him from Mon Paris), has Dick Wilson's small but cogent band supplying dance music and song.

In the back dinarium at Little Venice (126 West 13th) you dally with exemplary frogs' legs amid live trees whose tops are out of bounds. But it isn't botany that brings people here from far and all over, it's the viands, including saltimbocca (ham and veal delicacy which, as its name implies, leaps into the mouth), sliced breast of capon Mornay, guinea hen casseroled with grapes, etc. For 16 years the brethren Henry and Dave have kept this place enshrined in the hearts of the faithful, with headwaiter Leo bobbing amicably in anticipation of your least wish. For evening entertainment, there's Anne Palmer at the piano with her songs.



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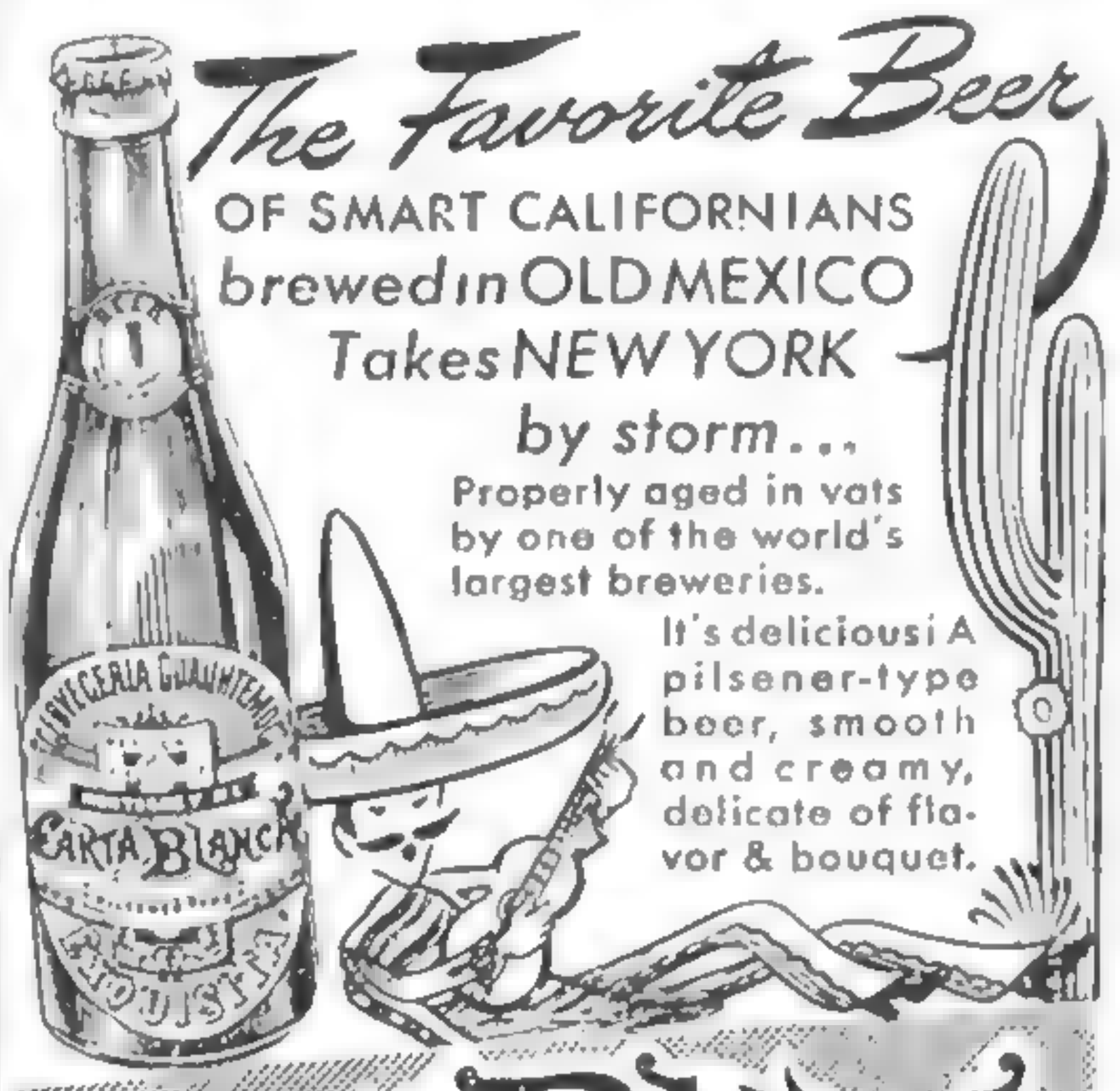

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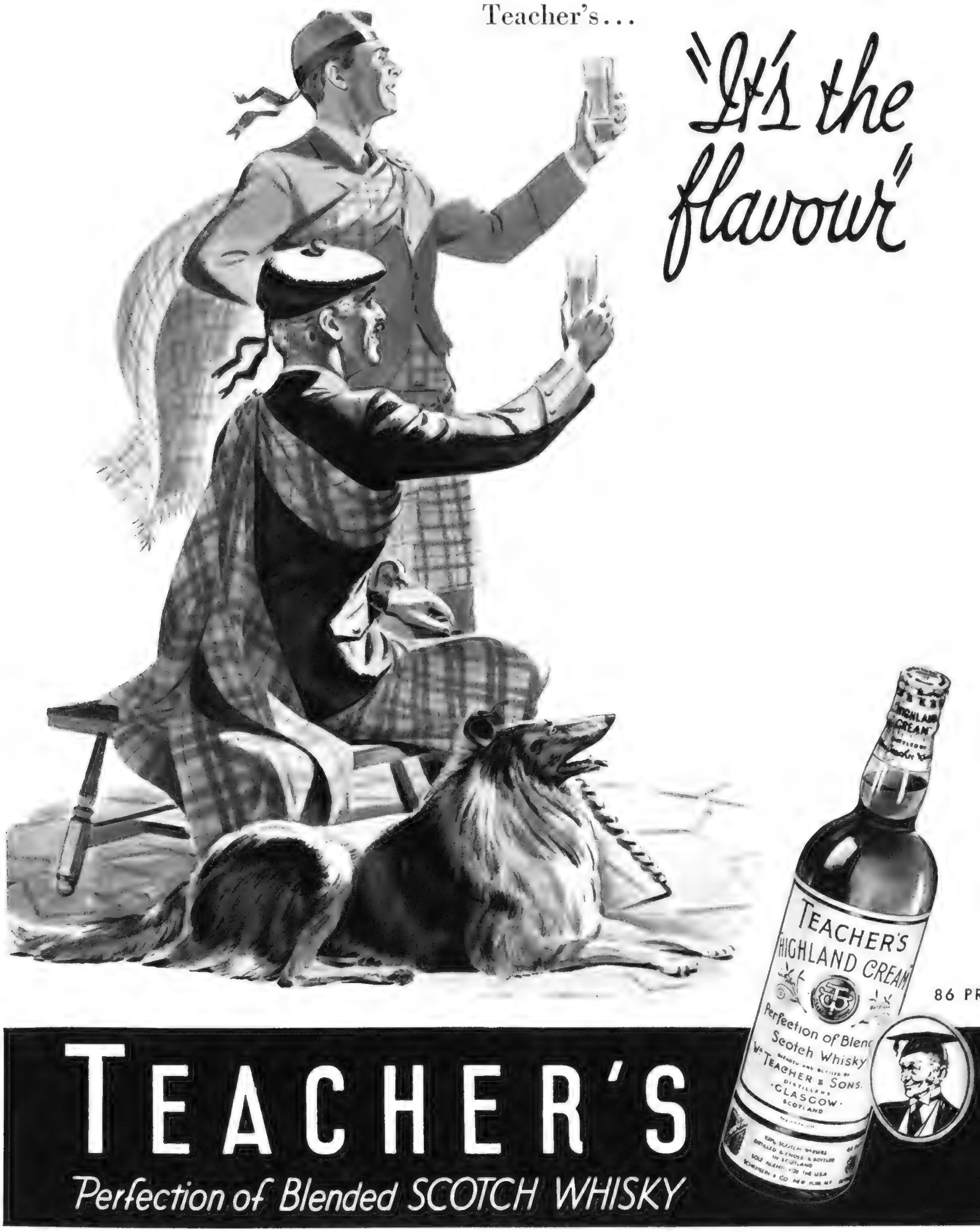

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Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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GLASGOW.
SCOTLAND

86 PROOF

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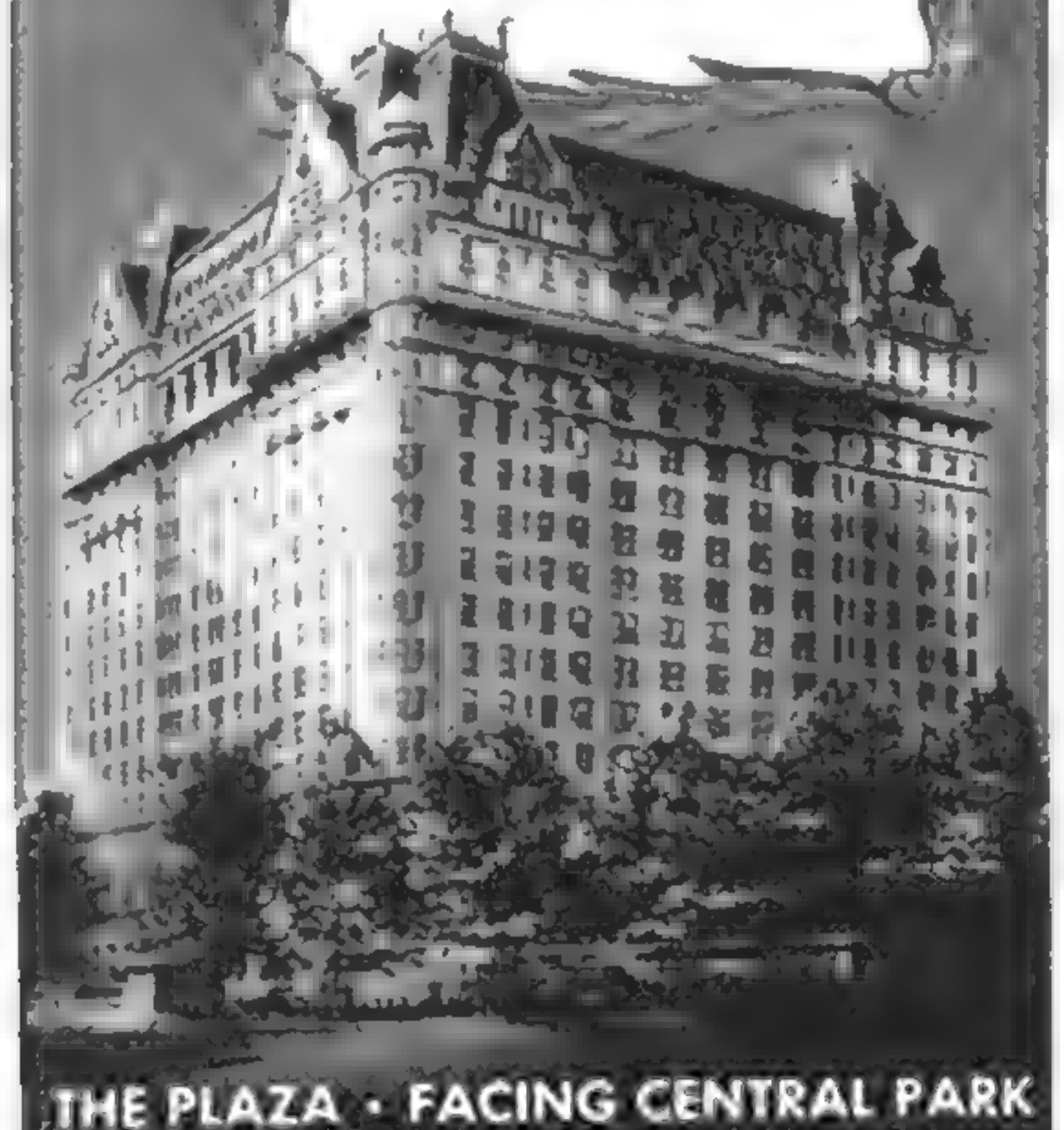
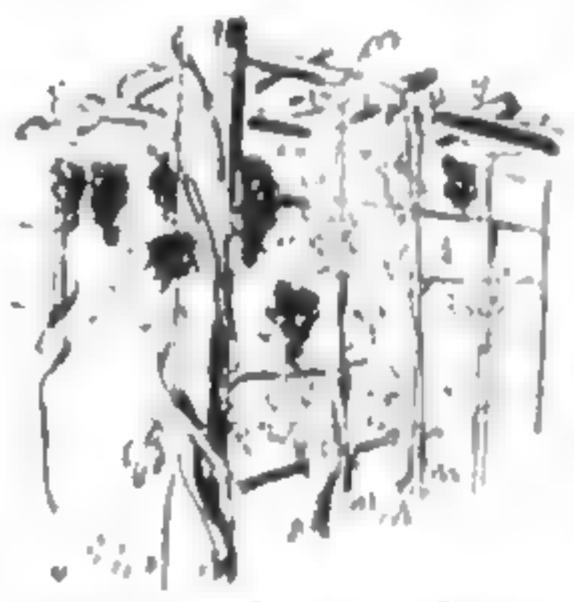


Oyez! Oyez! In honor of America's Bacchic boons, this page is guest-conducted by Crosby Gaige, Chairman of The Wine and Food Society. Mr. G. speaking:

The ink of official pens was scarcely dry upon the document repealing the 18th Amendment, familiarly known as the Bootlegger's Bill of Rights, when grapes were planted and began to grow upon a thousand hillsides in these United States. The vines blossomed and the clustered fruit took shape and color and, ripened by August and September suns, finally became ready for the press. Hope rode high on the horizon as the harvest was made and cascades of fragrant juice flowed to fermentation. The limitations of space alloted to me by the editor and a certain natural prudence do not permit me to pursue the account of this maiden effort further. I can merely suggest that Julia Ward Howe had perhaps some foreboding of the result when she wrote her famous line about "trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored."



Well, it is only fair to say that in that first rush for a new Eldorado, which took place in covered wagons, family barouches and the armored, bullet-proof cars of bootlegger barons, there were fortunately a few prospectors who, from experience in a previous era, knew their business and had the high resolve of doing the job properly or not at all. They have survived and now justly inherit the earth and the fruits thereof.

It is indeed a far cry from that day to this. Some of those early bottles, if preserved, would constitute a sort of *incunabula vinaria* or collection of cradle bottles of the American wineries. The progress that has been made by our surviving vintners in a decade has been as real and authentic as the beginning was inauspicious. I did a lot of scolding with tongue and pen during those diaper days, and no wonder, for, as head medical examiner for The Wine and Food Society, I had to scrutinize hundreds of specimens that should have been presented in test tubes instead of bottles to be examined for traces of albumen or sugar. I was accused unjustly of being a *francophile*. Now, I'm no more a franco-what-you-may-call-it than I am Frankie and Johnnie or an authority on phlebotomy. Even in the pre-Pétain days Paris was to me just the most beautifully-designed, highly expensive, self-conscious, self-perpetuating and stupidly venereal mousetrap that the mind of man had ever put together for the undoing of rich mice, both male and female, who flocked there with pockets bulging with golden cheese from far-flung pampas, steppes, veldts, mesas and prairies. The only gift I ever had from France was an honorary membership in the Wine Waiters Union—and that's a *croix des vins* which no amount of public pressure will force me to return.

I read by the papers that here in America we are turning out in fabulous number and in supreme perfection planes and guns and ships and shells and tanks. I am not qualified to speak of any of these matters except tanks and, as an ancient authority on tanks, I can, *ex cathedra*, assure this highly distinguished audience that we are turning out good sound wines as well. My chauvinistic soul now swells with pride at bottles that come to me from northern California, from New York, from Ohio and New Jersey. May they increase in numbers and ripen to perfection in their cellars so that generations of esquires yet unborn may at least look forward to one sure pleasure in an otherwise dubious, murky and unpredictable world. Amen.

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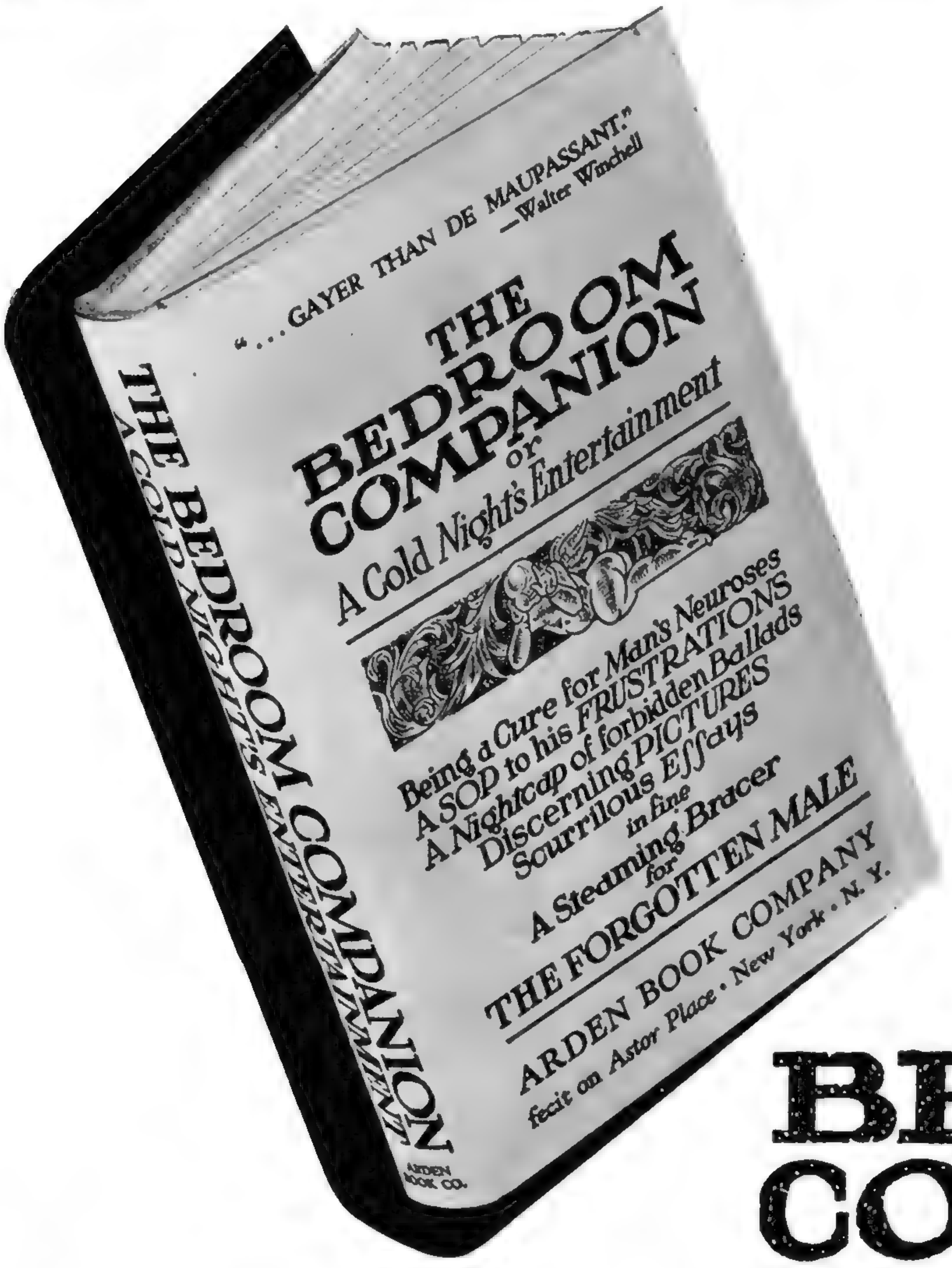
"... GAYER THAN DE MAUPASSANT."
—Walter Winchell
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It is a guide to the perplexed, a handbook to urbanity, an invitation to life.

It makes Mrs. Marie Stopes' little book, read by comparison, like a first edition of *Little Women;* it makes the unexpurgated *Satyricon* of Lucius Petronius, arbiter of the unmentionable elegancies, seem like a pale version of "My Day". It is a wise, witty, rollicking, rumbullionous rapier, cutting boredom into little pieces—to be served with cherries, if not green Chartreuse.

Take off your dark glasses, mine hosts. Here is life for the living, and death to dull care. For *The Bedroom Companion* is more than a companion; and its subtle magic is not confined alone to cold nights. Diverting, subversive and riproaring, it will make even a marble Venus sing "Hosanna". It is a pulse-quickening, verve-making cornucopia of wisdom and pleasure—219 pages of *je ne sais quois pas,* wonder-working and suave.

Because of the tempo of this learned tome, combining as it does the hidden secrets of the East and the streamlined efficiency of the West, we suggest that you handle it discreetly. Still, this is a free country, and, as the Shakers put it, "Women and Indians are citizens".

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THE
BRANDY
OF CHARACTER

84
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MANY, BLANC & CO., INC.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"Hurrah for Esquire and its campaign in support of American wines," boniface Frank Case of the Algonquin ("Lions' Den") Hotel advises us. "Don't forget to mention that one seldom or never encounters an unlucky bottle, one that is corky or otherwise indisposed. You may criticize modernity but remember that modernity of American methods in wine production achieves trustworthy results, and this is proved by the growing acceptance of our own product. People who once thought they could not live without European wines are learning to appreciate California, Ohio, and Eastern wines. New York State wines have special merit. Wines are going through somewhat the same experience as our own theatre. Time was, and not so long ago, when we thought that plays must be, with few exceptions, imported. The American playwright had hardly a look-in. Now we make our own plays and act in them too."

Have you run into the scandal in the vegetable world—lettuce affaired with celery, blessed eventing something called Celtus? Looks like a marlin-spike, with a green tuft on the end . . . And that other "unexpected" Fiddleheads: trick fern fronds from Canada, served like asparagus . . . Friend of ours was looking through our copy of encyclopedic *"Grossman's Guide to Wines, Spirits and Beers."* "How did that author ever get so much knowledge under his belt!" he sobbed enviously . . . Choice cookeried and sophisticatedly snug is the East 52nd Street cottage (No. 46) of amiable Joseph Dragoni, with Dame Dorothy tending smart bar downstairs, and tables spread front and back on the story above. If the dish you most desire isn't on the cards, the chef has it in his head and will trot it out for you almost before you can say, "Another round of Sherries, Joseph."

It didn't take a soothsayer to guess what batoneer would be music mastering this season at the Hotel Roosevelt's terraced cellar-salle known as the Grill. This sweet-and-smoother has been an ovationed returner here annually ever since his metropolitan début in this spot, on which occasion Pieter Stuyvesant shook a wicked wooden leg if the report by the columnist of the *Nieuw Amsterdam Burgher* is to be credited. Nowanights the mob is mostly young romantics, but there's a sprinkling of gray hair too, for those Royal Canadians and the great Guy himself are an aural and pedal institution with no duplicate.

I have a dream of you

From hill-perched Grasse, above the blue Mediterranean, came Maurice Raviol and his competent Mrs., bringing all sorts of secrets of good eats. That was some time ago. For quite a career they've been established at 3 East 48th, nourishing and wining a devoted clientele who appreciate the toothsomeness of the paté maison, the soup of onion, and chicken simmered in vinous subtlety. If you visited the French Pavilion, with its suberb restaurant, at the New York World's Fair, you'll recognize one of the stunning murals from that building, installed here. And that isn't the only link, either.

"Not to be closed till Christmas," is the ukase that the public has handed Mr. B. Marden of Fort Lee, New Jersey, in re his Riviera, just across the G. Washington Bridge. So he's put on a fresh show topped by Harry ("Debonair Serenader") Richman, accordian-chested Phil Baker, and singing screen queenie Joan Merrill. The Chester Hale girls, now increased to 30 as a largess to the eye, prance and pose through new routines in their autumn finery and scarcity. Pancho serves up his magnetic melody stuff, with Fausto Curbelo as special tango-rhumba bandolero. They don't have better hot-houses at the N. Y. Botanical Garden.

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FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th STREETS

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• Its distinctive import characteristics will win your instant approval. Its rich goodness made it the prideful choice of better bars and clubs everywhere
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There was
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Who always Got
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Even at the
Swankiest
Night Clubs
He never Drew
Less than a
Ring-side Table.

2.

But Perry Gave
As Good as
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When he Played
Host the Sky was
The Limit. As his
Guest, your every
Reasonable
Wish Got a
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You called for a
Whiskey and Soda.
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A *Luxury* Whiskey
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With Pleasure as
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"I never Fool when I Want to Please my Friends.
I serve them the Finest of All fine Whiskies . . . CALVERT RESERVE."

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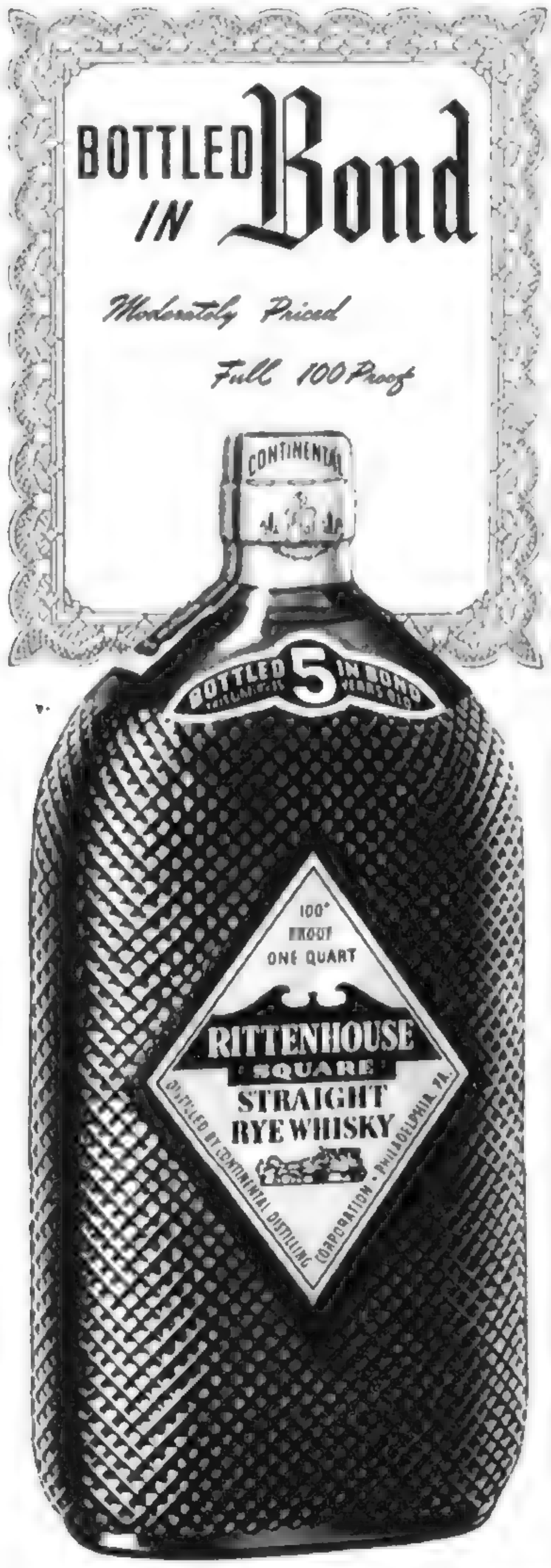
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EXPRESS PAID—WRITE FOR PRICES
BILLY BAXTER
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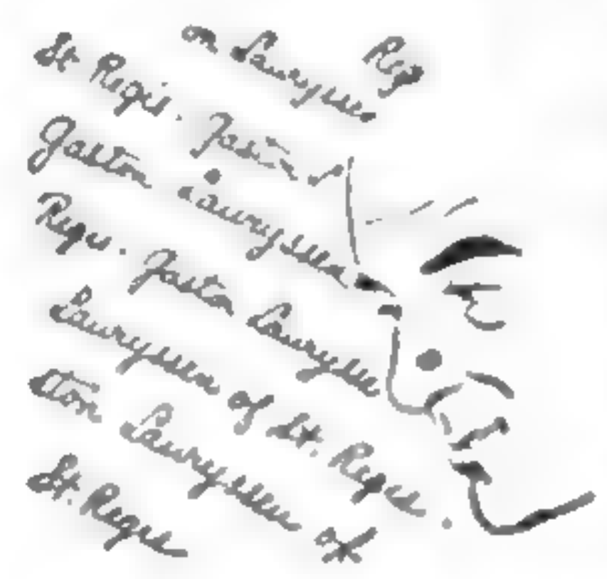
Past summer's splurgiest experiment, Monte Carlo Beach, grabbed onto the Glitter Set so phenomenally, and vice versa, that teeming brained Féfé finds himself obliged to keep on a-beaching the year round. Already he's got grunt-fiddling maestro John Kirby nailed to the spot till distant June. Meanwhile gala Monte Carlo itself (next door, with Siamese link) is feverishly full-blasting, with Ted Straeter at the musical helm. Gene Cavallero drops down from the Colony in case you care to sup . . . Table visitor Dr. Sydney Ross at the Rainbow Room is the astoundingest card tricker we ever sat with. Mephistopheles should draw up a chair and learn something . . . Patrician palms indulging in spontaneous concussions of an audible sort at the Plaza's Persian Room over the renditions of charm chansonist Jean Sablon, have had to go into action also in regard to the dance-duoing of lightsome attabuoyant Gower and Jeanne. Soufflé on the hoof, positively . . . The Savoy-Plaza's pretty-pennied main dining room, which retired into darkness four years ago with a depression headache, is now open again and functioning in full social panoply. Judging by spirited tempo of cork music, pomp never runs dry.



News it is when the grand vizier of a famed Fifth Avenue hostelry, sitting right on top of what is probably the largest, most fabulous hotel hoard of imported wines in this hemisphere, comes out in praise of American wines; and still more so when that gentleman happens to be also the President of the Chevaliers du Tastevin. Consequently we're impressed to the brim by this exclusive statement by Gaston Lauryssen, executive director of the Hotel St. Regis and grand chief of the aforementioned silver test-cup knights: "No discriminating palate can fail to detect the rapid improvement in several American wines that has taken place within the past few years. I have been interested to note that many of our most exacting patrons are familiar with the best brands of domestic vintages and order them frequently in our restaurants and bars."

Timely, too, is the testimony of sage Paul Henkel, President of New York's Society of Restaurateurs and President of the National Restaurant Institute, who declares that: "The dining-out public has really caught on to the fact that not only does this country possess wines worth being proud of, but also it's got vintners who are out to match, or even beat, anything that Europe ever produced. Incidentally, the restaurateur is the logical educator in the selection of appropriate types for flavor harmonies."

Stupendous in lasting influence upon the art and science of gastronomy were the labors of the late Auguste Escoffier, chef of chefs, who, short in stature, led a long and magnetically active life—first in France and then in Hotels Savoy and Carlton in London. New York's fastidious napkin-tucking group Les Amis d'Escoffier dine in his honor nobly and with due awe, and it's this town's swell fortune to have several distinguished pupils of the master—one of them, Batiste de Marie, plying rare culinary virtuosity at the Mascotte, 19 East 60th, with host Bernard as able suggester. If *we* may cite a few, try the hot Canapé Mascotte, a bit of grouse or hot-house baby lamb, and the Fresh Figs Maison in liqueured creamy dream-stuff.

Jive, soaring and simmering out of the Sepian subconscious, is served to a turn in the sophisticated refreshment parlor of impresario Barney Josephson at 128 East 58th: Café Society Uptown. This season, instead of small units of "finds," it's the big-named box-office aggregations such as Count Basie, now performing, with Duke Ellington looming on the horizon as a positive promise. And Hazel Scott, brown toast of the town, who re-classics the classics, continues to prove that jive has its jewel.

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It's smart, it's gay,
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You serve the Wine and a grand visit is under way

People find there's a friendly, moderate kind of relaxation that most everyone wants today

MORE THAN EVER before, folks like their friends to come visiting of an evening. All over the country, today, you find it so.

We're discovering it's a time to gather together in our homes. To seek and enjoy more often the companionship of people we care for.

When you share good wine with friends you're in line for a quiet, relaxing evening. A let-up of the moderate kind more and more people prefer. It's one reason wine serving has earned such favor lately.

An interesting new booklet on wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free, if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in the state of California.

You will find that wines of California are sound and well-developed, reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell you these wines of our own country are good by any standard in the world.

Next time you ask friends over, try this considerate way of showing hospitality—serve wine.

Pictured here is full-bodied, rich red *Port*. Refreshment wines such as *Port* and *Muscatel* are very popular for between-meal serving. *Sherry* is the favorite appetizer wine. With dinner, serve a light California red or white wine, such as *Claret* or *Chablis*. Your wine dealer will be glad to help you with your selection.

NATIONAL WINE WEEK, OCTOBER 12-19

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Shh! Sh!

Here's a tip. Next time you drink one too many or eat a bit too much, try a jigger of Fernet-Branca. Fair warning: it's bitter, but worth it in morning-after pep and ginger.

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DINNER $1.25
REVUE 8:45 11:45 2:15
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The dozen-hundred roomed and suited Essex House, well-known marker of Manhattan's most treasured grass plot, is champagne-bucketing the return of rhythm gleam boy Sammy Kaye to its lustrous glass case, the Casino-on-the-Park. Indubitably the season is in full swing and sway.

Gray-tressed Mother Leone, who looks like the late Eleonora Duse, but whose squab en casserole, lobster Fra Diavolo, etc. are anything but tragedies, has been queening o'er the skillets since anno 1906 with sauce-loving celebs of showdom, syndicated scribedom and the sports *monde* as her loyal subjects. Expansive at 239 West 48th, her present day establishment seats, feeds, and moistens quite a crowd though with no huddling of tables: you dine grandiosely in the gourmet manner (no lunch—evenings only), tinkled to on the piano by Musical Doctor Owen R. Jones, who wanded at the Palace Theater in its heyday and can play whatever tune you ever heard of. The historic Bar is still preserved intact, flowing with Daiquiris. For favored habitués, there's the amazing Wine Cellar, special pride of son Gene, where eating is done in the presence of bottled riches uncountable. As a place to practice "taking shelter during an air-raid," it offers unusual comfort.

Color-strewn El Chico, home of esteemed chicko con Spanish rice (80 Grove Street, Village), is floorshowing authentic stomp artistry to the extent of castanettetrixie Teresita Osta (those oversize Spanish lamps she flashes), the strumming crooning Padilla Sisters (good humor gals from Mexico), and tight-pantsed tornado Antonio de Cordoba and his co-clicker Victoria Barcelo. Well wishers of the five kittens which the staff cat "had" and reared under the piano (with conga line frenzies for lullabies), will be pleased to know that these quintuplets have been named Argentina, Brazil, Cuba, Chile, and Mehico. Polly the Parrot is still holding out on everybody.

From three tables by a rural roadside to three large, pleasantly hue-schemed, handsomely appointed Olney Inns —Olney, Maryland (feeding Baltimoreans and Washingtonians), Miami Beach, Fla., and now 12 East 49th, Manhattan—is no slight upsurge, and Baltimorean Mrs. Clara May Downey has made it in a few short, sensational years, gathering a following by her keenness as an advanced student of what it takes to make hungry and thirsty people happy, especially those with an appreciative fang for chops or chicken or ham or steak in the bona fide home-cooked mode. At the 49th Street Inn, the "three" theme is embodied in a trio of rooms: "Miami" downstairs, above it the "Chevy Chase Hunt" (unescorted ladies no can get in), and the "Dolly Madison" (private parties) above the Bar. The place has been a hit ever since the first meal served.

ICE TERRACE

The Versailles, of stellar name entertainment, has got itself a grand new dress for autumn but keeps the same prize chef Lagrange and the same favorite orchestras so you won't feel lost . . . Hold it, Mr. Mayor! That's no 7-alarm conflagration at the Hotel New Yorker (the whole blooming building happens to be fireproof in the first place). It's Benny Goodman sizzling the Ice Terrace with his delirious overheated music, fresh from record-busting success in Chicago at the Sherman Hotel's College Inn Panther Room, a salle whose popularity records don't break easily.

Deep rooted in the town's annals of good living and good feeling is heartily hospitable old Luchow's, 108 East 14th, which hasn't budged since it opened in 1882 and still sports on-premises license No. 1. Headwaiter Ernest is of thirty years' standing. Having once learned the ideal way of marinating a herring and simmering a sauerbraten, the kitchen staff have hung on to it, along with berried pancake skill. Beverages on hand would slake a behemoth.

FOR BODY · FOR FLAVOUR
Ask for this Original
DARK JAMAICA RUM

Myers's Jamaica Rum with its rich, nut-brown colour not only makes a handsomer Cocktail, but one that's *doubly delicious* to taste. For that extra wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand

100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof

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ALL AMERICAN FUN
WITH EDDIE DAVIS
ALL AMERICA'S FAVORITE
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 NEW YORK
FOUR SHOWS NITELY

JUST about every dining and drinking spot advertised in this issue is glad to serve you NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER
Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.
brewed by THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY Baltimore, Md.

Prince Paul Chavchavadze describes

"The Most Memorable Dinner I Ever Had"

"No one has ever satisfactorily explained what mystical power sometimes causes a conventional dinner party to suddenly sparkle and throw off fancy fireworks! Or why it becomes a standout memory in the mind of each of the guests involved. It's enough that it *does* happen—albeit all too seldom.

"I'm thinking now of a certain crisp October evening—eight of us were invited to the home of a writing friend of mine. That indescribable excitement of a New York evening in early fall was in the air and the talk was brilliant, starting slowly over cocktails, and proceeding to an intellectual crescendo over coffee and liqueurs.

"As I say, I cannot point to any single element that alone made that party the shining success it was—but if I should be asked to name a definite contributing factor, I should say the distinguished menu had the most to do with it . . .

Hiram Walker's Triple Sec, 80 proof; Apricot Liqueur, 80 proof; Blackberry Liqueur, 75 proof; Crème de Menthe, 60 proof; Curaçao, 60 proof; Kümmel, 80 proof.

"We began with *Side Car cocktails* accompanied by thin, crisped and salted slivers of raw carrots and salted hazel nuts. My friend is famous for his SIDE CARS, and here is his recipe:

¼ lemon juice
¼ Hiram Walker's Triple Sec
½ brandy

Shake in ice, and strain into cocktail glass. Remember—a Side Car must be served *very* cold.

APRICOT LIQUEUR

"The pièce de résistance for dinner was *Baked Ham aux Apricots* with plain boiled artichokes, dressed with a dusting of grated Parmesan cheese; and followed by a green salad. Here's how to do the HAM AUX APRICOTS:

"Prepare your ham for baking, and bake in one quart of ginger ale. Ten minutes before serving, add small can of apricots, drained, and pour ¼ cup Hiram Walker's Apricot Liqueur over the ham. Baste several times, then remove to platter.

"Then came dessert, a minty, refreshing ending to a perfect dinner. This was *Mint Cherry Royale* and here's the way it's done:

"Soak preserved, pitted cherries in Hiram Walker's Crème de Menthe for one hour. Serve over orange or pineapple sherbet.

CREME DE MENTHE

"After dinner, a choice of liqueurs—Blackberry, Kümmel, Curaçao—and coffee. And, of course, stimulating conversation . . . Here, again, I found my friend using Hiram Walker Liqueurs. When I asked him about it, he said, 'Yes, they're American—but I've found they compare most favorably with some of Europe's best. They were recommended to me by the wine stewards of several of New York's leading hotels and restaurants.'

"Since I've served them myself, I find that what my friend said is true—with imported liqueurs difficult and expensive to obtain, you can serve Hiram Walker Cordials and Liqueurs without apology."

What can we, as makers of Hiram Walker Liqueurs and Cordials, add to a recommendation like that? Except to say that we believe your own discriminating taste will also approve their traditional old-world flavor. Besides the items mentioned above, we also make: Hiram Walker's Anisette, 60 proof; Hiram Walker's Crème de Cacao, 60 proof; Hiram Walker's Cherry Liqueur, 75 proof; and Hiram Walker's Peach Liqueur, 80 proof.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Wm. Scott Stewart

One of the country's leading defense attorneys, William Scott Stewart first came to Chicago fame on the other side of the fence, as the ace prosecutor in the Cook County State's Attorney's office. He studied law at John Marshall, later returned as an instructor in criminal law, but he says: "That was so long ago it no longer interferes with my practice." Newspapers like to call him the "Fox" or the "Lone Wolf"; and Ole Oleson's crack: "He'll get you out if it takes every cent you've got," has become classic. But he laughs off the slurs, feeling it isn't worth while to try to convince the public that criminal lawyers are any less crooked than other lawyers. *How to Beat the Lie Detector* (page 35) is his first general magazine flare-up. Most of his crusades have been confined to legal journals, and his 1,400-page book, *Stewart on Trial Strategy*, is essentially for lawyers.

•

E. Harrold, author of *The Cattle of Tone*, is an English writer who has spent several years in India and in Tanganyika Territory and is now trying life in Kenya, British East Africa.

•

Robert Carlton Brown, contributor of *Four Bits a Day in Santarem*, has been knocking around in South America; and the most recent address we have for him is Rio. He has appeared in our pages several times, as well as in *The New Yorker*, *The New Republic*, *Coronet*, *McCall's* and other publications.

Robert Carlton Brown

•

We just received a letter from Knightscroft Kennels, in West Nyack, New York, saying: "Sometime ago you photographed our red Irish Setter for use in your September issue of Esquire. Since that time this dog has finished his championship, so his name now reads: CHAMPION MILSON O'BOY II."

•

Gregory Mason is a product of the old *New York Evening Sun*, whose staff he joined after graduating from Williams College in 1911. Later he was managing editor of the *Japan Advertiser* in Tokyo, and was a colleague of the late Theodore Roosevelt, Senior, on the editorial staff of *The Outlook*. After serving this periodical as war correspondent in the last war, Mason began organizing archaeological expeditions to the American tropics. In his eleven expeditions he has discovered twelve ancient ruined cities, eleven built by the Mayas of Central America and one by the Taironas of Colombia. His recently published *South of Yesterday*, describes these expeditions. Mason won his Ph. D. at U.S.C., taught anthropology at Hunter College for awhile, and is teaching journalism at N.Y.U. Among his six books are two novels, *Remember the Maine* and *Columbus Came Late*.

Gregory Mason

•

The first public recognition of Samuel Hopkins Adams' literary talent was the appearance of a poem in an intercollegiate collection of the work of undergraduates called *College Verse*. The poem was by Clinton Scollard, who, in an excess of modesty, signed it Samuel Hopkins Adams. With this start Mr. Adams became an author. When he left Hamilton College he joined the staff of the *Sun*, and subsequently *McClure's* magazine. Then he did for *Collier's* the patent medicine exposé which brought about the first Pure Food Law. He later assumed the editorship of *Ridgway's Weekly*, an unsuccessful venture involving the simultaneous publication of ten magazines in as many cities. Since that time he has turned out a list of novels, including *Siege*, *The Clarion*, *Success*, *The Flagrant Years*, *Our Square*, *Revelry*, *The Gorgeous Hussy* and *The Incredible Era*.

•

Michael M. Zenoff writes: "It seems my life has been one aftermath after another. The first fiction piece I ever wrote for publication was a detective yarn. When I reached the finale, I had become so engrossed my hair stood on end for fear my hero was going to wind up shooting me. That was while I was attending the U. of Wisconsin ('32). For the next seven years I wrote sports for Hearst in Milwaukee. Every time I got a scoop the aftermath followed—a coach would be fired, a player would become All-American. I sold *Ken* an exposé on Rasslin'—aftermath was a scrap with an indignant rassler in a Chicago hotel lobby. I took a shot at writing in Hollywood but just when a studio was ready to buy my first story, up popped Mr. Aftermath: Start of World War No. 2. Studio heads got panicky, practically closed shop and forgot about my story. Now I'm hitching my wagon to stars such as Johnny Getchell and others in the sports world. I await the aftermath."

•

Arthur R. Tofte, *The Mighty Hjalmarson*, says: "My grandparents came from Norway and I spent a considerable part of my childhood among the Norwegians of La Crosse, Wisconsin. When my grandfather Peter came to this country he selected the name of the community from which he came—Tofte, as his name. There is a story in our family that my grandparents lived only a short distance from each other in Norway but never met until they came to La Crosse where they were introduced to each other as coming from the same district. The young couple, lonely for their homeland, inevitably fell in love and married. Anyway that is how I heard it."

•

Fairfax Downey served in the First World War as a captain in the A. E. F., and is now a sergeant in the New York Home Guard. After graduating from the Hill School in Pennsylvania, he attended Yale, getting his B. A. in 1916. He married Mildred Adams of Washington, and embarked on a newspaper career. He is the author of *A Comic History of Yale*, *Father's First Two Years*, *When We Were Rather Older*, *Young Enough to Know Better*, and several others, including *Indian Fighting Army*, published by Scribner's this month.

Fairfax Downey

•

Dr. C. G. Learoyd, author of *The Conscientious Steward* (page 49), has spent most of his life knocking about at sea and abroad. He was for some years a ship's doctor on liners plying on Pacific Ocean routes. In recent years he had a country practice in Sussex, England, but with the coming of war he has returned to his work as a ship's doctor. He has begun his career as a writer only lately, appearing in *Blackwood's*, and leading British newspapers and hospital magazines.

•

Chester Chatfield is thirty-four years old, married, has two sons and one dog. He says: "I acquired craftsmanship in writing while studying under Vernon McKenzie at the University of Washington. After several years of his caustic criticisms, I grew a hide thicker than a bull elephant's. I have used one or two million words of mss. to start fires in the fireplace and forty or fifty of my articles and short stories have found a market in publications varying from *True Romances* to *The Saturday Evening Post*."

Chester Chatfield

What every man wants to know about a woman…

That she appreciates
The care with which
He chooses flowers
For her
As well as the care
With which he
Chooses and uses
Whiskey for himself.

* * *

Men of good taste
Appreciate the "Extra Age"
Advantage of Old Schenley
Bottled in Bond

…d in Bond
FIRST (1ST) IN QUALITY
THIS WHISKEY IS FIVE 5 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

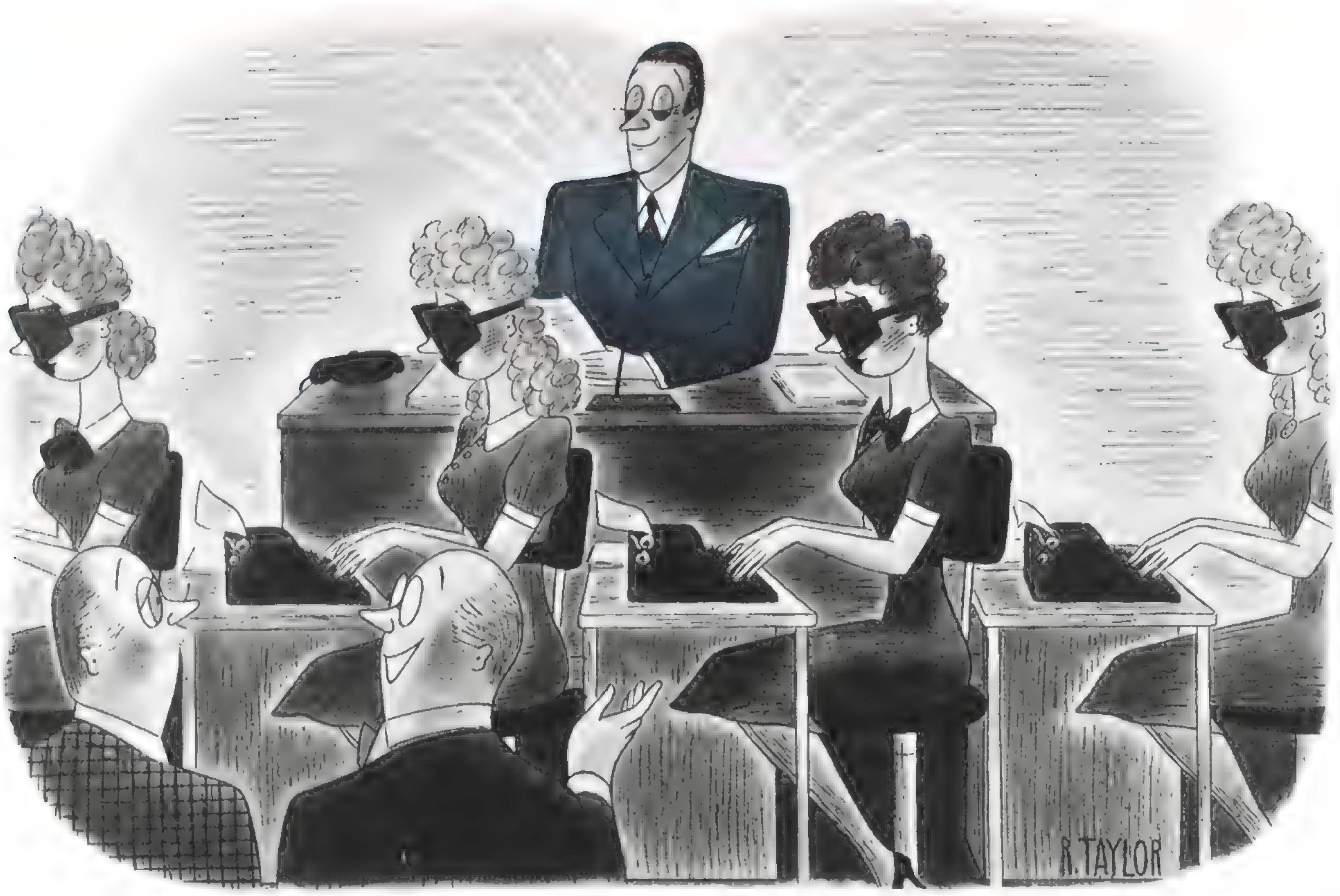
America's Mildest 5 Year Old

BOTTLED IN BOND

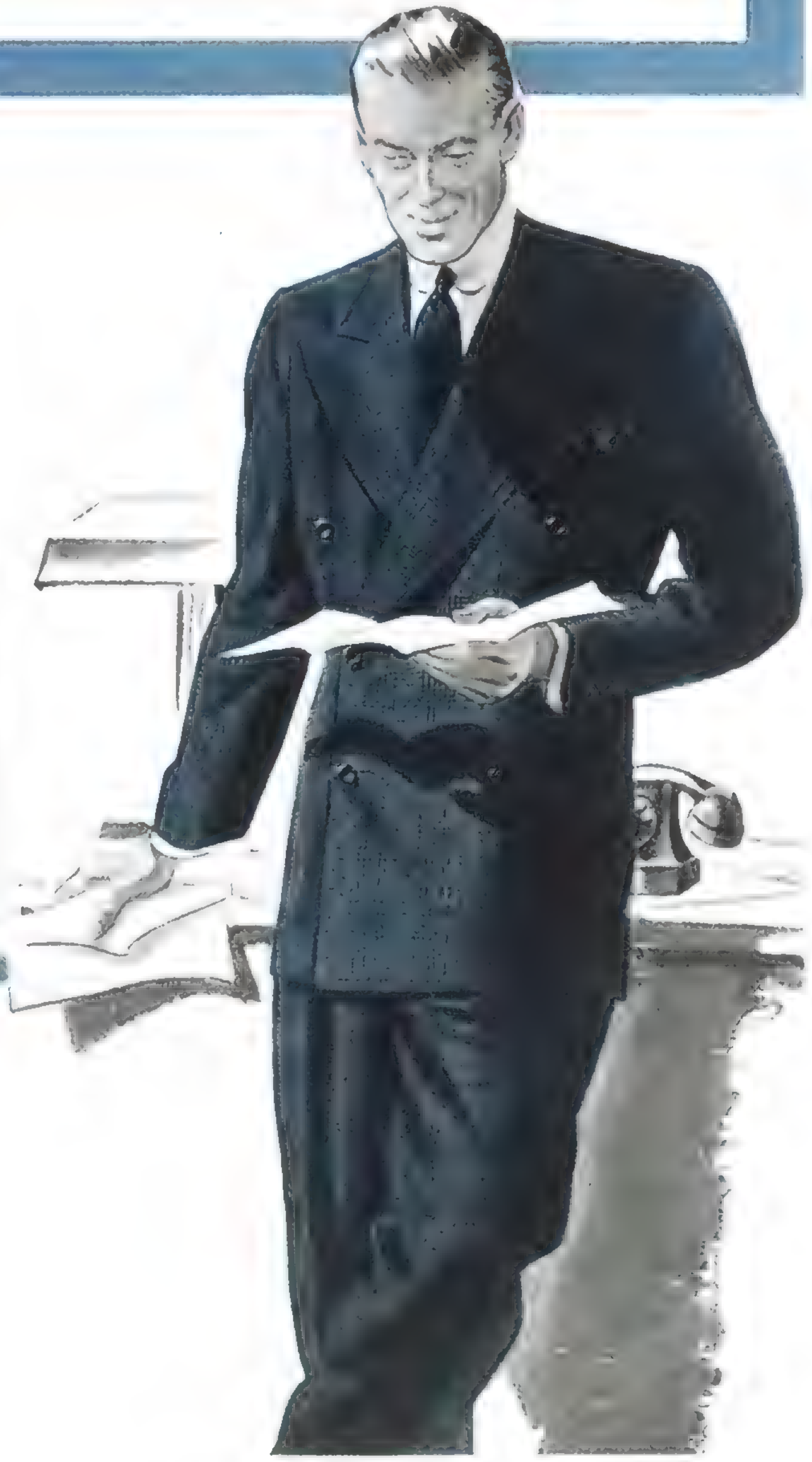
OLD SCHENLEY

Set of six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Copyright 1941, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, N. Y., Dept. A.

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY — 100 PROOF — THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD
ALSO AVAILABLE IN RYE - THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD



"*We had to do it, when Hoskins started wearing* Bench Made suits"



frankly, we won't guarantee that you'll dazzle 'em quite like Hoskins in a Bench Made. But we will guarantee that you'll get some of the most luxurious woolens you ever laid your hands on, and one of the finest hand-tailored suits you've ever worn, in a Hart Schaffner & Marx Bench Made suit. In addition, in Bench Mades you are assured of the fit and feel and drape of expensive custom clothes...without the fuss and bother of time-wasting try-ons.

all this at a price that is surprisingly modest for such a fine quality garment. Worth a look, don't you think? Just drop in at the Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer who's handiest to you...this week!

BENCH MADE *Masterpieces*

THE TRUMPETER LABEL – A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR – A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

How to Beat the Lie Detector

Armed with these directions for fooling the quack who operates it, you need not fear this modern instrument of torture

by WILLIAM SCOTT STEWART

• ARTICLE •

In the first place, it's the bunk. In spite of what the newspapers and the so-called experts would have you believe, there's no machine on earth capable of detecting a lie.

The popular conception of a "lie detector" machine—and a belief sponsored by the propaganda of those who live off the racket—is that of an Almighty contraption that rings a gong every time a lie is told, a machine whose instrument gauge points a "naughty-naughty" finger at any one who dares to fib to it. You'd hardly think it necessary to say "There ain't no such animal," and yet in this age when the public is ready to believe anything and everything so long as it's labeled "scientific," quacks are finding an easy market for their pretended infallible crime cure-all, the lie detector. Some of those guilty are being passed up, while the innocent are often made to suffer.

Because this fraud upon the credulous public is growing to such proportions that everyone—not only those who are booked at the police station—is open to attack by the lie detectors, everyone owes it to himself to have some understanding of the operation of the machine, and to have some plan of combating it when it forces itself upon him.

Really "there ought to be a law" prohibiting the use of the lie detector; but even if passage of such a law could be brought about over the objections of the favorite sons who make nice, fat livings with their mechanical Charlie McCarthys, that law would probably be about as effective as the sterile laws prohibiting the third degree today—and you don't have to rely on the movies to know that police methods today are unhampered by restrictions on the third degree. As a matter of fact, the lie detector is nothing but the third degree dressed up in white tie and tails. Warden Lawes gave an apt definition of their usefulness when he said, "Those lie detector gadgets are all right . . . provided you have a couple of stool pigeons working behind the scenes."

The effectiveness of the machine depends largely on the victim's fears or belief in its infallibility, so if you understand something about how the lie detector works, and about the law concerning your relations with it, you've accomplished the first step in beating the fraud.

There are a number of machines in use today. The most modern one combines those which were formerly used separately. Called the polygraph, meaning "many-graph" instrument, this lie detector is a hybrid—not so pure, and not so simple. None of the parts was intended by the inventor to be passed off as a detector of lies. It's made up of the cardiograph, which records the pulse wave; the sphygmograph, which records the blood pressure; the galvanograph, which records the galvanic reflex (which closely follows the activity of the sweat pores); and the pneumograph, which records the respiratory movements. The whole thing is sometimes called the pneumo-cardio-sphygmo-galvanograph. The name alone is enough to scare you into reverent belief in its powers—and that's where the fun begins for the other fellow.

When you're strapped into the contraption, a rubber tube is placed around your chest, and a blood pressure cuff, of the type ordinarily used by physicians, is fastened about your upper arm. This cuff is then inflated to a pressure about midway between the systolic and diastolic blood pressures. Rubber tubes approximately a quarter of an inch in diameter lead from both the pneumograph and the cuff into metal tambours to which two stiluses are attached. At the tip of each stilus is a small cup, filled with ink, which feeds the pens as they fluctuate with each pulse beat or respiratory movement. The recordations are made upon slowly moving graph paper, driven by a small synchronous electric motor.

Then the guesswork begins. Those who operate the machines write that the value of the deception test depends upon bodily responses to certain mental stimuli, and that, therefore, there must be no irrelevant factors. If outside influences can't be eliminated, say the instructors, they must be kept constant throughout the examination and allowed for in the interpretation. Wherever a movement is made, voluntarily or involuntarily, that movement must be noted and discounted in the diagnosis. The normal breathing will affect the blood pressure instrument, and that should be noted. If the subject is not normal in all respects, *that* must be taken into consideration. When you get right down to it, the lie detector report is just one man's opinion of what a lot of jumpy marks on graph paper mean in relation to your guilt or innocence. Influenced, of course, by his guess, based upon what he has heard about you, and deductions he draws from how you appear and act. Everyone thinks himself quite shrewd at detecting liars. That "you can't fool me" attitude explains why first-rate con men work best on bankers.

If you're brought face to face with one of these modern torture machines, as a suspect in a criminal case, remember that you need not submit to any test by any machine. You have a constitutional right to refuse to incriminate yourself. This, of course, is pretty well known, but the operators of the machine lead you to believe that an innocent person has nothing to fear and that a guilty person will not dare to refuse for fear his refusal will be accepted as evidence of guilt. Neither of these premises is true. If you're brought to trial, the prosecutor is not permitted under the rules of evidence to let the court or jury

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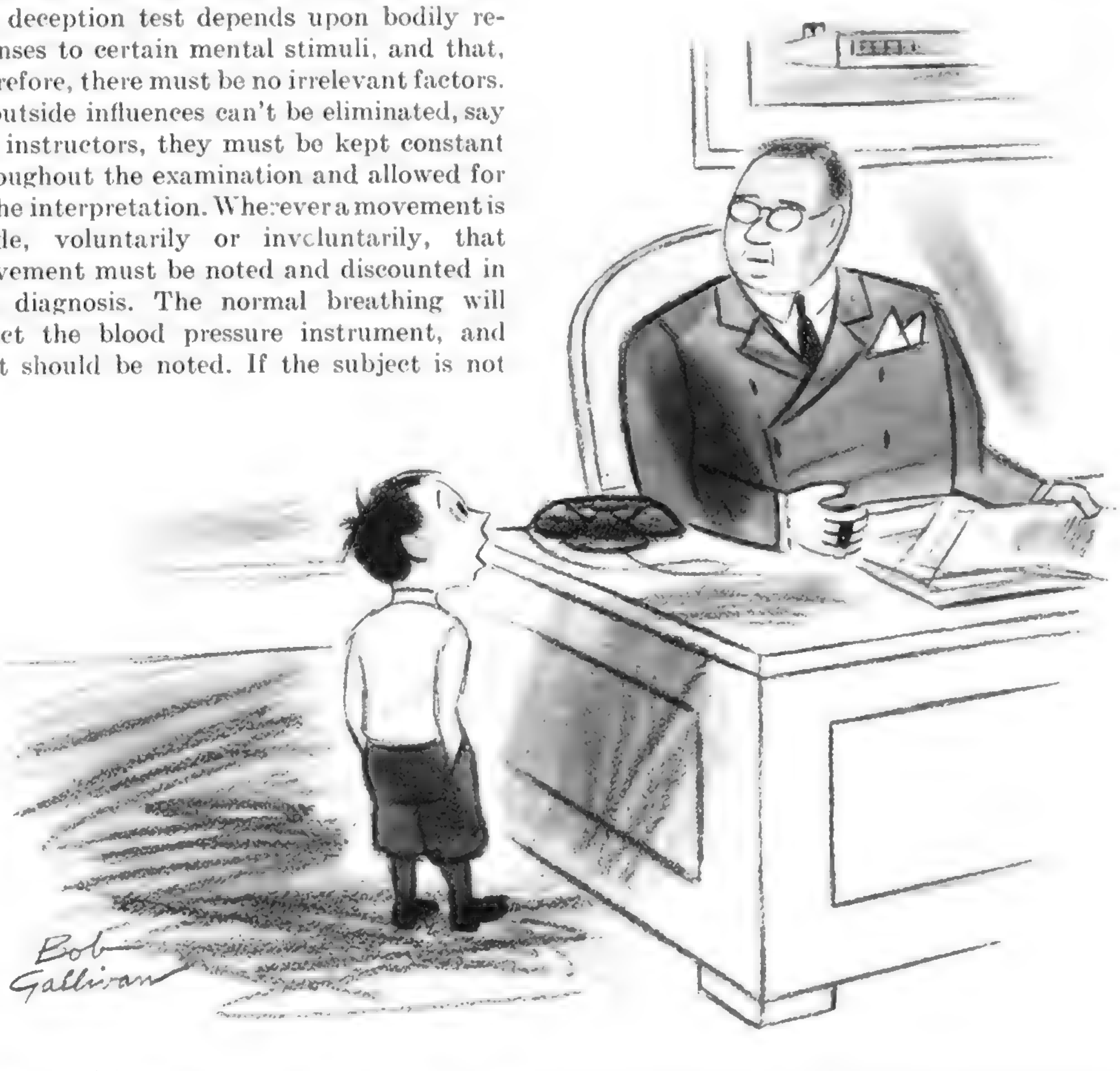
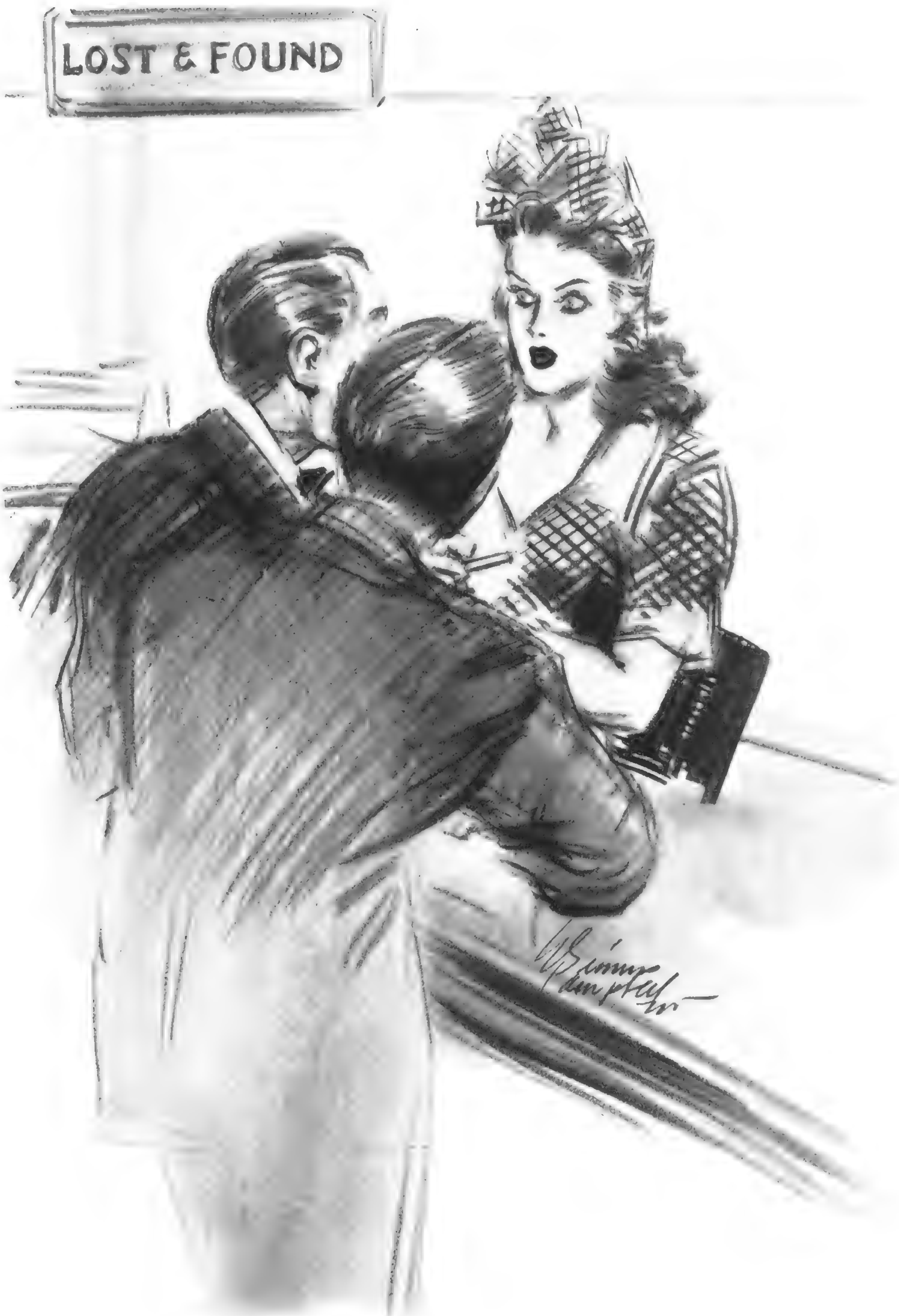


"Can I go to the baseball game today, boss? My grandmother's playing third base"



"Were they pink with lace around the edges?"

The Office Butterfly

A quarter of a million hung on one question: was Kiliaen Dick alive after midnight of February third?

by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

• FICTION •

ESQFU GX LESQD-OTESB
LEJYFYMZ ELLUTQEZM
TUXUTUU YS XUIUTYMD
XYXZD TGESO, LFESJYSJ
KTUSK YSZG ZETWEFUSZ
ELTGKT.

Visitors to our conservative, small city law office stop to examine the document which hangs, framed, in the outer room. It is in neat, large pencil-print, widely spaced. Glassed in with it, a lustrous tropical butterfly provides adornment and contrast to its careful lettering. The spot of burnished color is technically a specimen of the Nymphalis adanambia and is a tribute to Miss Ada Namby of our staff.

If Jenks & Jayne were a metropolitan firm Miss Namby would, I suppose, enjoy the title of office manager. In our organization she comes under the head of general utility. She is elderly, plain, sparing of speech, tireless in efficiency, and all adjusted angles as a smooth-running machine should be. So little does she suggest femininity that I cannot recall seeing any man rise upon her entrance except Bennett Dick.

Because he is just naturally that sort of person, Bennett is something of an office pet, though a troublesome client. Too often, when wanted, he is off in some Tibetan jungle or Brazilian morass on one of those explorations which never benefit him financially but are quite likely to increase the total of human knowledge in one or another of the branches of natural history which were his passion. His uncle, Kiliaen Dick, supplied the money, grumbling but secretly proud.

Now the old gentleman was dead, less than a week before the presumptive heir arrived from some remote and deadly Central American swamp, to find himself out of luck. So here in our office was Bennett Dick, brown and spare and bitten, puzzled at the bad news of his disinheritance but taking it with his natural sportsmanship. He had jumped from his steamer to the train to reach Fenchester in time for the surrogate's hearing, which had been rushed by the lawyer for the substitute heir.

My senior partner, Judge Jenks, regarded him with severity. "What did you quarrel over this time?"

"No quarrel. Maybe I didn't exactly follow instructions."

"You never do," I said. "What were they?"

"He cabled me to come home at once; important. I cabled back that I was busy on the life cycle of a curculio and that I'd dedicate my monograph to him."

"What in the world's a curculio?" I asked.

"A very interesting kind of weevil."

"That would naturally give the old man a thrill," I said, "to have his name handed down as patron saint of a weevil."

He looked depressed. "Maybe I had the wrong slant."

"Maybe you did," I told him. "He tore up his will."

"Was it one of his freak wills?" inquired Bennett, grinning. "Remember the one he drew up, himself, in rebus form? Then there was another that he composed in quatrains and hired an unemployed organist to set it to music. It cut me off with ten dollars and his stamp collection."

"Your Uncle Kiliaen, while a valued client, was slightly eccentric," observed the Judge.

"I liked him," said Bennett simply.

"He liked you," I said. "You're the only person he really cared anything about, I believe. The more pity you're cut out of his fortune."

"Can't be helped. Whom did he leave it to?"

"He died intestate," said the Judge. "No will, so far as we know, unless a curious document which will be shown to you presently turns out to be something of the sort. Therefore his next of kin inherited."

"That would be Uncle Hanson, wouldn't it?"

"Hanson McCollam, his half-brother," confirmed the Judge. "He was killed in a motor crash in California. You had heard of that."

"No," said Bennett, startled. "I had no mail when I came out of the jungle."

"And his son inherits from him."

"Uncle Kil wouldn't have cared much for that," remarked the young scientist thoughtfully. "He hadn't much use for Arthur."

"A thorough wastrel," pronounced the Judge. "But he hasn't got the money yet."

"No? How's that?"

"There remains a question not finally determined. Hanson McCollam's death occurred at midnight, Feb. 3rd. If Kiliaen Dick was alive after that date by so much as an hour, you and not Mr. McCollam were and are the legal heir."

Bennett Dick stared. "Don't you *know* whether he was alive or not?"

"Nobody knows, for a certainty. Let me lay the circumstances briefly before you. As you are aware, your uncle led the life of a recluse. It was quite possible for him to remain out of sight for several days without exciting comment. Not only did he live alone in his town house, but he had bought a cabin four miles out on the East Lake Road to

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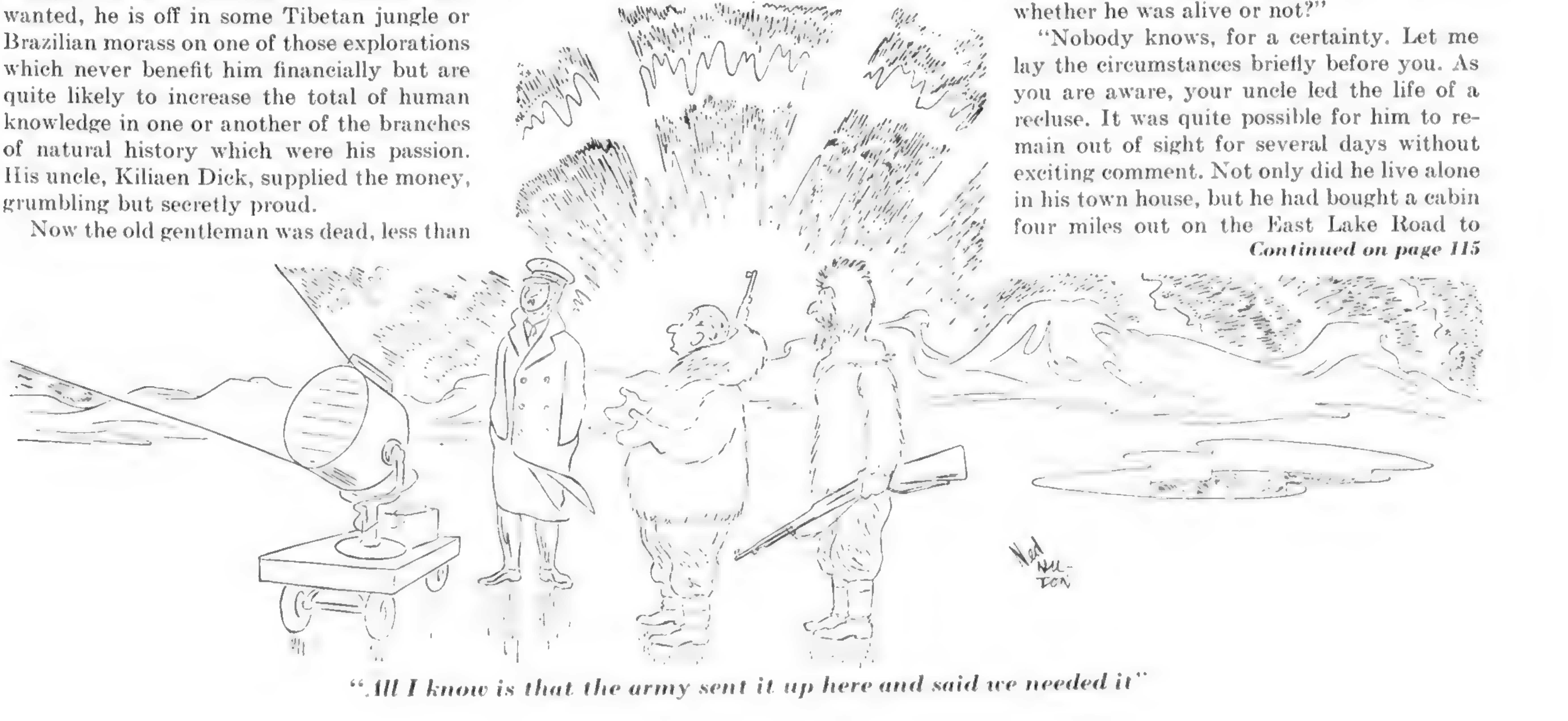


"All I know is that the army sent it up here and said we needed it"

Sentimental Men: Romantic Women

Both husband and wife expect too much: he, because he overvalues the past and she, because she overvalues the future

by GREGORY MASON

• SATIRE •

℞

"Don't be so romantic!" I said impatiently. "That's the trouble with women; they are all too romantic!" It was a lofty masculine generalization.

But the lady had a comeback.

"Don't be so sentimental. Men are much more sentimental than women!"

That particular conversation never got anywhere. The lady and I parted friends, which means that we didn't get anywhere either. I've even forgotten her name. All that I remember is that bit of dialogue. In retrospect I think that we were both right.

Men are more sentimental than women because they are more emotional—so much more so that they have less emotional balance than women. I don't know any man over thirty who is really entertained by a big party. Their laughter always springs from embarrassment. It's an uneasy emotional outburst. Women's laughter, under the same circumstances, has a gay assurance. They aren't really laughing at the funny story you may be trying to tell them. Their laughter rings on a note of mental self-approval. Here they are at a big party and doing nicely for themselves, thank you. They are pleased at being at home with themselves in what men consider an alien environment.

I've been brooding a good deal about an odd fact. Call anyone, male or female, "sentimental" and see what reaction you get. Men and women alike deny the accusation with sharp resentment. On the other hand, call anyone "romantic" and the remark is greeted as a compliment.

A woman simpers and says: "Yes, I guess I've always been romantic."

A man looks fatuous and makes an attempt at self-deprecation: "I suppose I'm what might be called quixotic. I can't help it."

Why does the human peacock preen at the charge of romanticism and bridle at sentimentality? Is it because sentimentalism implies affectation, while romanticism has all the furbelows of glamour from swashbuckling to crinolines?

I know a woman who never has forgiven her husband for having proposed to her in the kitchen. She has been happily married for years, but her resentment at having been cheated out of a romantic memory remains articulate.

"He might at least have taken me out into the orchard before he spoke his piece," she has said many times. "The way he blurted it out in the kitchen has always made me feel that he wanted to marry a cook."

Her husband defends himself in terms which all male sentimentalists can understand.

"I wasn't thinking of cooking at all," he maintains, probing back through the years. "It was just that the smell of things baking and the bright, clean kitchen reminded me of when I was a boy and I was overwhelmed with how much I wanted a home of my own. She was the one girl I wanted a home with so I blurted it out then and there. It seemed romantic enough to me."

"Sentimental!" His wife sniffs, still resentful. So it is.

To be sentimental is to kid yourself about the present because you overvalue the past.

To be romantic is to kid yourself about the present because you overvalue the future.

It's a simple truth that women are more concerned with the future than men are. Biology gives the answer to that. A woman's hope of having children keeps her subconscious mind busy with finding the right patterns for the children. Meanwhile her conscious self works overtime to locate the best possible father for the children. Her motives are a mixture of romanticism and shrewd realism that is hard to beat. No sooner does a woman have a baby tucked into a crib than she is plotting its debut party (if it's a daughter); its promise as an All-American star to the glory of its pappy's college (if it's a son). The sentimental pappy, meanwhile, is preoccupied with the manner in which his baby sister was paraded when he was a small boy; or he's wistful with recollections of how much fun he had with a fire engine at four times his son's present age.

The human female is more romantic than the male because she is more ambitious; in the favorite phrase of the late Woodrow Wilson, she is more "forward-looking." It is her habit of looking ahead which makes her attitude conflict with that of the male on love and marriage.

Men are practical about love, but they're sentimental about marriage.

Women expect more of love than anyone has a right to expect of any human relationship, but their attitude toward marriage is too practical for the male.

Someone once put the whole thing in a nutshell when he said: "Woman accepts man for the sake of matrimony and man accepts matrimony for the sake of woman."

Joe Zilch would be the last person in the world to claim that his first love affair wasn't important to him. It was. It might have gone on and on to the end of his days if the woman hadn't expected so much of it. Joe told me how it was. She seemed to think she was married to him or something, the way she exacted an account of his doings away from her and gave him large doses of tears and recriminations when he told her she'd have to be sensible. On the other hand, Joe felt, she'd have driven him nuts if he had been married to her. She seemed to think that moonlight and roses should be the background of all of their time together. A man couldn't even read the newspaper in her presence without being accused of neglecting her. The relationship got to a point of being too tight for him, like that old house jacket he took such comfort in before he packed a few inches more of breadth onto his chest and waist. So, like the old house jacket, he had to discard it. Then, in time, Joe got married.

His wife was a very attractive woman—much the same type of woman as his old sweetheart, only more sensible and not so mushy. Joe barged around with her until he got the idea he couldn't live without her. And so they were married.

Like all men brought up in the United States, Joe had definite ideas about what he wanted his marriage to be like. He was full of nostalgic memories of his own childhood, when his mother's influence over him was too strong, his father's too slight. Moreover, he had been taught by women in school until he was well into his 'teens. He had grown into matrimony—not into manhood—expecting too much of women. Women in general—his wife in particular—existed for Joe Zilch's comfort. At twenty-five or thereabouts, Joe, like most men, had given up the illusion that somewhere ahead on the path of life he would encounter a *Great Love*. He was absorbed with another illusion, once pithily presented by Frank Sullivan to Alfred Lunt: "Marriage is a great institution and may, some day, supplant the horse." Joe Zilch's contribution to the upkeep of the institution of matrimony was based on unrealistic nostalgia. His mother had made life a little blue heaven for his father. Joe was certain of that for the simple reason that he never was given a ringside seat to mammy and pappy's spar-

1—Men are sentimental things,
Tied to Mem'ry's apron-strings!

ring matches. If he had happened to witness long-fought rounds with no decision he was on his mother's side because he knew his mother best. In that case he thought his father was a louse. But in his own marriage he never saw himself as a louse because he never saw his wife as the angel he thought his mother to be.

Joe's wife was as practical as Joe was dreamy. Being a woman, she continued to clutch the romantic illusion of a *Great Love* to her bosom. And she seemed quite certain that *The Great Love* was not Joe Zilch. And she knew darned well that her marriage was no idyll in a cottage small by a waterfall. That didn't bother her too much. Joe's mother had confided in his bride, at the outset, that Joe Zilch was like his father and Pappy Zilch had been the devil and all to live with but he was a good provider. Mammy Zilch recommended that Joe's wife use her method with Pappy: keep the guy in his place which, obviously, was the post of a good provider. So Mrs. Joe Zilch did that. Fortunately, perhaps, for Joe, Mrs. Joe saw *The Great Love* looming for herself in a few years. She divorced Joe when the practical advantage of doing so flooded her perennial well of romance. Her second marriage, so far as I know, goes on happily. The new husband is more successful than Joe. Moreover, her marriage to Joe was childless and the second marriage is not.

I know a number of men who seem to share my view that the woman of today is much more restless in marriage than the man. It seems to us that women break up many marriages in the practical hope of getting better ones. This hope overwhelms them when it keeps pace with the romantic female belief in a *Great Love* waiting just around the corner. Now, don't get sore, girls. But from the road it looks as if the men of today are struggling vainly to protect old-fashioned marriage, sentimentalists that they are, while women are smashing at it via Reno in the quest of ultimate romance.

I was once present at a little by-play between two old friends. The woman, nearing forty, was about to marry again. The man was momentarily sour on all marriage because of a recent disappointment of his own, but he was wishing our mutual friend happiness.

" I think it's the real thing," the woman confided with satisfaction. "And after all I've seen of life I should know the real thing when I find it."

"That's what we all think," the man said gloomily. "That's what I thought. But my wife wanted a background for her social life. She didn't want marriage."

"You knew that when you married her," the woman reminded him flatly. "So why should you complain?"

"Thought she'd change," he muttered.

"Well, I don't want Jack to change," she said, still smug. "He suits me as he is."

The man growled to me as we strolled off to see about a highball.

"Wait until Jack loses his hair and his teeth and starts looking around for his lost youth," he predicted darkly.

"She won't care," I opined somewhat cynically. "Because he's as good a catch as she'll ever meet."

I really was dwelling upon what the woman had said to my friend. "You knew that when you married her so why should you complain?" That male sentimentality again that expects a woman to be an old-fashioned homebody because she is married! And that female romanticism that sees marriage as a background for glamour in case the marriage doesn't prove satisfactory!

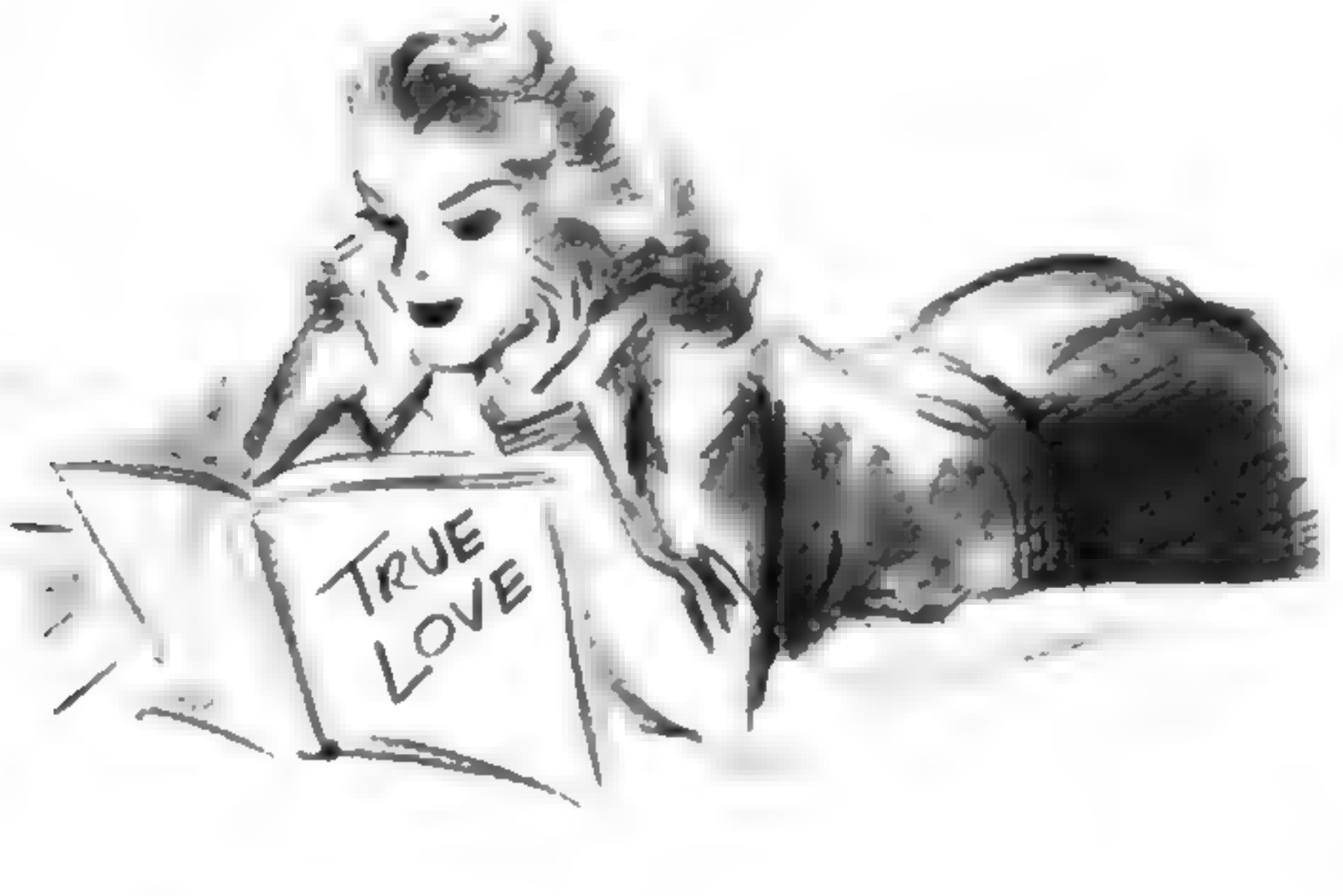
Women are lost in the clouds in the matter of love, because they see a mirage in the future. The mirage is a good marriage—always a better investment to a woman than free love—which may be so fortunate as to be also the *Great Love* of their lives.

Men look upon love as being, biologically, of small importance. But they are gamblers by nature and marriage is much more of a gamble than free love. Besides, marriage is an institution and men are sentimental about institutions. Men do not believe that matrimony ever will be scrapped entirely. However, no man or woman can deny that marriage has undergone drastic alterations in our age and that its future form is by no means clear.

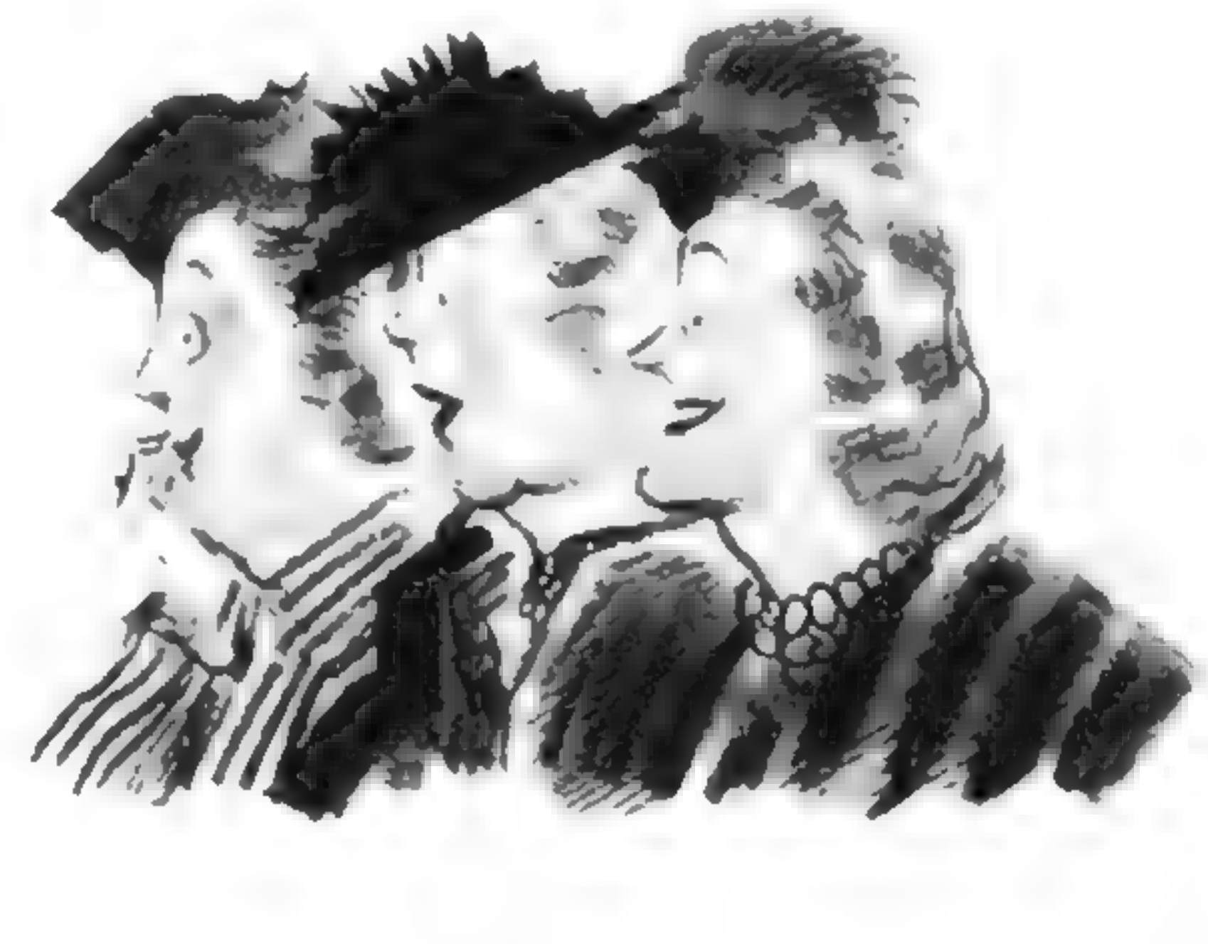
The points of view of the two sexes toward marriage are at opposite poles, but the reactions are the same. Therefore, matrimony in some form undoubtedly will remain with us. If our American manhood might be spared, in time, the incalculable harm of their early female training, they might develop less sentimentality toward marriage. If women—including the schoolmarms who are the unwitting cause of the damage—might thereby devote their energies to being the companions instead of the trainers of men, their romantic yearnings might become stabilized at home instead of turning wistfully to the vision of the perfect lover as depicted on the screen by Robert Taylor and Clark Gable. (A lot of the girls prefer Charles Boyer.)

We men may cast a weather eye at Hedy Lamarr. But can she cook? Will she be properly appreciative of the glamorous deeds we do in pursuit of the bacon? Will she see what a fine figure of romance we are when we tote it home at the end of the day? Or will she be too lost in a picture of how she is going to look at the party she intends to drag us to right after dinner?

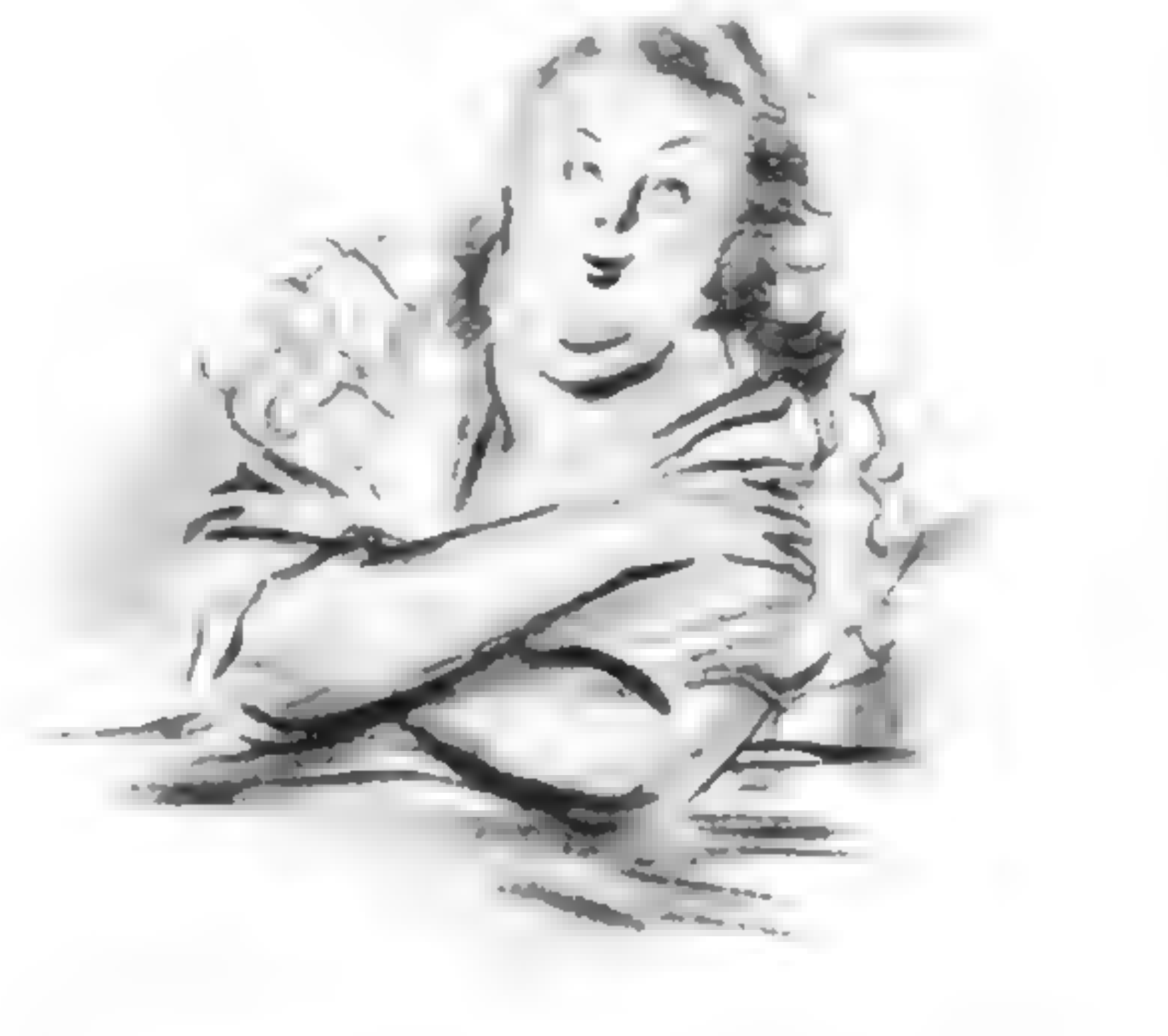
The future form of marriage is entirely up to the women. We men are fond of it and ever ready to rush into it recklessly spurred, perhaps, by a nostalgic memory of cottages with rambling roses and lilac bushes blooming beside the porch where we may put our feet up after a hard day. But marriage always has been the particular business of women. We men probably will go on letting them run it in their own way, hanging around for an occasional pat on the head when we're needed to put up more margin, and grateful at being tolerated in a state which we cherish all the more deeply because no woman understands what matrimony should be like. ##



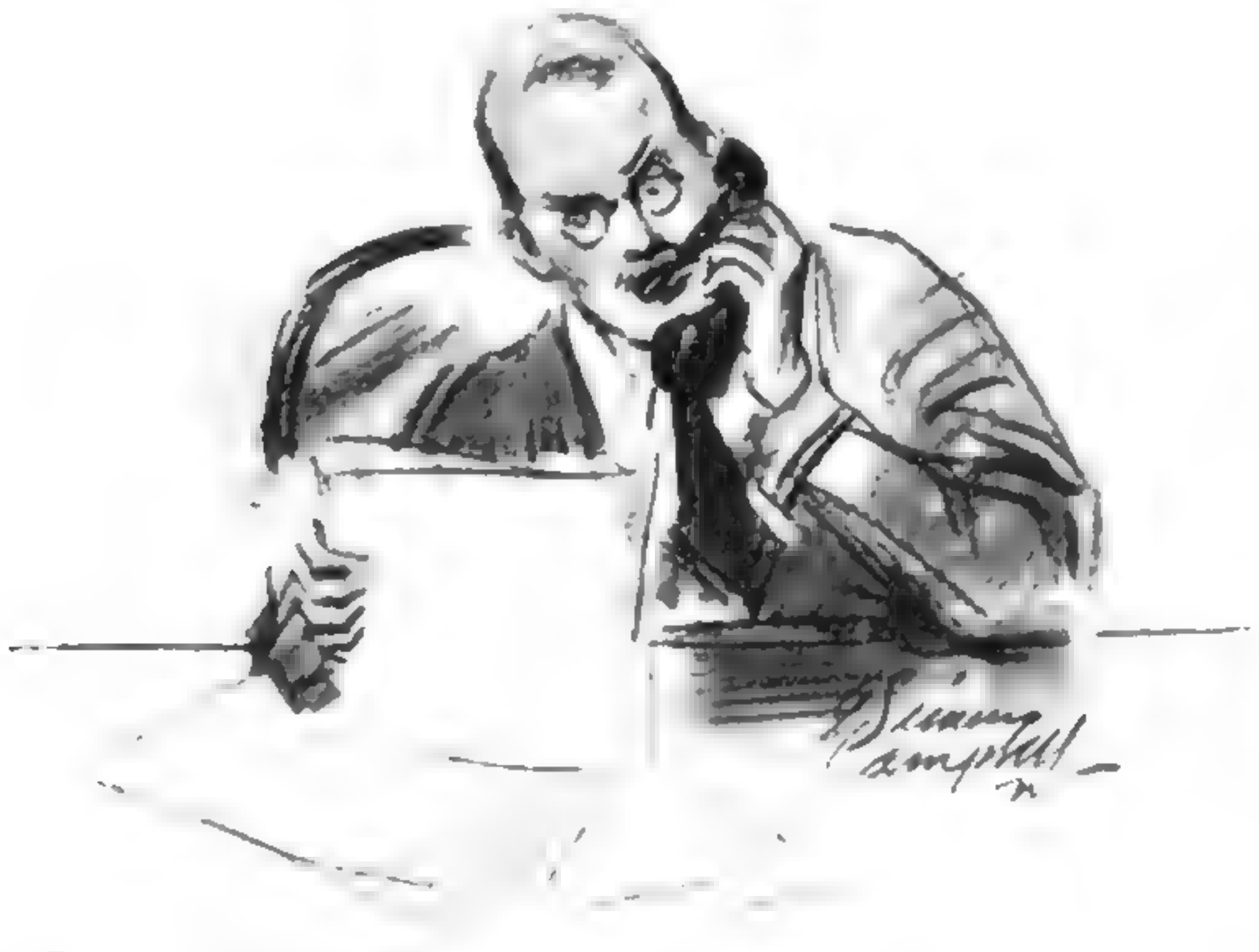
2—*Women scorn such childish antics,*
Nature makes them true romantics!



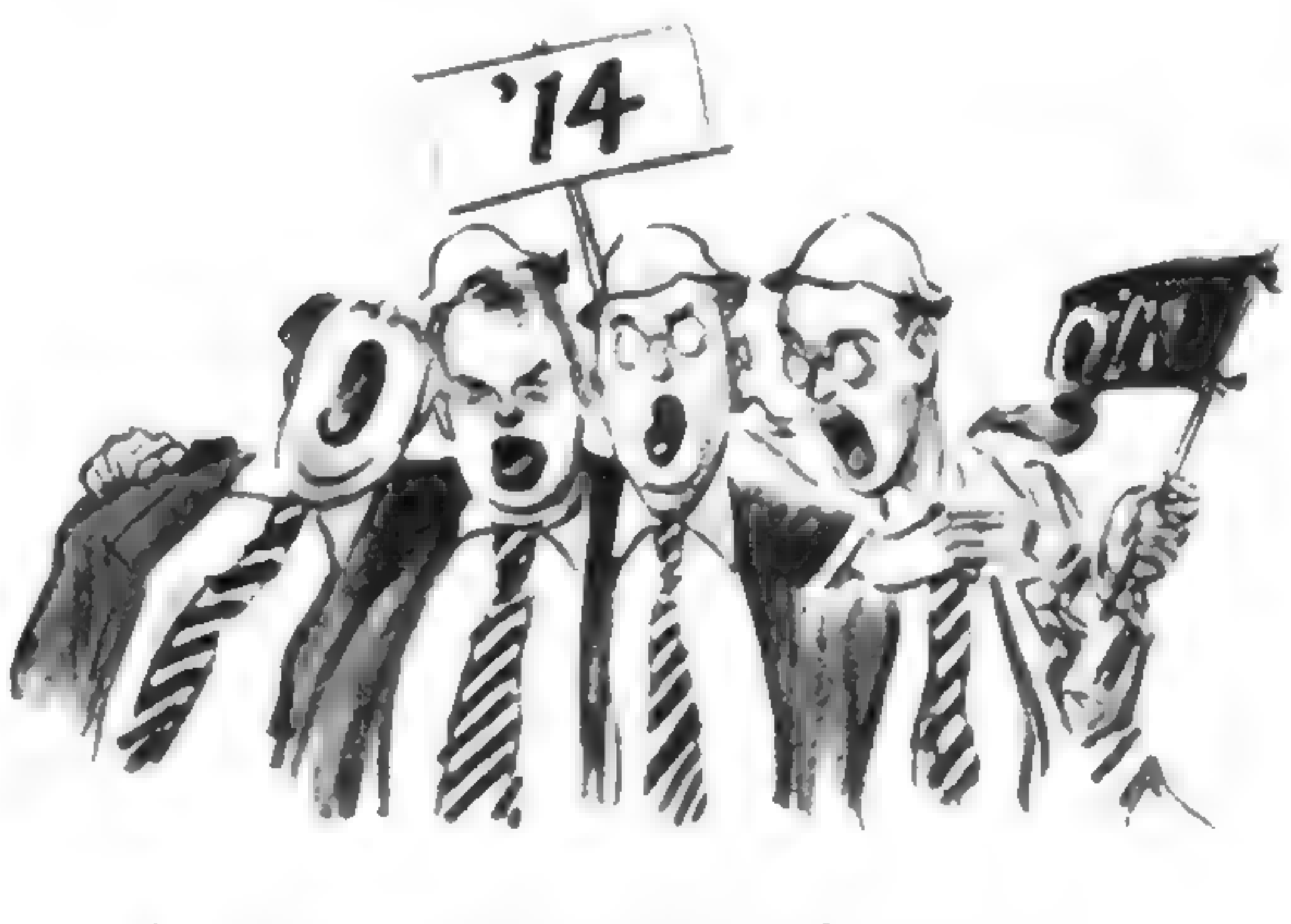
3—*When they gape at Mr. Gable,*
Matrons grow a bit unstable . . .



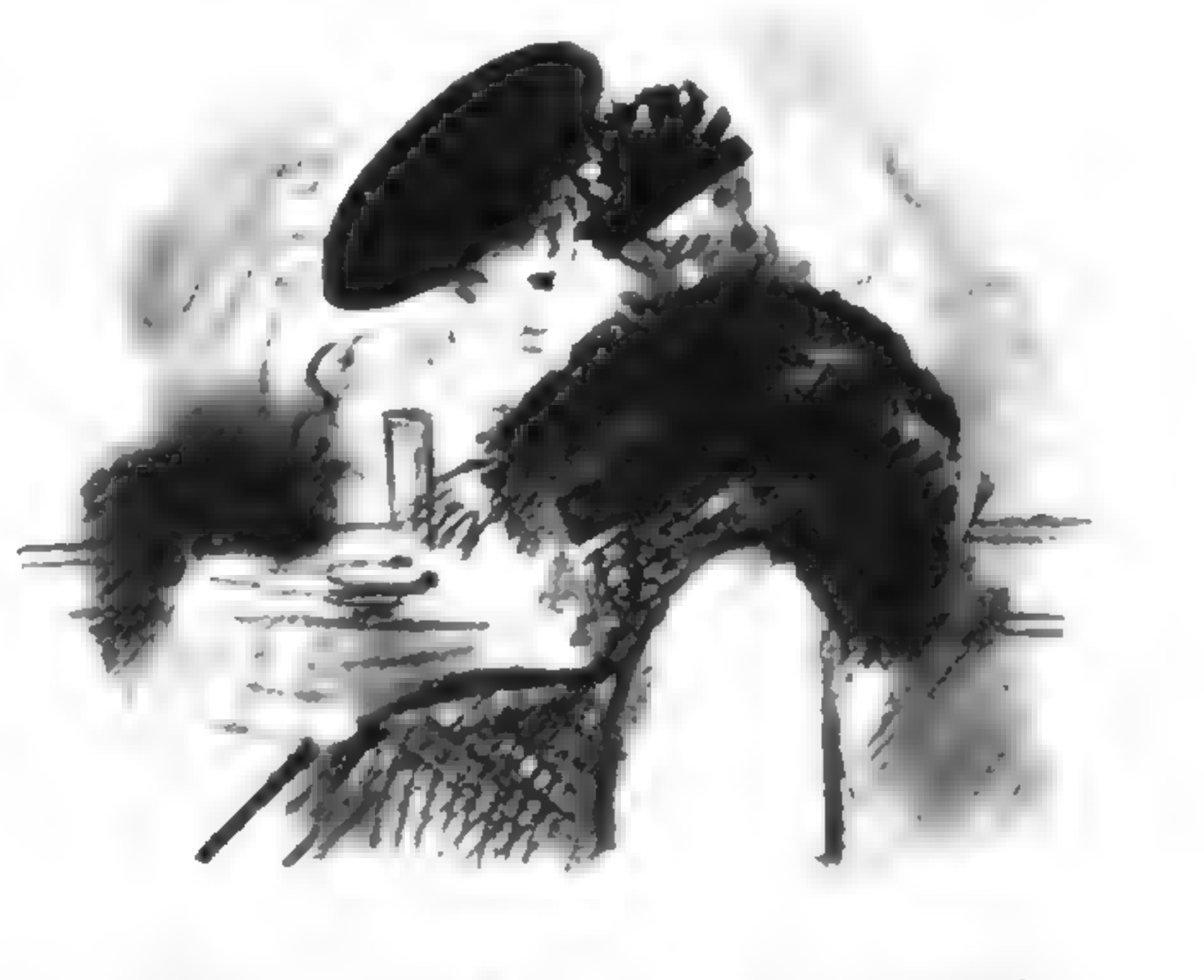
4—*Dreaming in a sprightly fashion*
Of some future purple passion!



5—*And their husbands in the meantime?*
Working hard! And in between time . . .



6—*Bellowing in song and story*
Of the days of vanished glory . . .



7—*While their Queens at some casino*
Talk of love and hint at Reno!

PHIL STACK

The Master Drillmaster

Baron von Steuben drilled our tattered army, laid foundations for victory on the snow-covered field of Valley Forge

by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

• ARTICLE •

Whenever wars and rumors of wars threaten these United States, a certain long-dead gentleman turns in his grave. It's a military turn, a smart rightabout. His ghost grasps a spectral musket and drills shadowy battalions of Americans, swearing at them urgently in German.

When he was living, the time for such a task was short and the situation critical—as now. Then, as today, there were masses of men to be made into soldiers. Virtually single-handed, the feat was accomplished by that splendid old drillmaster, by (as a Britisher puts it) "that excellent, though German, Baron Friedrich Wilhelm August Heinrich Ferdinand von Steuben, to give him his full—his very full—name."

So his spirit marches out of the past into the present. For he who drilled and disciplined our army in the Revolution and wrote our first drill regulations laid the foundations of victory on the snowy parade ground of Valley Forge, as they must be laid today in scores of training camps for the pressing need of our national defense.

Steuben was born and brought up in the army, his birthplace the Prussian fortress of Magdeburg, his father an engineer officer. In 1747 at the age of seventeen he was commissioned in the infantry. He fought through the Seven Years' War, attracting the notice of Frederick the Great, who sent the young officer to his famous general staff school and made him his aide. Steuben rose rapidly, attaining the rank of general and a patent of nobility as baron. But in mid-course his promising career was suddenly blocked when he offended an influential personage. So at thirty-three Steuben was shelved and broke, for he was always generous and improvident with his pay. Knowing no other profession but soldiering, he tried to enter the French and Austrian armies but vainly.

Then things began to look up. The British offered to engage him to train troops being sent against the rebellious American colonies. Fortunately for us, Benjamin Franklin saw the Baron first. As our Minister to France, he appreciated the value of an officer who had won his spurs under that military genius, Frederick the Great, and promptly Steuben was signed up and dispatched to the United States. Of all wise old Ben's services to his country this was one of the greatest. It would prove to be a decisive factor in winning the war for American independence.

Steuben, speaking French besides his native German but no word of English, landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1777, accompanied by an interpreter who showed his understanding at least of the international language by kissing the first American girl he met. Nor was the Baron himself backward in gallantry after he had learned some English. On being presented to a Miss Sheaf, he announced: "From my youth up I have been enjoined to avoid Mischief, but I had no idea until now that her attractions were so powerful."

Meanwhile he reported via interpreter to General Washington and the Continental Congress and utterly flabbergasted them by offering to make his claims to rank and pay dependent upon the success of the Revolution. This in view of the demands of other foreign soldiers of fortune, out for all the traffic would bear, was a decided novelty. Naturally Steuben was taken up on it and assigned to duty at Valley Forge.

The American cause was in a bad way that winter, its few victories overshadowed by severe defeats and the growing British power. To be less pessimistic over the equipment shortages and incompleted training camps of 1941, it is only necessary to recall the ill-armed, half-starved, barely-sheltered, ragged troops in the filthy encampment at Valley Forge in 1777-78. Four thousand out of five thousand were unable to go on duty because they were almost naked. Steuben saw guard mount conducted by an officer clad in little more than a sort of dressing gown made of an old blanket. When he invited to dinner every officer who lacked a whole pair of breeches, there was a large turnout. Any European army, the Baron avowed, would have melted away under such hardships, and how the main American force was still intact was more than he could understand.

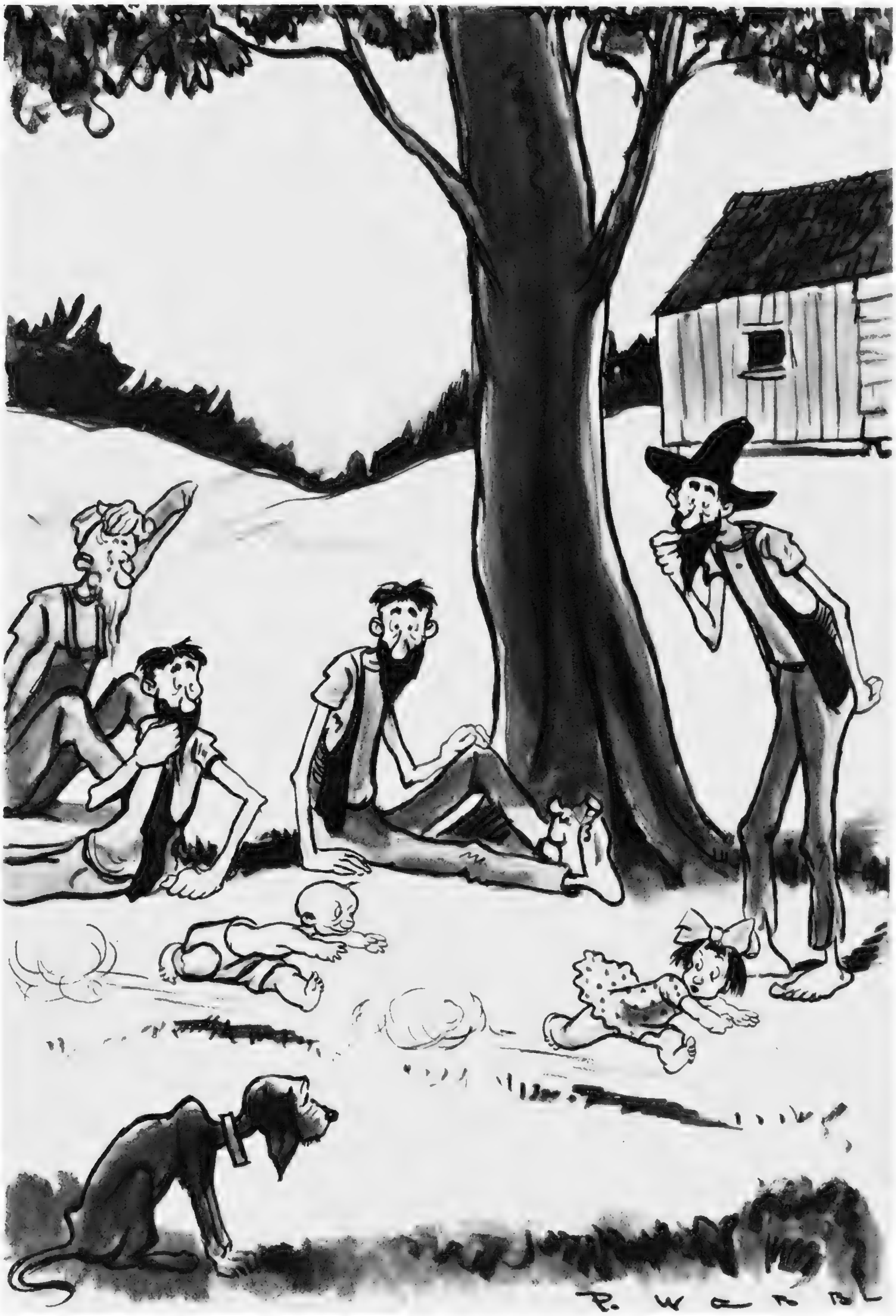
Appointed acting Inspector General and strongly supported by Washington, Steuben took hold. His driving energy helped get food, clothing, and arms. He introduced the system of property accountability which prevails in our army today and has saved the Government millions of dollars: the system whereby officers and enlisted men are responsible for issued equipment not expended in action or otherwise in line of duty. Before Steuben came, from five thousand to eight thousand badly-needed muskets had been lost every year. In 1779, only twenty were missing.

The good Baron rose before dawn, had his hair dressed and powdered, drank his coffee, smoked his pipe and rode forth to work on these incredible Americans in whom, undisciplined and unkempt though they were, he discerned the makings of soldiers—the best soldiers he had ever seen. He forced them to police up their festering camp and themselves. What a clean uniform, washed hands and face and combed hair had to do with the morale of fighting men was not immediately apparent to the Continental line, but Steuben insisted. And he drilled them to a frazzle. From generals to privates they grumbled loudly, but again the Inspector General was adamant. That was the way you won battles, he said, and Washington backed him

Continued in center of page 151

J. Norment
ACE FENCING SCHOOL
AFS

"That's all for today, Wilmot!"



"Gawdamighty! Ah've seen him play tag offen enuff—but thet look in his eye is somethin' new!"

Won't You Come into the Palace?

In Czarist Russia a duke was a duke and a young doctor without patients could scarcely afford to be choosey

by JOE ABRAMS

• FICTION •

MY FATHER-IN-LAW stirred the strawberry preserves in his tea and helped himself to another piece of *strudel.* Then he cleared his throat, and I knew from experience that he was preparing to deliver an excoriating denunciation. I was not wrong.

"My son," he said, "you are nothing more or less than a fraud and a cheat."

Since I had been warned that something unpleasant was coming I was not surprised, but, naturally, I bristled. My wife's father is a fine man, a solid citizen, one who can put two and two together. But occasionally he twists the logic of things so that one must be exceedingly alert in order to discover the fallacy of his argument.

"And why am I a cheat?" I asked him.

"I prefer the word fraud," he said. "Believe me, I mean nothing personal. It is merely that you are a physician, and all medical men I consider frauds."

I stared at him coldly. "What you say is most interesting," I said. "Perhaps you would be good enough to explain."

"Certainly. Careful thought has convinced me that doctors are a living paradox. They declare themselves men of healing, and yet they thrive on sickness and death. I have heard that there is a country in which the inhabitants pay their physicians a fee as long as they are healthy, but when they become ill the physician loses his fee and treats his patient without charge. In other words, the doctor is made to share the burden and responsibility for the illness of his patient."

It seemed quite logical the way he put it, and since I could find no immediate reply I was annoyed with him. "You think the doctor should be penalized for his failures?" I asked.

"Exactly. There must be a penalty. If a patient dies under your care you should count it a loss. But instead, what do you do? You send in a bill, collecting just as much for your failures as for your successes. That is not good business."

"And therefore . . .?" I asked.

"And therefore you are a fraud. There must be a penalty for doctors as well as for businessmen."

Something clicked in my brain. "You talk like the Czar," I said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"My dear father-in-law, I have a great deal of respect for you, especially since you managed to breed a daughter who has been the best of all possible wives for me. You are often rather liberal and progressive in your thought, and yet tonight you are talking like the late Czar Nicholai."

"I am afraid I don't follow you."

"In that case I shall explain." I turned my thoughts back thirty years to St. Petersburg in Russia. For a long moment I was lost in contemplation remembering a certain night.

"I am listening," said my father-in-law.

He inhaled the hot tea from the glass with a loud *zzuuupp.* Then he set the glass down in the saucer and blew on his fingers to cool them.

I told him exactly what had happened.

* * *

In Czarist Russia, as in America today, a young physician who wanted to become successful required influential friends. A man might be a most excellent practitioner or surgeon, but without friends to extol his genius he might very well starve for lack of paying patients.

The ideal condition, of course, was to have relatives who were close to royalty, relatives who could offer a discreet word here and there to members of the court retinue. Let the young physician but relieve the cough of a Prince, and his fame was sure to spread. Let him prescribe a pill to halt a Duchess's fever and the world would beat a path to his door.

Or better still, let the Czar himself be cured of any indisposition, and the young doctor who performed the miracle would walk with the great.

Naturally, those of us who had only recently been graduated from medical school dreamed of the day when we might attend the bedside of a Duke or Baron, and in the meantime did the best we could with peasants and merchants. I had rented a few rooms in a private home, fitted one room up for my practice, and hung a sign from the window:

DR. PETER LENCZYSKY
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

It was a beautiful sign, gold lettering on a green background. Also, the words had a poetic ring about them: Dr. Peter Lenczysky, Physician and Surgeon. You see what I mean? The words almost say themselves, they have a lyric quality, they sing.

But unfortunately, the beauty of the sign was evidently an insufficient inducement to the trade. I assure you I would have had more patients if I had advertised myself as a witch-doctor. You see, the trouble was quite simple. I had no influential friends or relatives. As a matter of fact I had practically nothing, not even money. My education had been accomplished by means of scholarships and awards. However, as you know very well, landladies are too often unimpressed by academic honors. Landladies are fond of rubles, and when they do not receive them they often resort to such ignoble practices as retaining one's belongings while dispensing with one's presence.

So when Mrs. Krolvitch came into my study one afternoon without the formality of knocking I was not surprised.

"Ah, Mrs. Krolvitch," I said with dignity. "A pleasure. And what may I do for you?"

She was not deceived by my pleasant

Bob Galliven

"Always clowning!"

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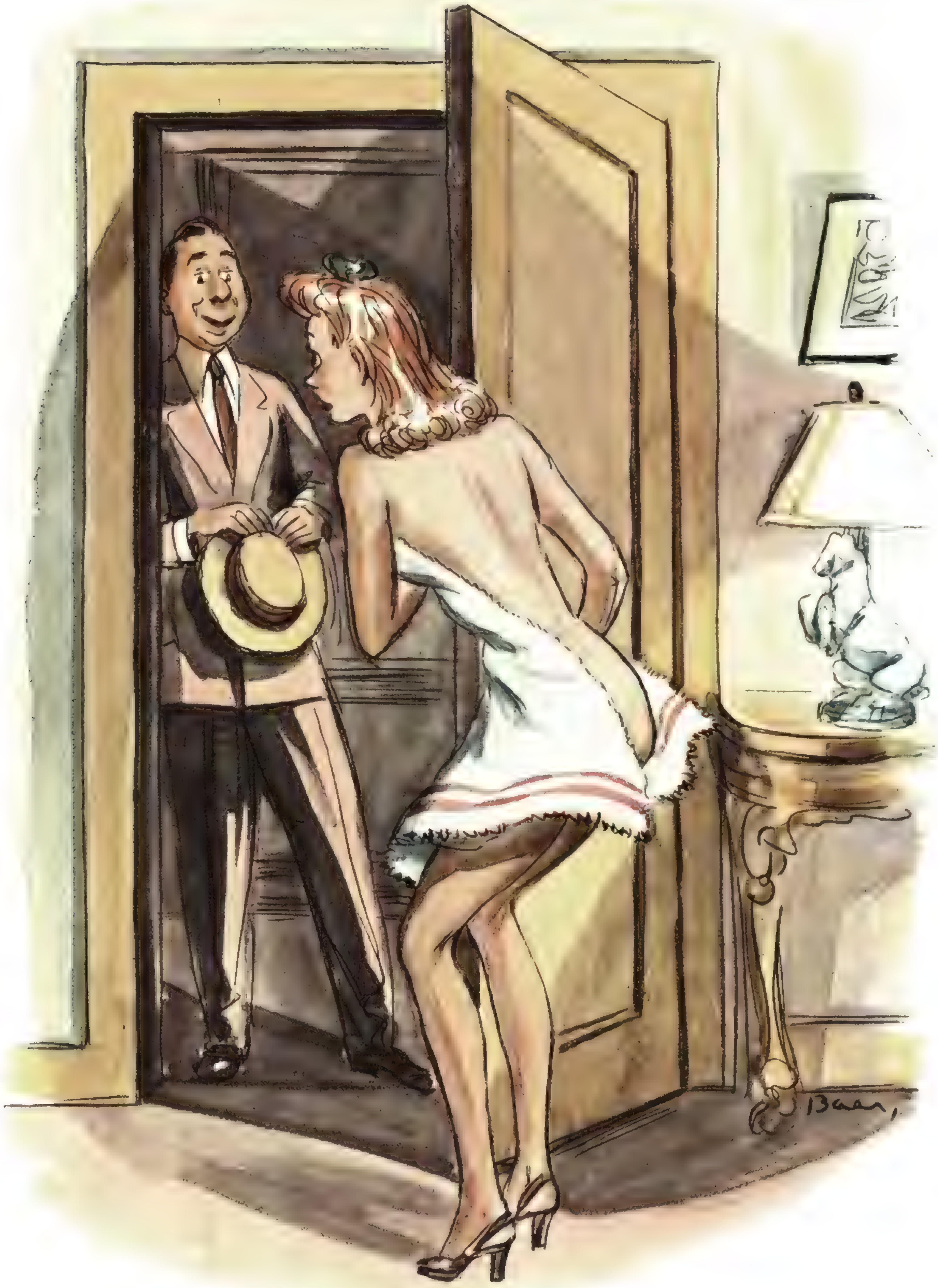
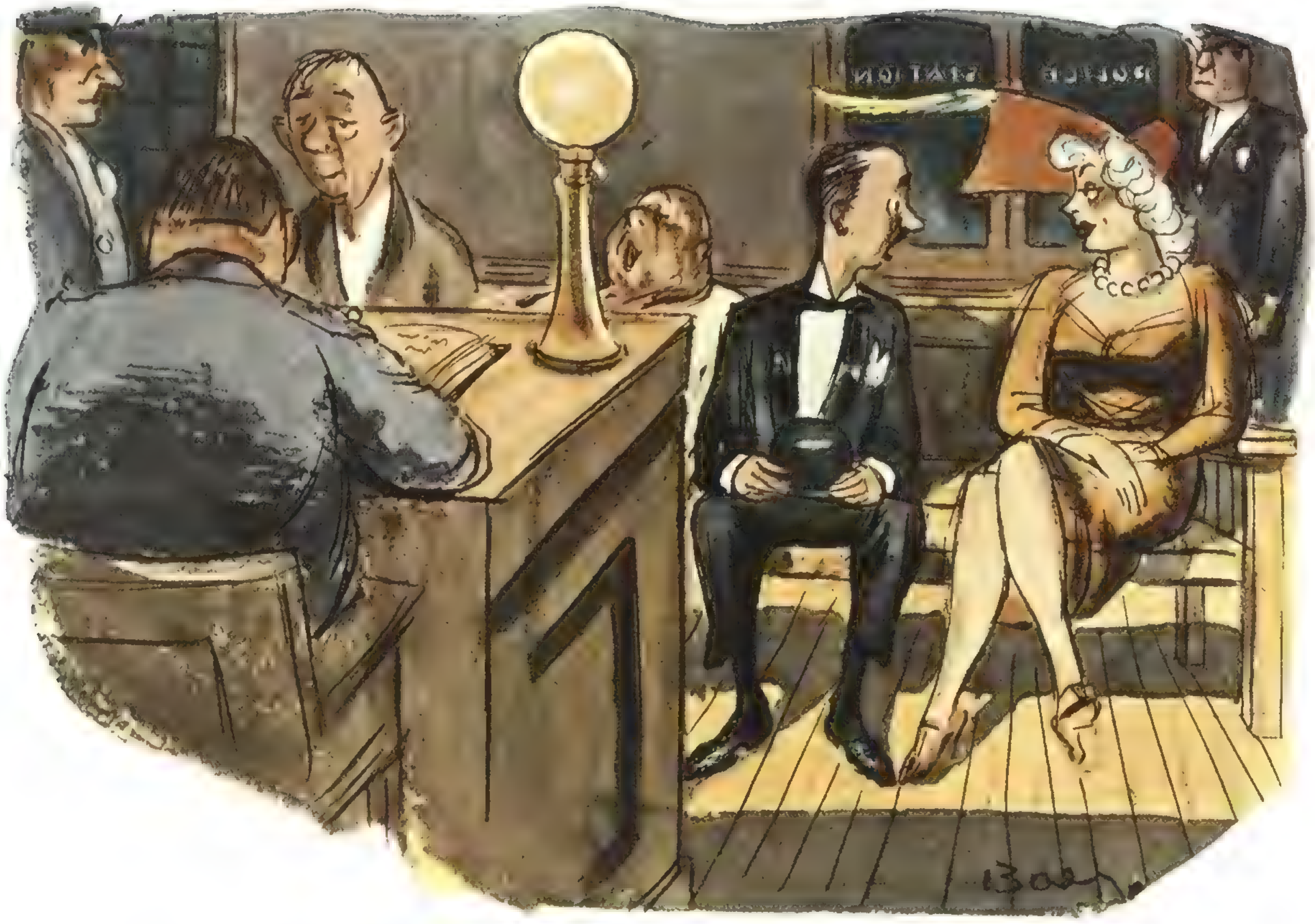
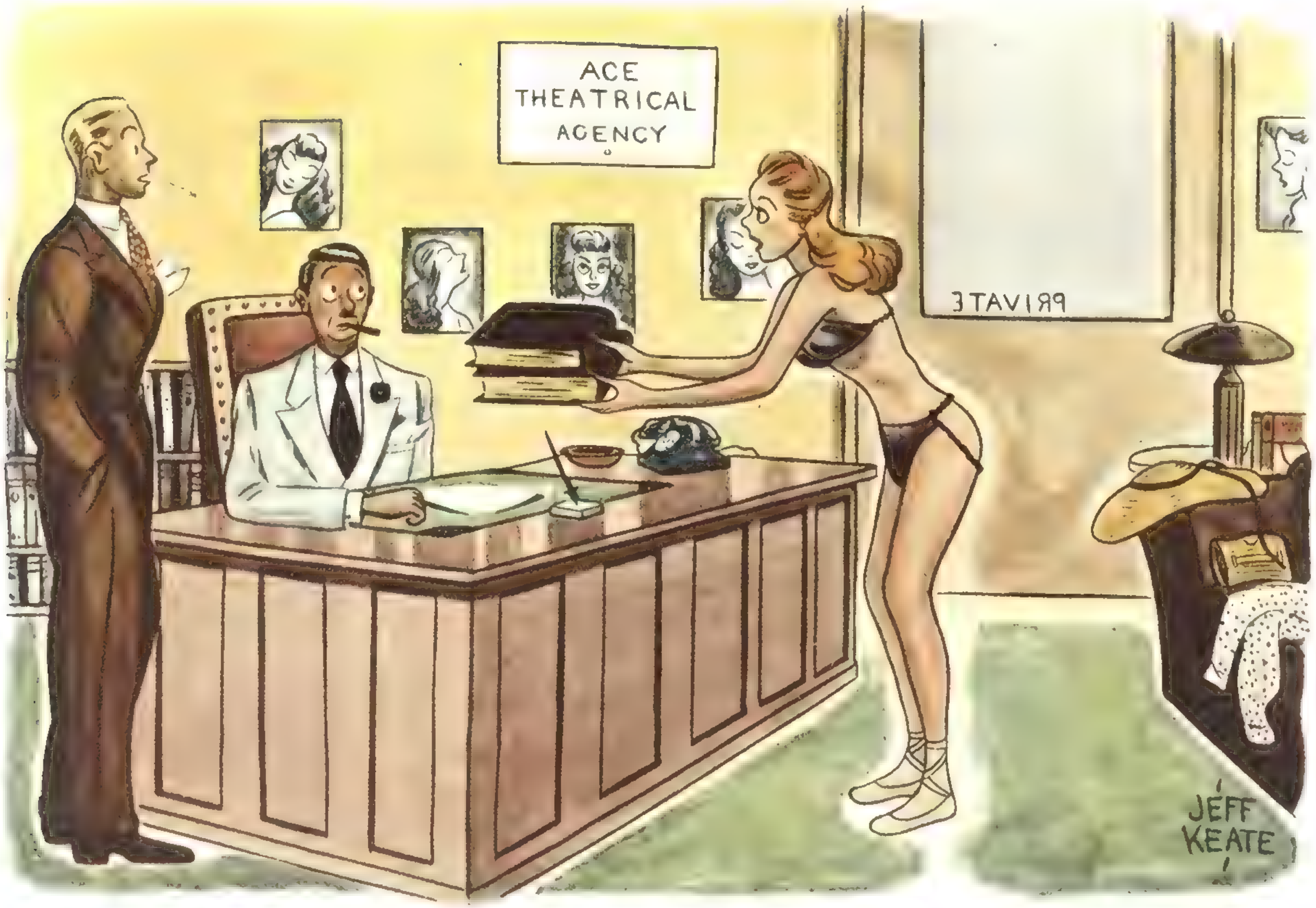


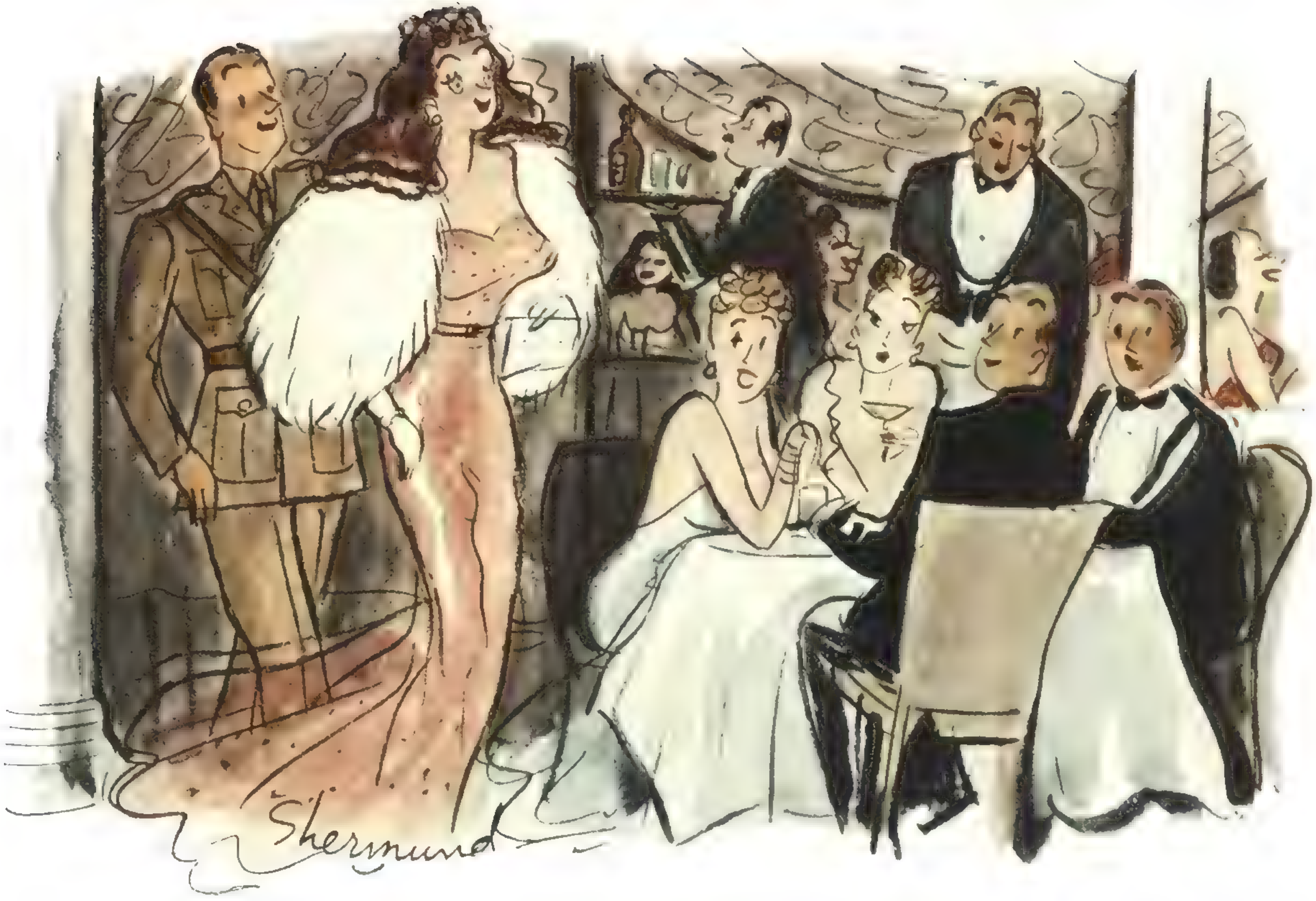
"Anything for the Red Cross, madam—old shoes, a hat, a robe or a towel, for instance?"


POLICE STATION

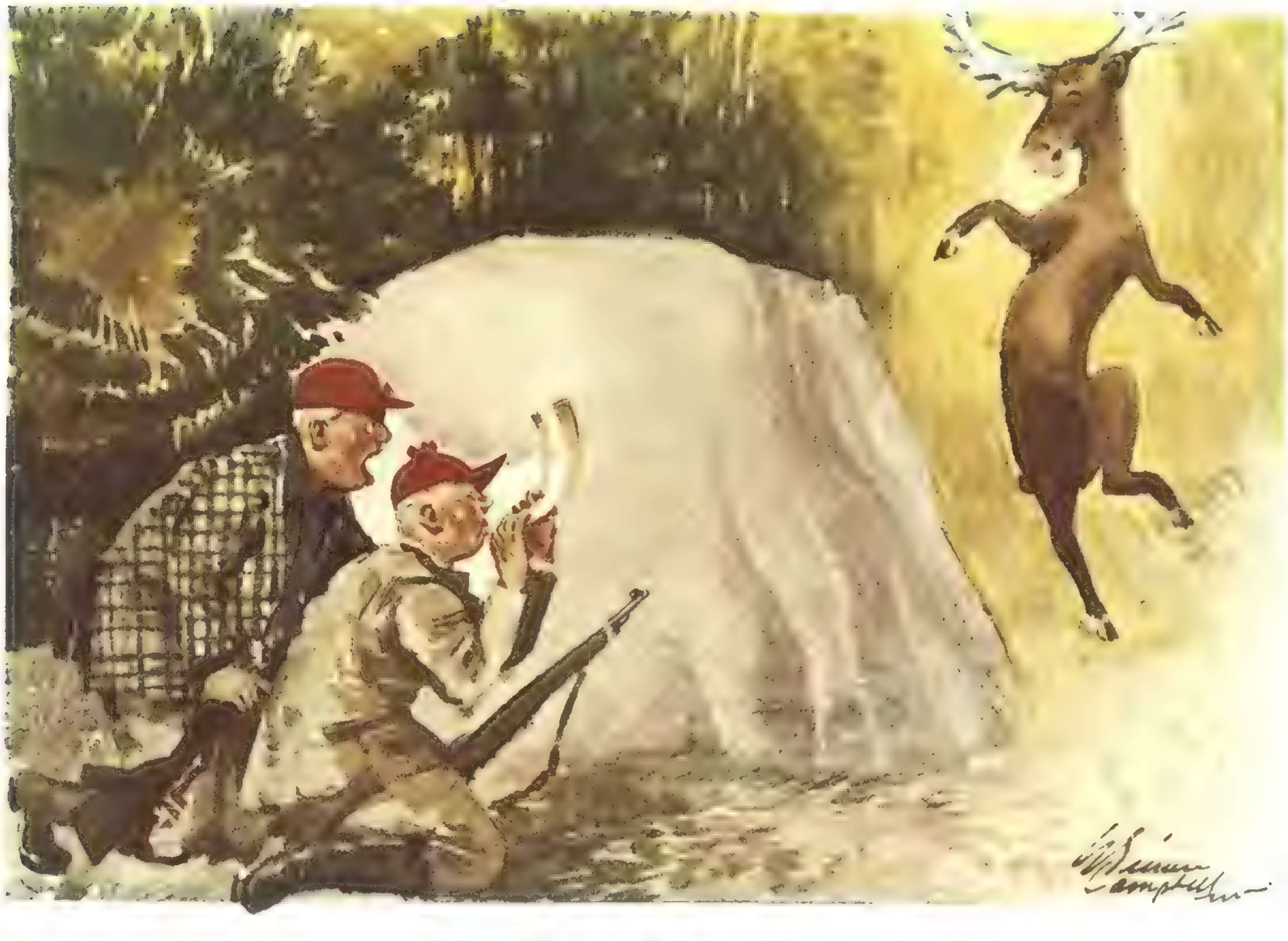
"I thought District Attorney Dewey stopped all that sort of thing"


ACE THEATRICAL AGENCY
PRIVATE
JEFF KEATE

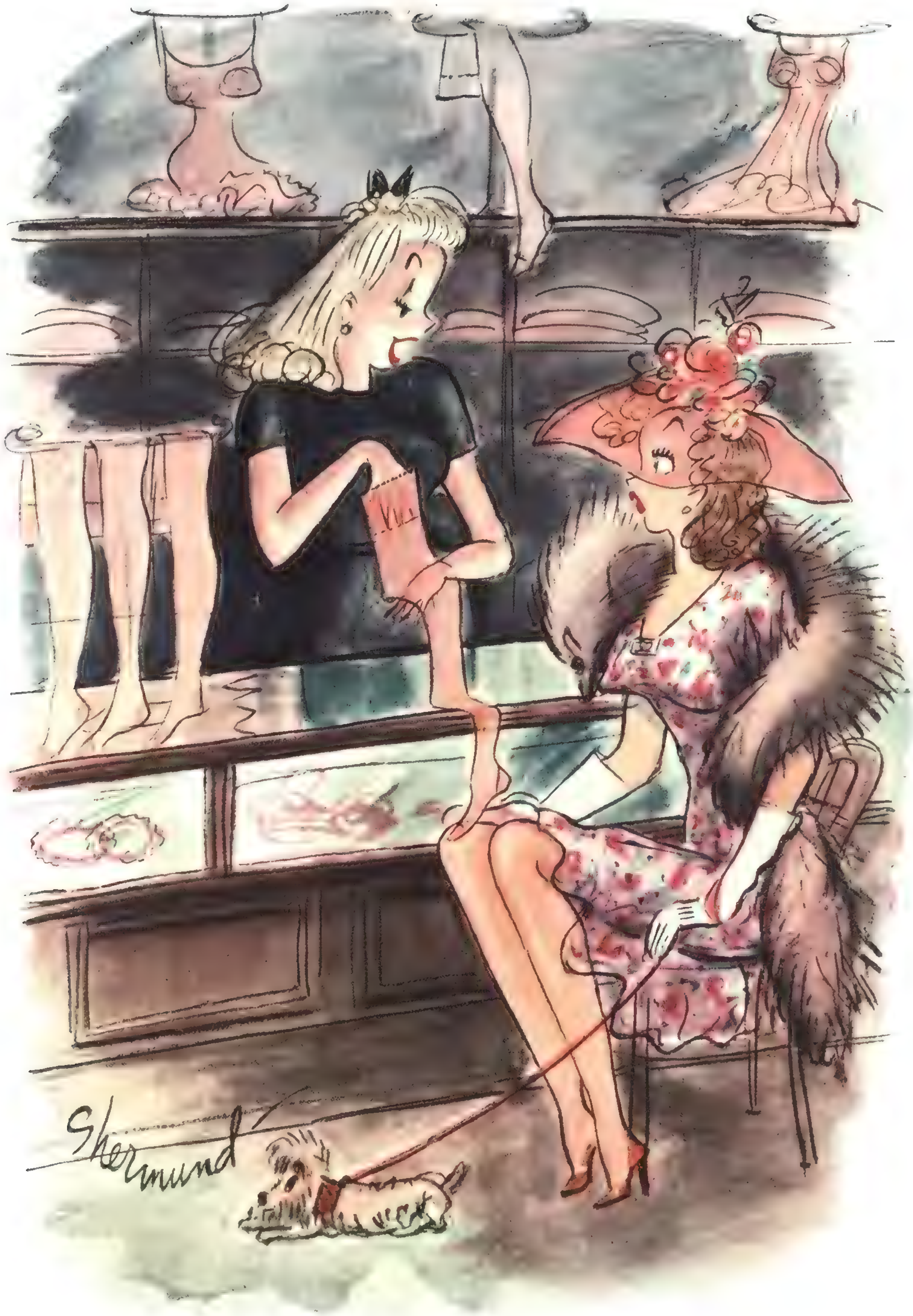
"Now would you like to see my clippings?"



"Maybe the Army's using them so the boys won't miss their mothers"



"You and your darn hot licks!"



"With the right shaped leg in them they pay for themselves in no time"

Johnny-on-the-"Spot"

How it feels to referee with 50,000 football fans giving you the Bronx cheer, as told to Michael M. Zenoff

by JOHN S. GETCHELL

• SPORTS •

Some people will remember the Fall of 1939 and the early months of 1940 as a time of war and calamity; down in Tennessee and out in California they will recollect it because of the Rose Bowl battle. But me? I'll remember it because nothing at all happened either in football or basketball and believe me, that's plenty for a whistle-blower like myself to remember any year by.

I'm not making any predictions about this Fall, but the record seems to show that every two years something pretty awful happens to me and my ears ring with the long sibilant notes of the Bronx cheer wafted on the autumn breeze. Take 1936 and that Minnesota-Northwestern penalty business or the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech game in 1938—but before we get to that, let's set up this proposition of Johnny-on-the-spot.

I got into this business by accident—and I've been impersonating an accident-about-to-happen ever since. Johnny-on-the-spot, I've tried to be in every play that I follow. But looking over my slap-happy life among the intercollegiates, I find that that "spot" I speak of means a location usually behind the well known eight-ball.

You who were athletic heroes can remember what a huge kick it was to stand out on the field and be cheered by 50,000 howling fans.

Well, how would you like to stand out on a field and be roundly jeered by 50,000 yowling fans?

I said I got into this intercollegiate business by accident. One night I was planning to take the wife, then a bride of less than a year, to see Notre Dame and Minnesota shoot away at each other on the basketball court. Around that time I was picking up loose change here and there as a high school whistle-blower. Naturally I was shooting for big time. But, not so fast as to be called on the phone just before this Irish-Gopher blood battle was to start and to be told, "You're elected. The referee has taken ill. Here's your chance."

My chance—before the home town folks in the Twin Cities, the place where I made my living? I didn't want it. I'd much rather have made my debut away from Minneapolis. Those fans are sports bugs and they don't mind letting you have it if you call something they don't like.

So, while the wife sat in the stands, alone, watching her handsome hero, I strolled out on the court. The game started and stopped in one second. I stopped it. I saw a Gopher foul an Irishman and called it, awarding two free throws to Notre Dame.

You should have heard that crowd!

They hushed down just as the boy stepped up to toss his free shots. From somewhere out of the mob came a searing stab which I'll never forget. The voice from the grandstand yelled:

"Hey, take that whistle away from that kid before he hurts himself."

I took it standing up, though, and have been taking it ever since, but the remark my wife sobbed out to me as I met her after the game is something else I won't forget for awhile.

She said, "John, dear, must we make our living this way?"

Yes, I was determined to beat the rap. Other officials did and do. Why not me? It's my life and I love it.

When I say "it's my life" I often wonder why so many things must happen to me. Yes, I know. Much of it I brought on to myself—like the little incident when Carnegie Tech and Notre Dame were fighting it out on the football field, the stakes nothing more or less than the national championship.

But, I'll get to that one later.

That, I'll admit was my mistake. But, many of the tenser moments of my life were brought on by outside circumstances.

For instance, that time I was working a three-day high school basketball tournament. The first night one of the teams lost by twelve points. No cause for argument there. Yet, when I walked off the floor, fifteen men jumped me all at one time. When I picked myself off the floor, my clothes were torn off, half the bleachers had been smashed. Police had to be called in to control the scene.

Or the time when I was scheduled to referee a game at Iowa University.

So that I could spend another half day in my office, I decided to drive. En route, my car tipped over and I was carted away to a hospital, there to spend ten days in an oxygen tent, seven weeks watching the traffic of nurses and doctors, three months, all told, away from work which would have netted me $3,000.

Or the time an inquisitive Chicago detective opened the door of my cab while it waited for a stop light to say "go."

When I am listed for a game in Chicago, I leave my home in Minneapolis by fast train, arriving in Chicago shortly before game time. It's been my habit to change to my referee's uniform while crossing town in the cab. But this detective—how was he to know when he peeked into my window and saw me standing there in my underwear? I tell you it took some fast talking on my part to get him to pull that gun out of my ribs and let me on my way.

Or the time two years ago when I left my handbag on the street curb and walked around the corner to buy a paper. I picked up the bag a second later, then opened it in the dressing room at the game, only to find it contained some women's lingerie. Dainty, yes, but hardly the right thing to wear among the he-men athletes. (Note—I later got back

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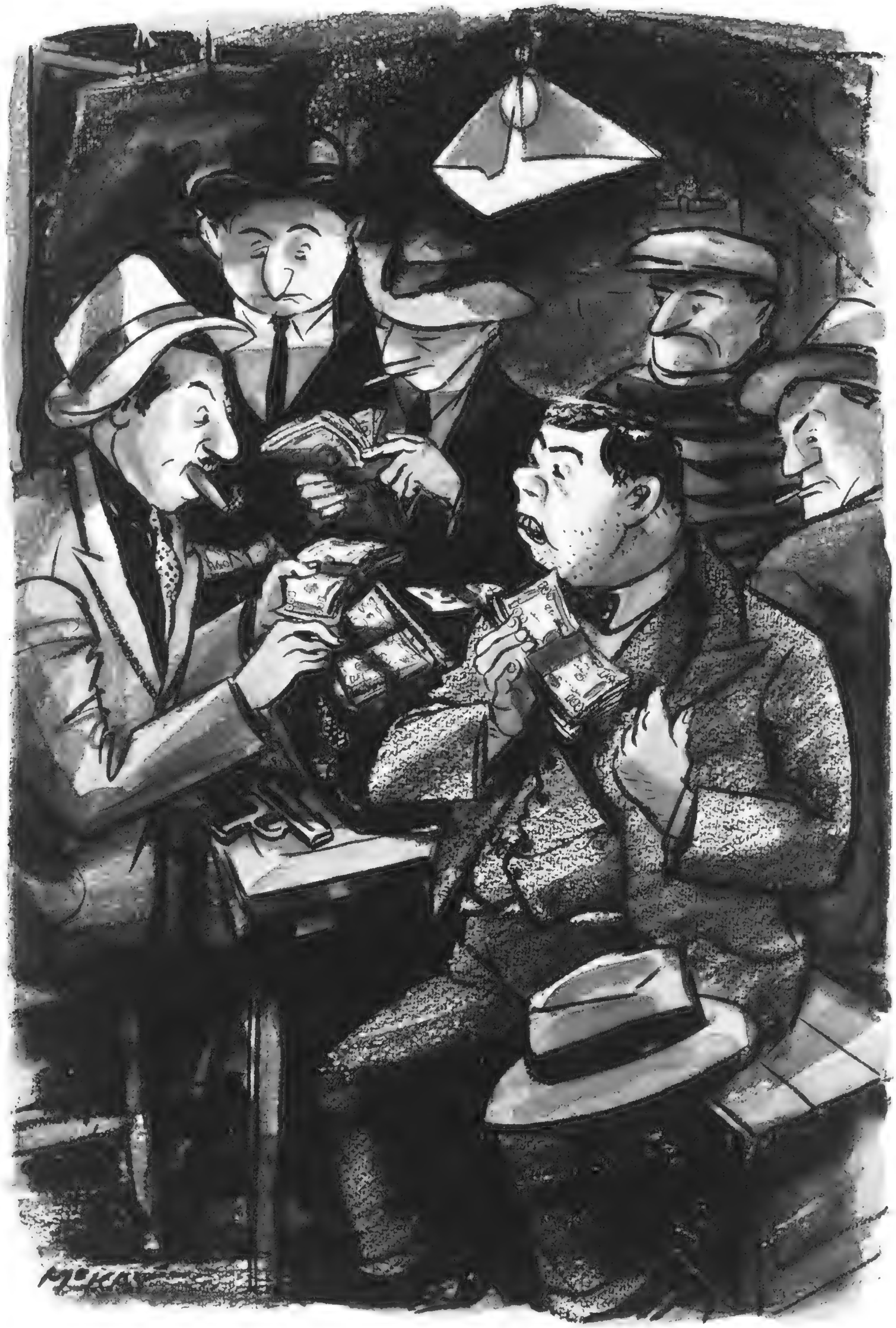
"I can't take any money, lady—I'd lose my amateur standing!"



"Shouldn't one of us write a 'thank you' note to the First National?"

The Conscientious Steward

The shipwrecked mariners formed a happy little community on the atoll until they got wind of Mr. Haste's precious parcel

by C. G. LEAROYD

• FICTION •

When the *S.S. Hoxton Castle* of the Green Funnel Line, homeward bound, blown out of her course by a cyclone, struck a reef in the Pacific, she still did her best to behave like a perfect lady, for she gave her company ten minutes to collect their most cherished belongings before, with a most unmaidenly lurch and gurgle, she sank beneath the swell. Most of the men got the bulk of their personal effects, but the officers who were chiefly occupied during these hectic moments in lowering and provisioning the boats had time only hurriedly to glance into the chaos of their cabins, seize sextants and binoculars and any other valuables that happened to catch the eye. The Captain hastily pocketed four favorite old pipes, the Chief Officer a bottle of "Vindex," the famous hair restorer which he happened to see lying on the deck outside his cabin and vaguely remembered was rather expensive, the Second a picture of his wife and child in far-away Wallasea in a silver frame, while the Third made a rapid selection of the photographs of his fiancées in Australia, grabbed *Everyman's Guide to General Knowledge*, and his camera.

A minute before the ship sank, Mr. Haste, the Steward-in-charge, lowered over the side a parcel wrapped in oilskin with as much care as though it were a royal baby, and the Quartermaster in the boat below, adjured from above, received it with reverent hands and immediately placed it in the locker astern. Thereafter came Mr. Haste himself, his keen, lined, conscientious face grave and stern, and finally the Captain who although he came down the rope ladder rather like Jupiter descending to the mortals, unmoved and unperturbed, yet really was feeling the same sickening sense of loss that he had experienced some years before when his wife died.

Far away, cutting the horizon and apparently growing out of the sea, one solitary palm tree beckoned to the ship's boats, and that evening they grounded on the white glaring coral sand of an atoll, a ten mile circle of sand, enclosing an azure lagoon, bare of vegetation except for this one palm, opposite which they landed, and pulled up their boats towards its insubstantial shade. Here they improvised tents from canvas hatchcovers and settled down to await the relief which would almost certainly come in a few weeks' time in answer to the repeated wireless calls that the operator had been able to send out before the ship went down. For two or three days they were a busy band of brothers, thankful that no worse fate had befallen them, hopeful of a speedy release, a happy little community.

Then suddenly this harmony was shattered by the leakage of information concerning Mr. Haste's precious parcel, which it transpired contained besides the ship's papers, "the advance book" in which was recorded every advance of wages made to each member of the crew throughout the long voyage, "the wine book" which faithfully told of all wines, spirits and malted liquors consumed by the crew, but not yet paid for, since leaving Liverpool, "the tobacco book" which detailed every tin of cigarettes or ounce of tobacco that had been drawn from the ship's store, and "the slop book" wherein all oilskins, seaboots, singlets, and like items which each member of the crew had had, were indelibly written against the damning evidence of each recipient's signature. Had these books gone down with the ship the Shipping Master in the Board of Trade Offices in Liverpool on their return would have held that every member of the crew was a teetotaller, a non-smoker, so well provided for that he had ignored the delights of "slops," so opulent that not a farthing of wages had been advanced to him, and would have accordingly insisted that his wages be paid in full without deduction of any kind. Alas, what a dream, for these books with their admitting signatures told a different tale indeed, and every member of the crew was pounds down for their salving. The Third Officer, for instance, had drawn all his wages up to the last port, while a few of the men were actually in debt to the Company.

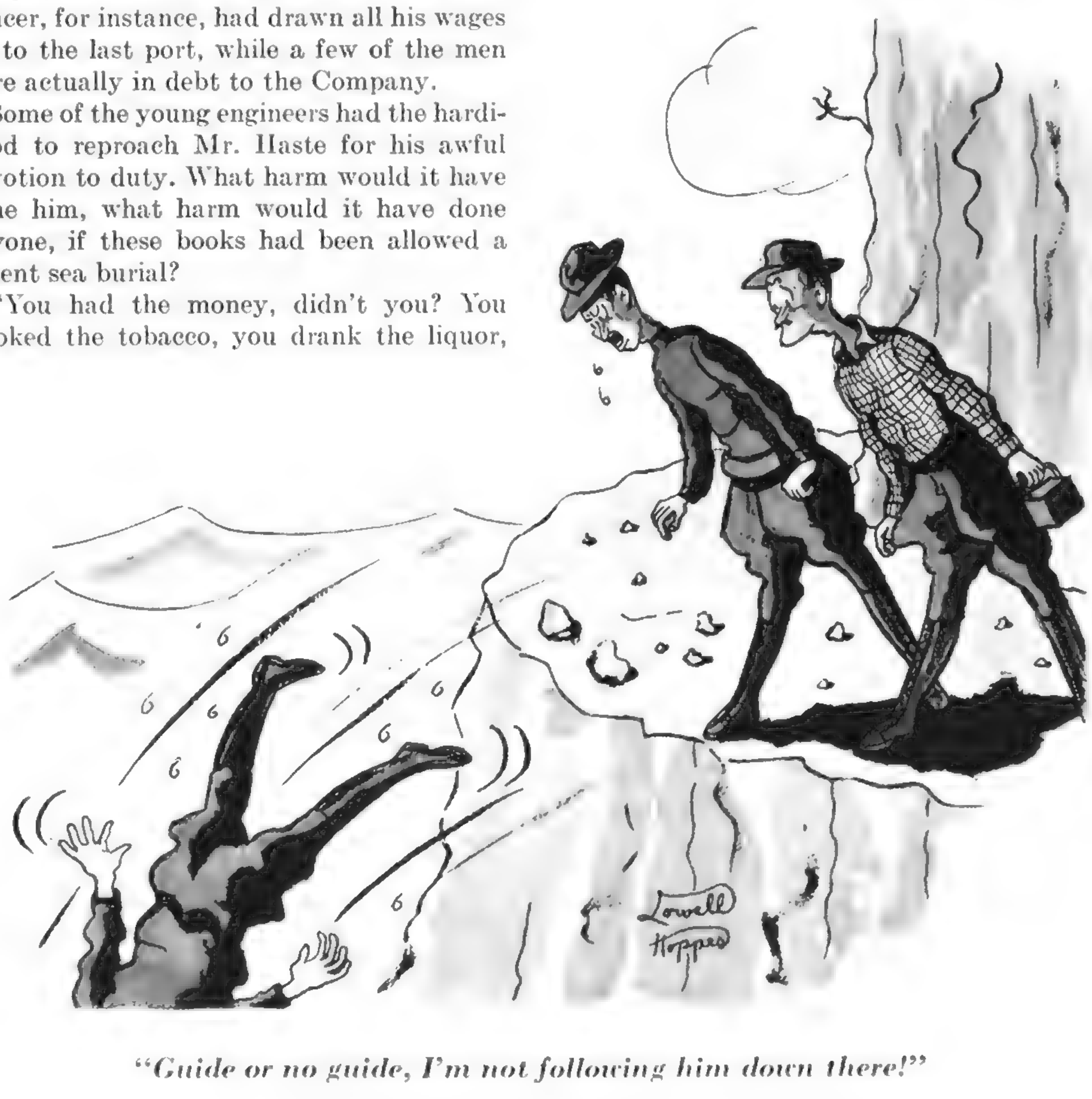
Some of the young engineers had the hardihood to reproach Mr. Haste for his awful devotion to duty. What harm would it have done him, what harm would it have done anyone, if these books had been allowed a decent sea burial?

"You had the money, didn't you? You smoked the tobacco, you drank the liquor, you had the goods, eh? Why should you not pay for them?"

There could be no doubts about the legal rights of the case, but against the cold, hard face of the law as represented by Mr. Haste, every other member of the crew was implacably hostile. The Captain, of course, had to uphold the interests of his Company and the letter of the law, which, however, with long memories of the days when he was a junior officer he contrived to do with a considerable amount of detachment; in any case he was not personally implicated, for he had an entertainment allowance from the Company which he rarely exceeded, bought his particularly pungent tobacco ashore, and never drew on his wages.

After the first night when all were dead tired, the Captain ordered that a watch should be kept throughout the hours of darkness, not only to look out for the lights of a relieving ship, but also to keep off the big marauding landcrabs whose nocturnal assaults on the clothes and persons of the sleepers caused considerable alarm. One night on pretense of saving Mr. Haste from such

Continued on page 138



"Guide or no guide, I'm not following him down there!"

The Chocolate Soldier

Sergeant Smoot was no psychologist but even he could see that the new recruit required special treatment

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

FIRST SERGEANT EDWARDS entered the first endorsement on the recruit's nice new Service Record, then filed it in its proper place. A slight smile hovered about the sergeant's lips. "Well, you're in the army now, son."

The recruit's head resembled a large ripe pumpkin. "Yop," he said.

"I'm putting you in the fourth platoon with Sergeant Smoot. Come along, Holloway, and we'll get you fixed up in barracks."

"Okay," said Holloway. He followed the top kick complacently, his neckless head bobbling from side to side as though at any moment it might become detached and drop off.

"Here's a new man for you, Smoot," said Edwards, still smiling.

Smoot glanced at the newcomer and his mouth fell open in amazement.

"See that his equipment is issued," said the first sergeant, "and tomorrow assign him to your recruit squad."

"Uh, huh," Smoot grunted, unable to take his eye away from this latest addition to his platoon. After Edwards had gone he still continued to stare open-mouthed at the rookie. "Tell me," said Smoot, obviously fascinated. "How much do you weigh?"

"I dunno," said Holloway. "Have a piece of candy." From somewhere in his bulging uniform he drew out a half-dozen bars of chocolate. "Full of veetamins. Have one."

"No thanks," said Smoot. "I—"

"It's full of Veetamin D," said Holloway. "That's the anti-pellagra veetamin."

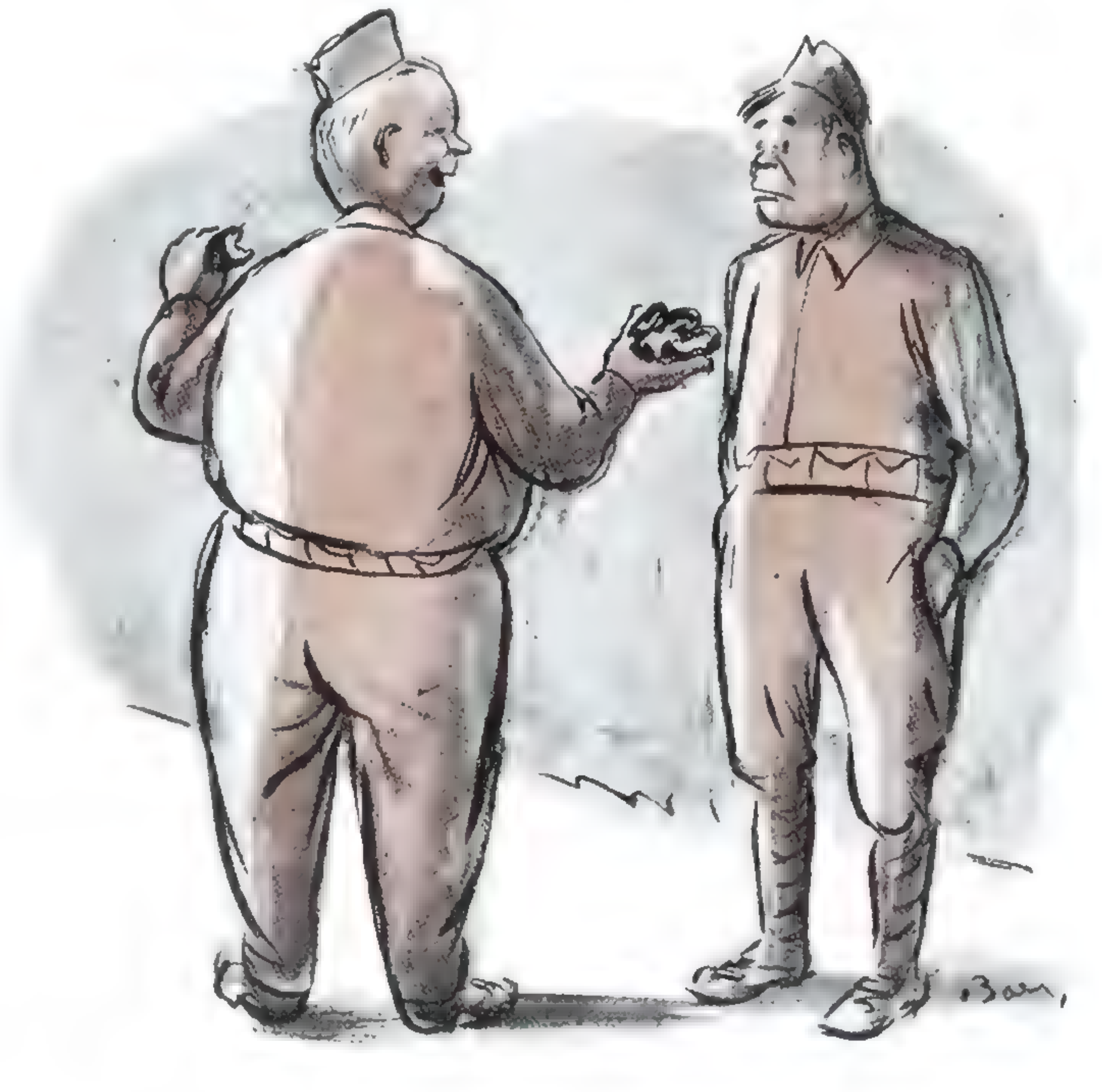
"What causes them to go ahead and draft such a guy that is as fat as you are?" asked Smoot. "They must've got Omar the Tentmaker to design that there private's uniform you have on."

"I wasn't drafted, I enlisted. My girl likes soldiers," stated Private Holloway. His speech was peculiarly declarative. Balancing his pumpkin-like head carefully on his shoulders, he answered Smoot's questions with great matter-of-factness. "No, sir. This uniform come off a big pile at the recruit depot."

"Well, let's go, and we'll get you outfitted." Smoot, who had soldiered both in the old army and the new, and who was a character somewhat off the beaten path himself, didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

It should be added that Sergeant Smoot was a disciplinarian by appointment only. The advent of the draft army and its consequent need of competent non-coms had forced duties upon him which, in calmer times, he had modestly shunned. As he had said at the time of his imminent promotion, "I guess I will go out and drowned myself before I will ever let them go ahead and make me into no non-com."

Now here he was, nevertheless, in the position of being responsible for the drill and training of guys like this Holloway. On his way down to the supply room he stole a sidelong glance at the recruit and decided there weren't any other guys like Holloway. Well, he would palm this monstrosity off on Corporals Ortwingle and Corky Smith, his two oldest pals. Or maybe on Corporal Harrison Hyler, drafted out of college, who had ingratiated himself with the old soldiers in spite of his overwhelming intellect.



The supply sergeant, aghast at the girth of the rookie, heaped upon the floor the innumerable articles of equipment necessary for the outfitting of an infantryman. "When can I put in for a furloff?" inquired Holloway.

"Here," said Smoot, having examined the rifle being issued to the youngster. "This is not no toy, so don't go pullin' it apart. It belongs in the gunrack. Recruit trainin' will take about three months, and then there will be fall maneuvers for about three months, and then winter drill, follered by spring trainin'. You can put in for a furlough in about a year."

"My enlistment will be up in about a year."

"That's what I mean," answered Smoot.

"All right," said Holloway, bending over with difficulty and picking up the pile of blankets and equipment. "What time is breakfast?"

"Tomorrer mornin'," said Smoot, shaking his head.

The following day he turned Holloway over to Corporal Ortwingle. "Here," said Smoot.

"What is it?" demanded Ortwingle, surveying the enormous bulk of the new member of the platoon.

"It's a recruit."

"Have they court-martialed the doctor yet that passed him into the army?"

"Ha, ha!" said Private Holloway. "I like jokes about being fat. Have a piece of candy, corporal." He whipped out a handful of chocolate bars. "The ones in the blue wrappers have got nuts in them."

"This guy is a violation of army regulations," said Ortwingle.

"Make up a joke about the army traveling on its stomach, corp," said Holloway complacently.

"What do you want me to do with him?" demanded Ortwingle.

"Make a soldier out of him, my boy," Smoot grinned. "Take him out and whip him into shape. Harden him up. Sweat about fifty pounds of that fat off and replace it with sinoo and muscle." He turned to Holloway. "By the time Corporal Ortwingle gets through with you, you will turned into a Donis."

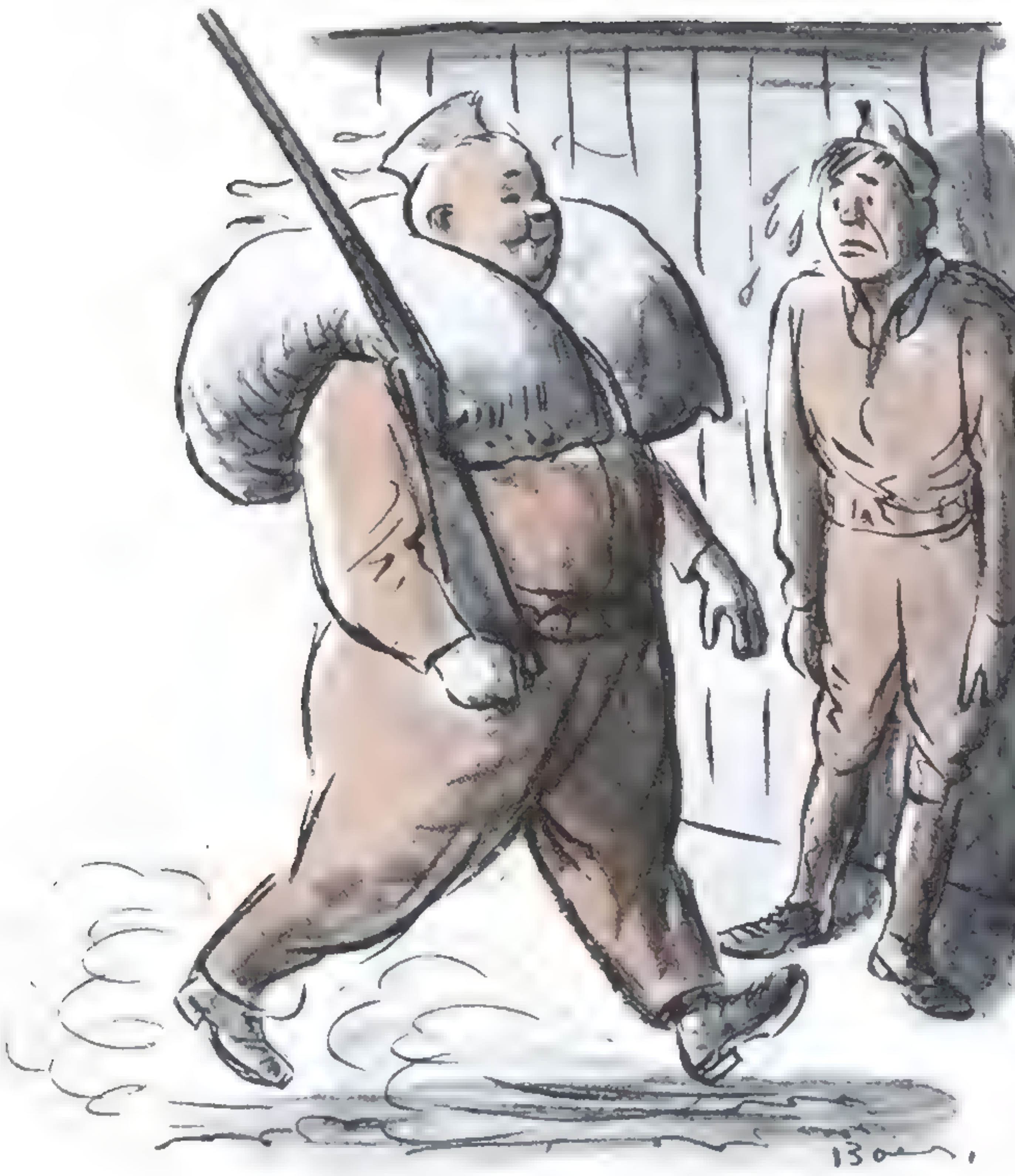
"Listen," said Ortwingle. "A gag is a gag. I never done nothin' very serious to you."

"Orders," said Smoot. "I knew the day would come around when all the heart burns I am suffered as a non-com would be repaid. He's all yours, corp."

That night Ortwingle sought out his superior. "Look," said Ortwingle grimly. "Don't give me that chocolate soldier to work on tomorrer, otherwise I will do something terrible and probly get myself flang into Leavenworth for fifty years."

"What's the matter? Won't he drill?"

"Drill! That guy is one solid mass of vitamins. I run him ragged all day long. I never let him sit down onct. We are doin' foot drill and manual of arms and exercises hour after hour in the blazin' sun. So what eventually happens? About four o'clock he notices I am all in and he says, 'Take it from me, corp. It don't pay to overdo it the first day. You orta save your strenth for tomorrer.' Nuts



to that guy. Give him to somebody else. I resign."

It soon became apparent that Private Holloway was a trouble maker. His second day in the mess hall he complained about the beans. "These beans," he stated, "don't taste the way they taste when my mother makes them."

"You don't care for the way these beans are prepared?" inquired the mess sergeant solicitously.

"They don't pacify my appetite," said Holloway as he fished about in his pockets for a piece of candy to supplement the evening meal.

The mess sergeant consulted with Smoot, the recruit's platoon leader. "The sergeant tells me you don't like the way these here beans is cooked," Smoot said to Holloway.

"They don't pacify my appetite."

"Well, the mess sergeant is a very good guy and he is gonna let you cook your own beans from now on. Report to the kitchen immediately after breakfast."

"Okay," said Holloway imperturbably as he opened a new slab of chocolate nutties.

In the morning the recruit presented himself to the kitchen as ordered. Mess Sergeant Sweeney handed him a fine new five-pound sack of white beans. "They're all yours, Peewee. The army wants everybody to be happy in it."

"Thank you," said Holloway as he moved his bulk in the direction of a large flat-bottomed pan. Dumping the white beans in the pan, he ran his fingers expertly over them, smoothing them out, then lifted up the pan and deposited it in the oven of the big black army stove while the sergeant and his cooks looked gravely on.

Every twenty minutes or so Holloway, who was now wearing a high white cook's hat which he had found in the storeroom, opened the stove and tested the dry beans. They were beginning to brown nicely. At eleven o'clock they were very brown.

"I think they're done," said Holloway.

"Good," said the mess sergeant.

Holloway removed the pan from the oven. "Now sit down there at that table and eat 'em, you blown-up imitation of an observation balloon," ordered the sergeant.

The beans rattled into Holloway's plate with the sound of Marimba gourds. "The trouble with the way you cook beans in the army is that you take all the veetamins out of them," he observed. By the time the bugles sounded chow call Holloway had managed to eat a pound or so of the bullet-like beans. The cooks looked on, flabbergasted. "They give you something to get your teeth into," Holloway observed as he nonchalantly strolled out of the kitchen to take his regular place in the dining room.

"If that man stays in the company," muttered the mess sergeant, "I think I'll put in for a transfer to the Virgin Islands or Honolulu or something."

"This is Private Holloway," Smoot informed his second deputy, Corporal Corky Smith, after mess.

"Where can I buy any toothpicks around here?" inquired Holloway. "Pleased to meet you."

"Why can't he train with the regular recruit squad?" asked Corky.

"Because he is in a class all by himself. Quit astin' questions. Jist show him how to make his bunk and pitch his tent and clean his rifle—"

When Smoot had gone Holloway said, "Make up a joke about me being fat, corp."

"You should have inlisted in the calvary. Now to remove the bolt from the rifle, you jist—"

"I know all about rifles, corp. T' home I got thirteen rifles. I am also a crack shot. My girl likes soldiers in the infantry. Have a piece of candy. It's full of veetamins. It keeps away falling dandruff and pellagra and I don't know what else. This bar, for instance, has got eighteen relative units of thiamin per standard ounce."

That evening, just after Retreat, Corporal Corky Smith buttonholed his platoon sergeant. "Is bein' crazy a good excuse to get discharged out of the army?" he demanded.

"What's a matter with Holloway now?"

"Nothin'. It is me that's crazy. First I tries to show him how to take his rifle apart. He has his rifle together before I am got even the floor plate screwed back on mine. Then I'm gonna show him how to make his bunk, ony he turns around and starts tellin' me I been doin' mine wrong. Finely he says I look all skinny and nervous and run-down and that maybe in a few days, if I will take his advice, he will be able to build me up a little." Corky was almost weeping. "A soldier, when he swears into the service, he expects to fight for his country. He expects to be shot at, to dodge machine-gun bullets, to git ran over by tanks, to jump out of airoplanes or whatever else they tell him to do. But no oath would have in it that he has to put up with somebody like Holloway."

Sergeant Smoot was beginning to get mad. "I will fix this Holloway's wagon for him," he informed his corporal. "Who does he think he is that he can join up into the army and become a trouble maker? It is now time to show up the superiority of brains over brawns. By the time Corporal Hyler gits through with him this Holloway will wished he would of went and inlisted up some place else."

At the end of the following day's drill period Corporal Harrison Hyler, to whom Holloway had been assigned for instruction, dismissed his plump recruit and proceeded to make his report to the platoon leader. "This new chap presents the student with a highly interesting psychological problem, sergeant." Hyler, a precocious youngster who had been taking his Ph.D. when the draft came along, had recently been made corporal on Smoot's recommendation.

"Yeah," said Smoot. "That's why I wished him onto you. So what happened?"

"Well, to begin with, I made the mistake of supposing I could exhaust his complacency from the physical standpoint. I made him run around the drill field with sandbags on each shoulder. Strengthens the pancreatic fibres, I told him. After a couple of hours of that he said he was beginning to feel his pancreatic fibers getting hard, and would I let him carry the sandbags all the time. I could see I was up against a pretty interesting mental case."

"I could of tole you that without you goin'

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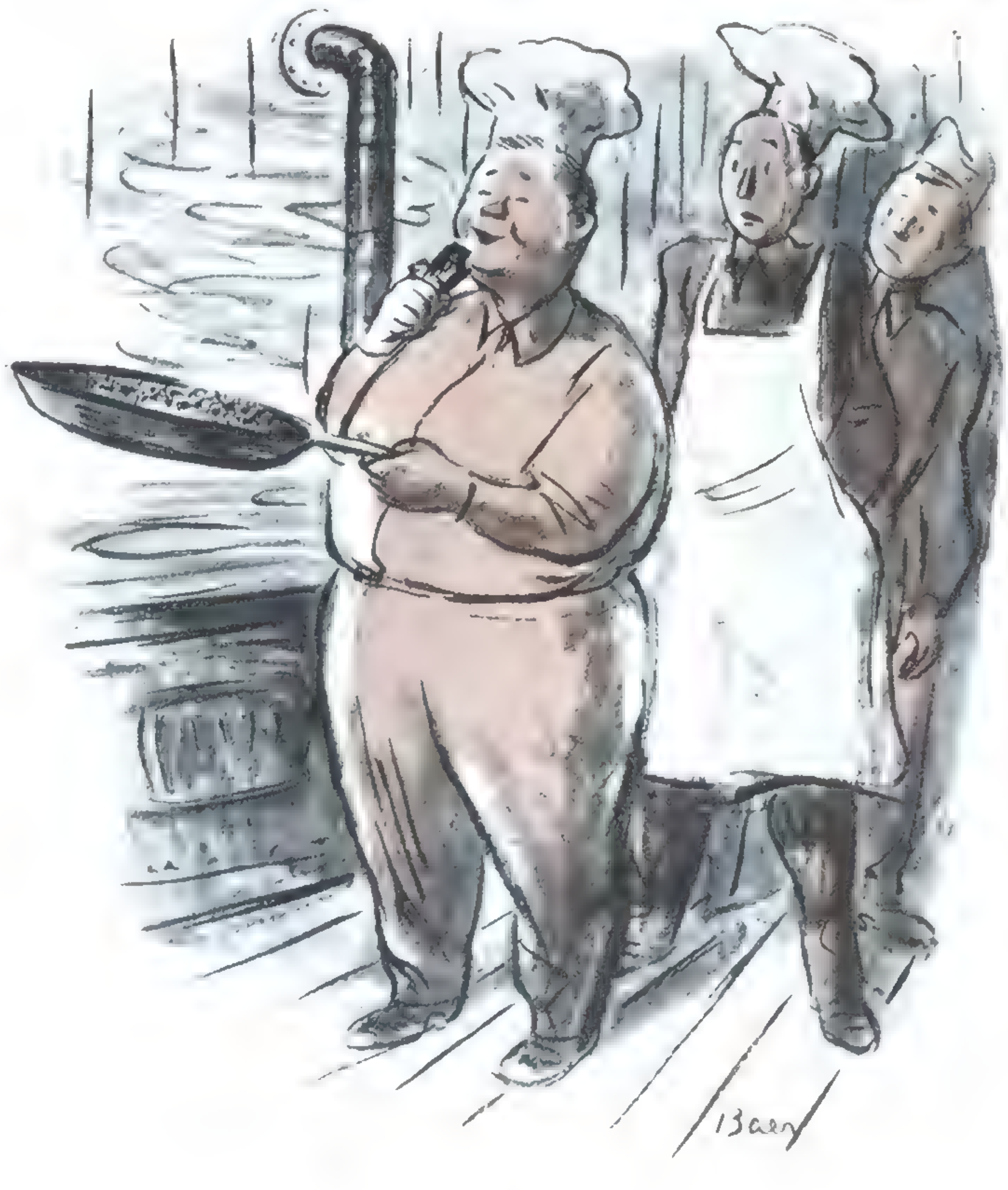

Treasure and Trouble Islands

What if Japan sustains her threat to resume the bloody practice of pelagic sealing in the Pribilofs?

by CHESTER CHATFIELD

• ARTICLE •

AGAIN the world turns its eyes toward that bleak and frozen group of islets that have twice before caused strained relations between the United States and major powers, and which now promise to precipitate a third disagreement, no less bitter.

The Pribilof Islands, infinitesimal specks on your map of the world, lie north of the Aleutians in Bering Sea. From them, in 73 years, we have taken over 65 million dollars. American workmen, in business directly connected with the Pribilofs, have earned uncounted millions more. Yet it is within the power of Japan to bring this enormous flow of wealth to a sudden—and final—end.

The Pribilofs are the breeding ground of the greatest fur seal herd in the world. Since the treaty of 1911, the seals have virtually been wards of Uncle Sam, guarded day and night, on the islands and abroad on the sea. Every year they become more numerous, and every year the rich harvest of pelts more profitable.

On October 23, 1940, Japan notified the United States, Great Britain and Russia that she was abrogating the fur seal treaty, effective one year later. A simple statement, that. Yet it threatens the existence of one of the world's most interesting mammals. And if pelagic sealing is resumed, in all its bloody horror, a storm of humane protests will rise in this country with the violence of a Kansas cyclone.

Under the terms of the present treaty, Japan does not fare badly. Neither does Britain, nor Russia. Each of these countries receives fifteen per cent of all skins taken, without any investment, any expense or any responsibility of management. Each year Japan receives as her share approximately $75,000.

That seems a tidy little sum. Enough to make it improbable that the Japanese are haggling for a bigger share of the pelting. And Japan's statement that the fur seals are interfering with her fisheries is rather thin—unless we are to consider the coast of Alaska as a Japanese fishing ground. We have had trouble on that score before now. In any event, our own fishermen operating in this area have not complained of the seals.

It is possible to make any number of conjectures as to the purpose of Japan in giving notice of abrogation—by the terms of the original agreement, a year's notice is mandatory. Coming, as it did, on the heels of our embargo on scrap iron and oil, we may consider it as a reprisal. Coming, as it does, at a time when threats of a total economic boycott of Japan are thick as thunderheads, we may regard it as a counter-threat. President Roosevelt's announcement last November 30th of a 100 million dollar loan to China, did not ease the tension.

The great trouble with diplomatic threats is that they can so easily become accomplished facts. The results are not often pleasant. Uncle Sam has at present twelve armed vessels engaged in protecting the fur seals. Will these watchdogs be called into port on the day the treaty becomes ineffective?

The Japanese have stated that they are willing to negotiate a new treaty—"on a reasonable basis." Does this mean they are willing to leave the seals alone, if we will reciprocate with a new commercial treaty? No negotiations have taken place to date.

To understand just how Japan—or any other country, for that matter—can threaten the destruction of a property that we have for decades cared for as our own, we must understand how pelagic sealing is made possible. The fur seal is an immensely interesting animal, and many facts of its life are almost unbelievable.

Our knowledge of these "sea-bears," as the Russians called them, begins during the reign of Catherine the Great. Gerissam Pribilof, an adventurous navigator employed by a Kamchatkan trading company, in 1786 followed the migrating seals into the dangerous and mist shrouded reaches of Bering Sea. He sailed through dense fogs, toward the unknown.

Two hundred and thirty-odd miles north of the Aleutians his ears caught a faint clamoring sound in the arctic silence. It swelled and grew as he approached, until it became the indescribable, deafening roar of between two and four million seals on their breeding ground.

It was not a prepossessing place, this St. George Island. Barely twelve miles long, without a single tree, or stream of running water, drenched with endless fogs, it seemed little more than an ugly pile of black volcanic rock. But the shingle beach was lost beneath a shifting, bawling horde of seals. Gerissam Pribilof added his human voice to the clamor, shouting with the exultation of a man who has discovered Eldorado.

And a mine of fabulous wealth it was. The five islands in the group lay within a distance of forty miles. Three of them were little more than the tips of subterranean volcanic peaks. The other two, St. George and St. Paul, had a total area of 73 square miles, and proved to be the only places in the world where seals of the Pribilof herd came to land.

The harem bulls—mature male seals weighing near to 600 pounds—spend the greater part of the year on these islands. Unlike the cows and the young seals, they do not migrate south to California during the winter, but endure the rigors of the North Pacific.

In the first part of May each harem bull, ponderous with his weight of fat, hauls himself out of the water at the same rookery he held the year before. Favored sites are rough

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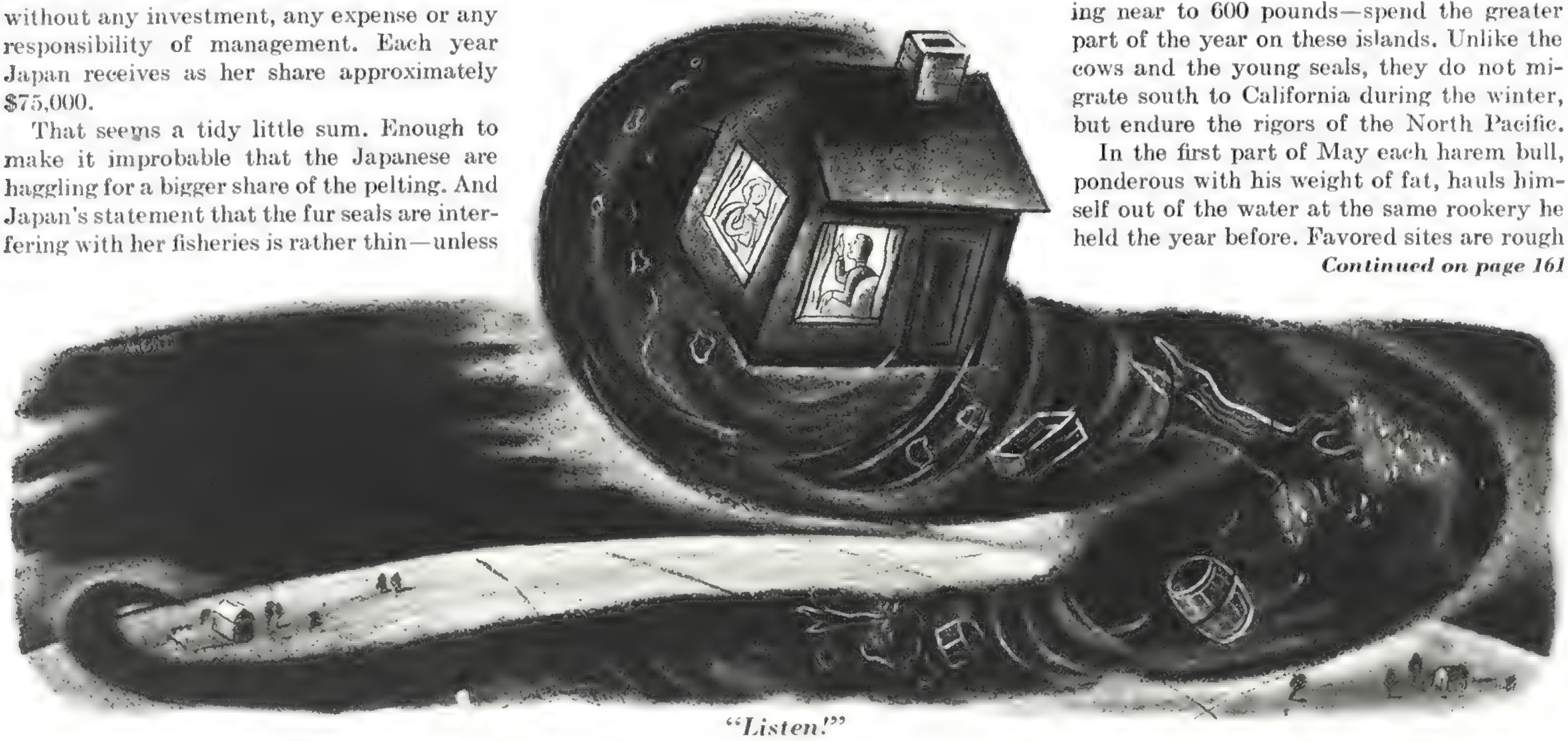
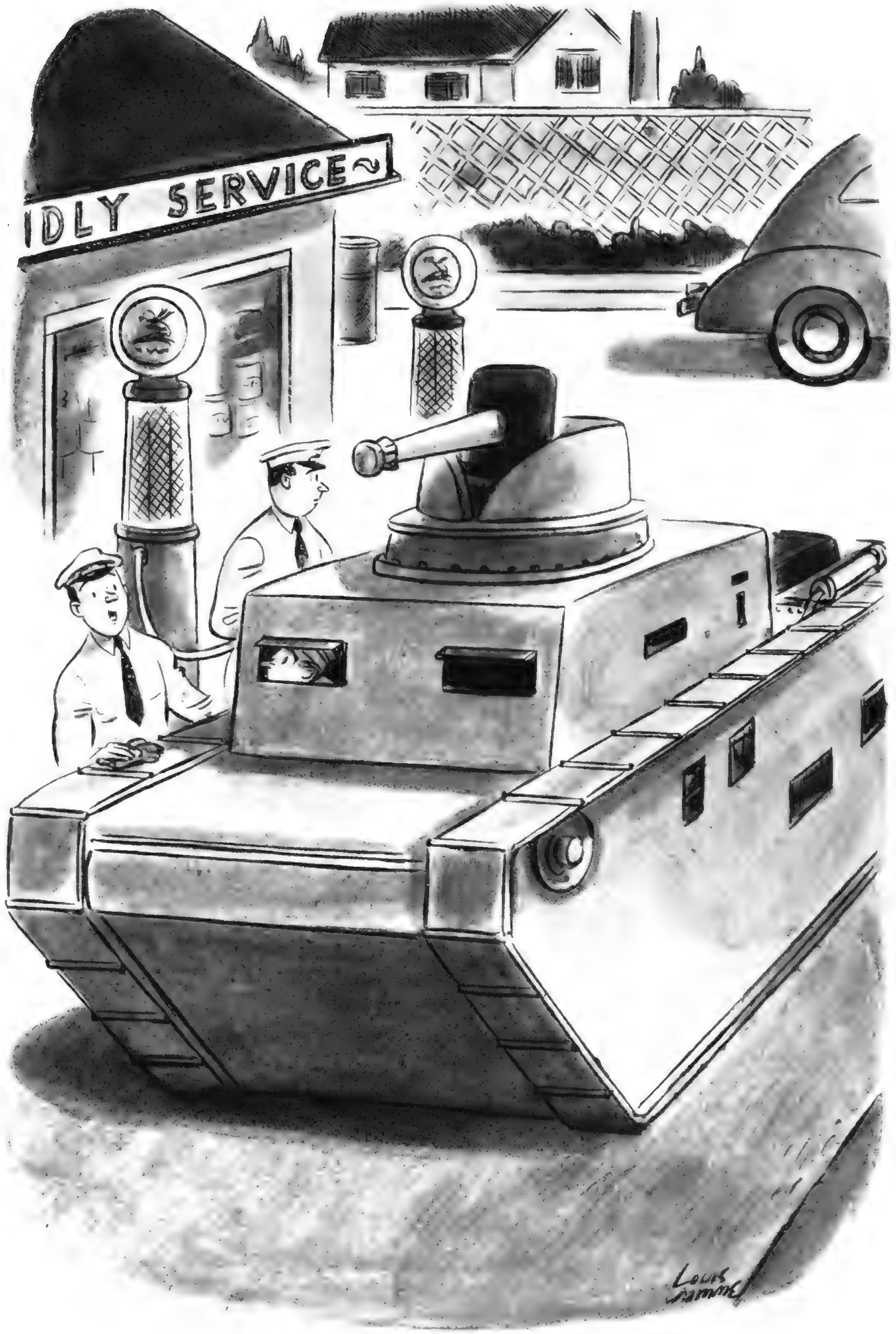


"Listen!"


IDLY SERVICE

"Check your ammunition, sir?"

The New Huddle Muddle

A look at the new season's rules, at ten of the best coaches in the game and a guess at the chances

by CURT RIESS

• SPORTS •

One of the big national magazines recently conducted a kind of poll on the popular interest in various sports. It was discovered that more than seventy per cent of those asked decided that football was their favorite sport, with baseball running second. Strangely enough, because after all the football season is only nine weeks long, there are far too many teams (and too many good teams) for any single person alive to see even a fair percentage of the teams playing. Most of the players are known to most of the public only by what they read in the newspapers. And the same goes, of course, for the experts, too, who cannot possibly see more than eighteen teams every season—if that many—and must depend to a large extent on hearsay for their judgments of those they haven't seen—and incidentally those they have seen, too.

I have a theory that the great popularity of football has something to do with what's popularly known as the inferiority complex. Let me explain. Ten months out of every year, sports fans (who, after all, aside from being sports fans have to make a living) watch the sports spectacles knowing damned well—and being told so every day by their newspapers—that they don't know very much about what's going on. For two months every year they at least know that nobody else knows what's going on either. What with hundreds and thousands of teams playing against each other all over America; what with those ever-changing rules. What with new players coming up all the time and the old ones disappearing or becoming insurance salesmen.

This season is no easier to predict than any in the past. Last year was mainly a senior season, especially at Texas A. & M., Michigan, Cornell, Minnesota, Ohio State, Tennessee, etc.

Tennessee has lost Suffridge, Molinski, Shires and Foxx. Michigan goes into the battle minus Harmon and Evashevski. Boston College must do without O'Rourke, Gladchuk and Goodreault. (List can be continued on request.)

Thrown in for good measure, there is the draft. Some colleges will have to do without some of their athletes because they're in the army now. It's hard to measure such losses. It's like trying to figure out who would be heavyweight champion today if Joe Louis had never taken up boxing. It's just one of those things.

Then there are the rules. Of course they changed the rules last year. They always do. It keeps football safe from ever being thoroughly understood by the paying customers (and by the players as well). This year there are four principal changes of rules:

1. A player may enter the game at any time instead of only once in each quarter. He may communicate with his teammates as soon as the substitution is made, instead of waiting until after one play has elapsed.

2. The ball can be *handed* forward—*not* passed—any place behind the line of scrimmage without violating the rule requiring a forward pass to be made from a spot five yards behind the line of scrimmage.

3. Formerly an incomplete pass on the fourth down behind the opposing team's goal line was a touchback, and the defending team was permitted to put the ball in play on its own twenty-yard line. Now, such a play is just the same as any other incomplete pass, and the defending team must put the ball in play at the spot where it was last put in play.

4. Formerly the kicking team could let the ball roll close to the opponent's goal line and then down it, giving it to them at that spot, instead of letting it roll over the goal line for a touchback. This has been changed so that if the kicking team touches the ball before the opponents inside the opponent's ten-yard line, it is ruled a touchback.

Change No. 1 will of course give more of a chance to the master-minding coach, who will not have to wait to tell his team what he thinks of them. It also will help the teams that are weak on reserves and thereby will tend to fortify the democratic trend in football.

Rule No. 2 only legalized something which has been done anyway for the last ten years or so. But now that it's officially permitted it may aid deception and some coaches will probably devise some interesting new plays. Some coaches think that it will finally result in putting a fifth man in the backfield.

Rule 3 should help the offensive team and ought to result in more scoring. Formerly a team which had the ball on the opponent's four-yard line on the fourth down was afraid to pass, since the failure of the pass would result in a touchback. As to Rule No. 4, it seems to be a stinker because it takes the premium off good kicking and good, fast, end play.

On the other hand, these changes will just add a few more headaches to the many other headaches of the football coaches. In a way, they are really the tragic heroes of the whole game. Their work can be compared only to that of the ancient Greek, Sisyphus, whom the Gods punished by compelling him to push a rock perpetually uphill, for it rolled down as soon as it approached the top. Every time the coaches get together after the season to talk things over, it strikes me how much more unfortunate they are than, for instance, baseball managers. The baseball boys, when they develop a player, at least have got him—for whatever he may be worth. Football coaches develop a star and he immediately becomes a lawyer or an accountant, or at best, a professional football player. Since only God knows who will play for them next

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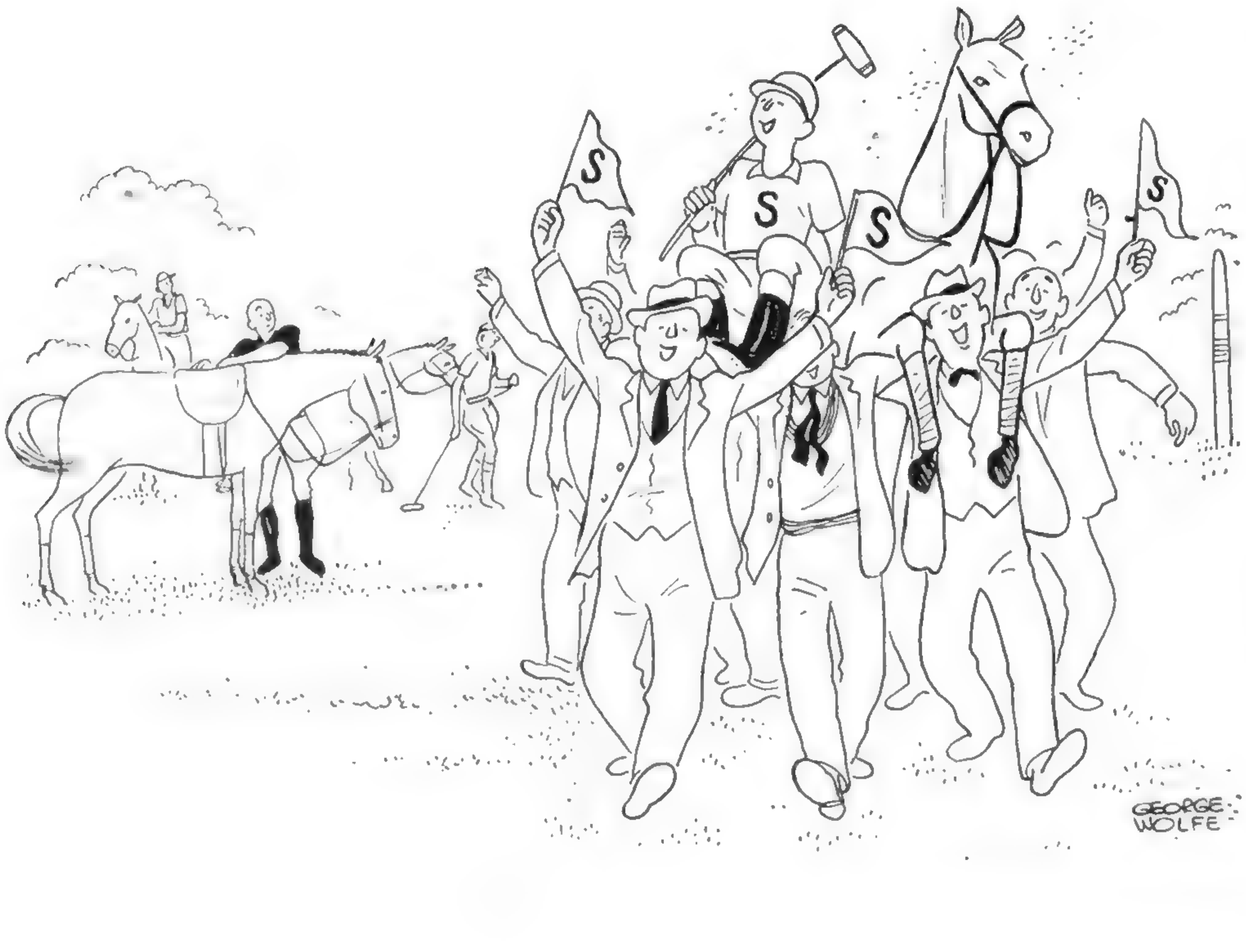
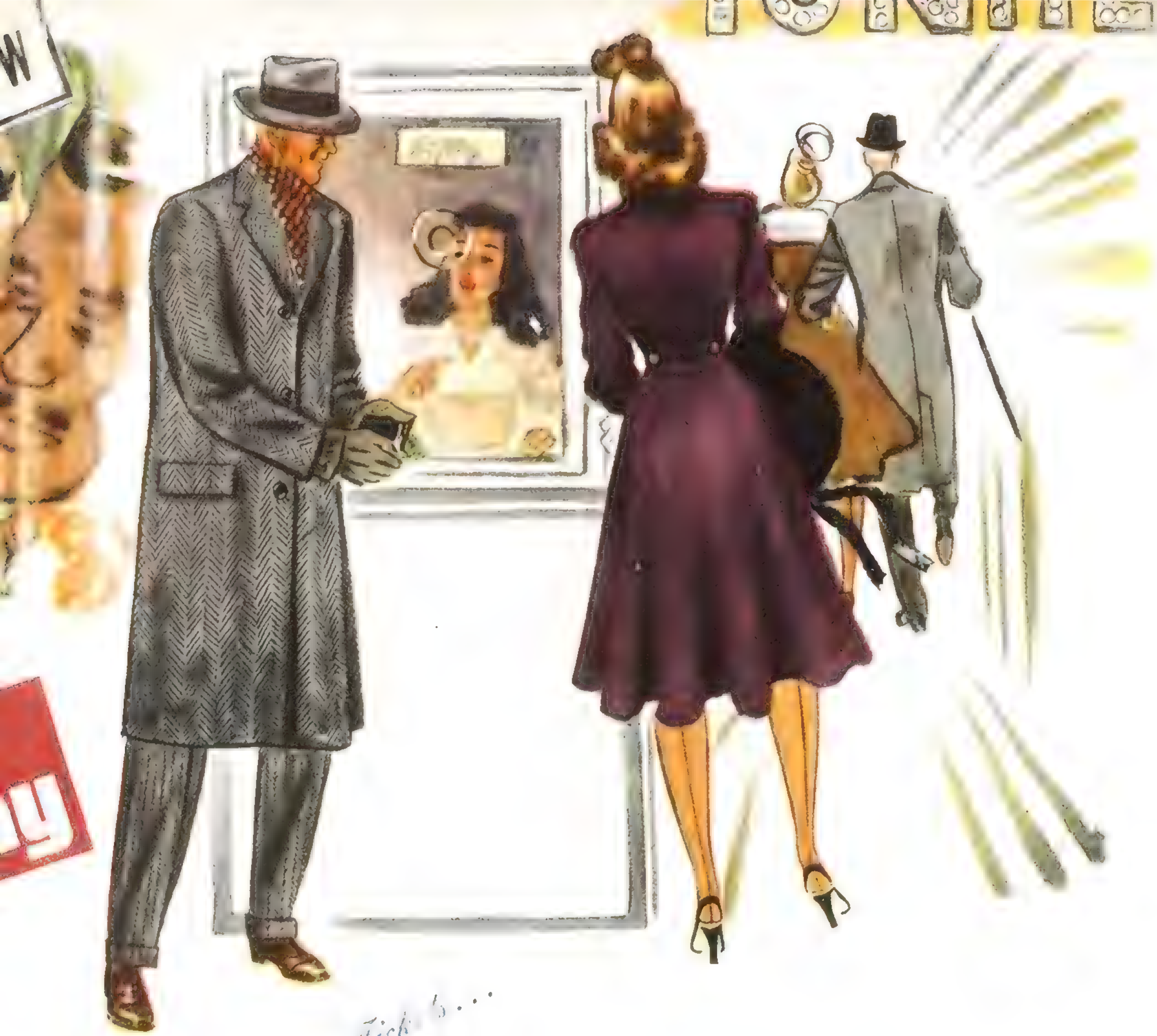
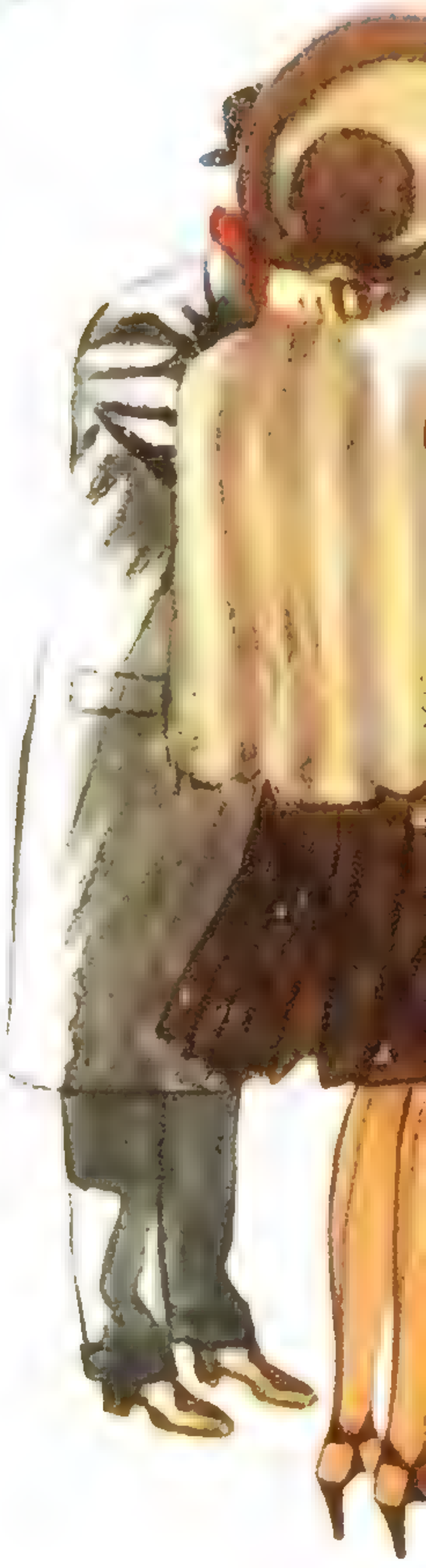


fashionably coat

Five Winter



Buying Tickets . . .



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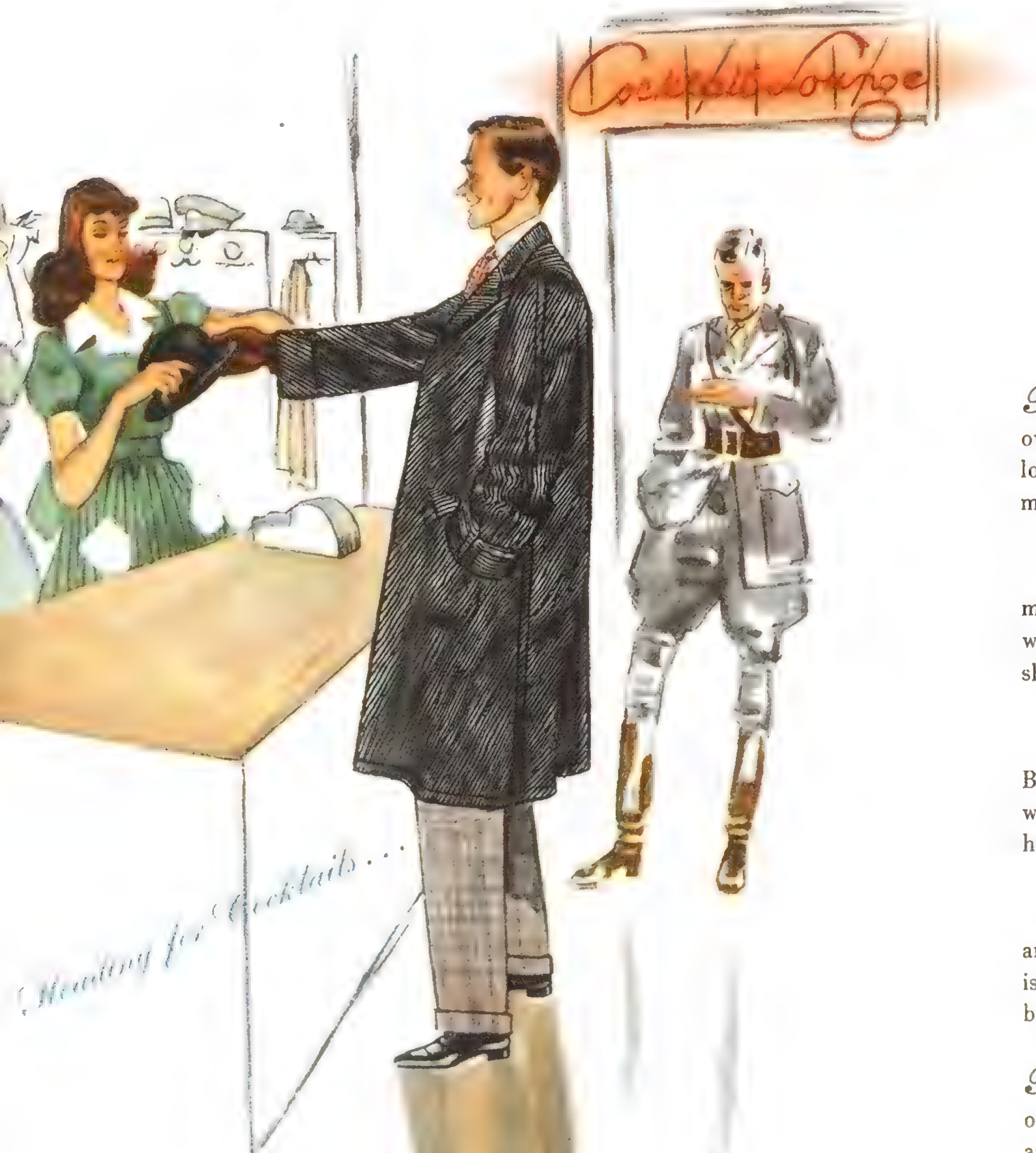


Waiting for Cocktails . . .

Buying Tickets for the movies, this young man
overcoat in line with the trend toward shorter models. The
lowing: Air Blue felt hat with snapped welt edge brim, ma
mocha gloves, blue striped grey worsted suit and dark brown

Waiting for a Taxi, this man is r
mands a smart, dressed-up appearance. He wears a dark blue
woolens or luxurious fleece fabrics. Also worn are the dark
shirt with white starched collar, chamois gloves, striped blu

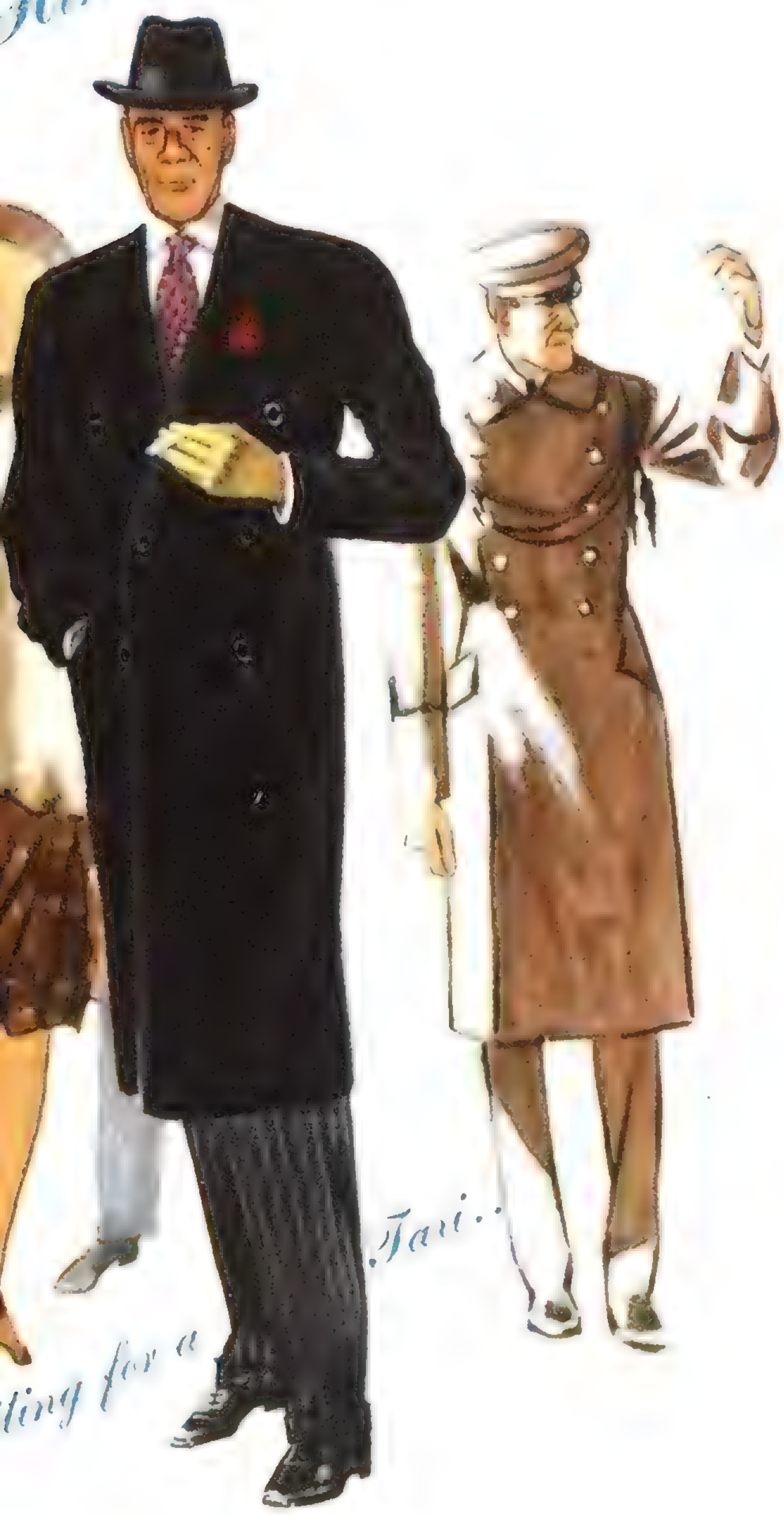
Entering his Town Car with brie
Brownstone herringbone Cheviot overcoat with fly-front an
with up-turned brim, striped brown worsted suit and bro
harmony. Accenting accessories are the Tartan plaid cash

Heading for
and grey diagonal tweed overcoat in the single breasted but
is combined with a derby hat, maroon and silver grey chec
broadcloth shirt, and grey Glen plaid suit. Brown capeski

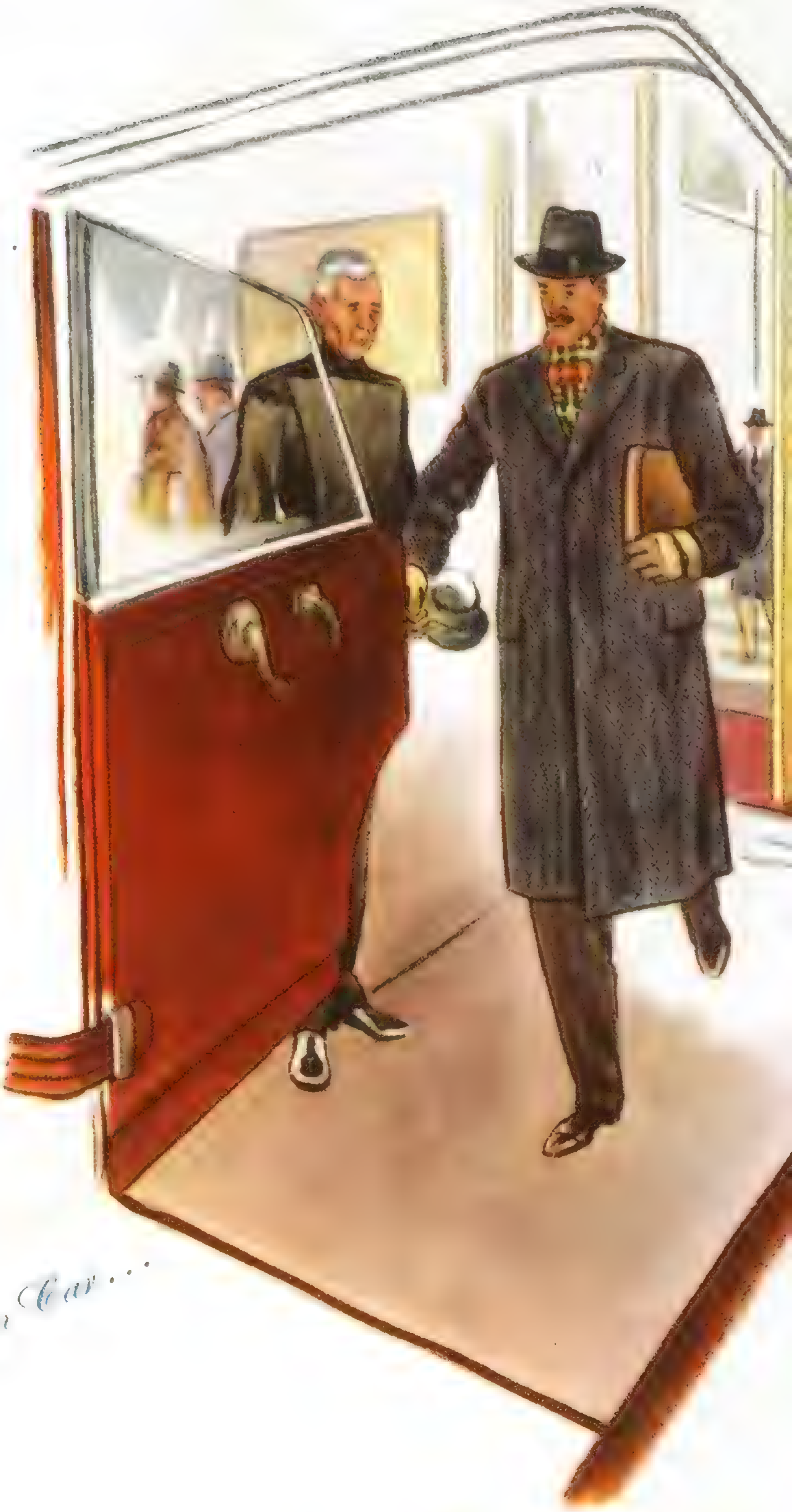
Reaching for Change for a football program
overcoat with the blue overplaid. It's a double breasted bear
and is ideal for such outdoor occasions. The rest of the
hat, yellow wool muffler with overplaid, pigskin gloves, brow

ted . . .

Hints by Esquire



ting for a Taxi. . .



Entering his Town Car. . .

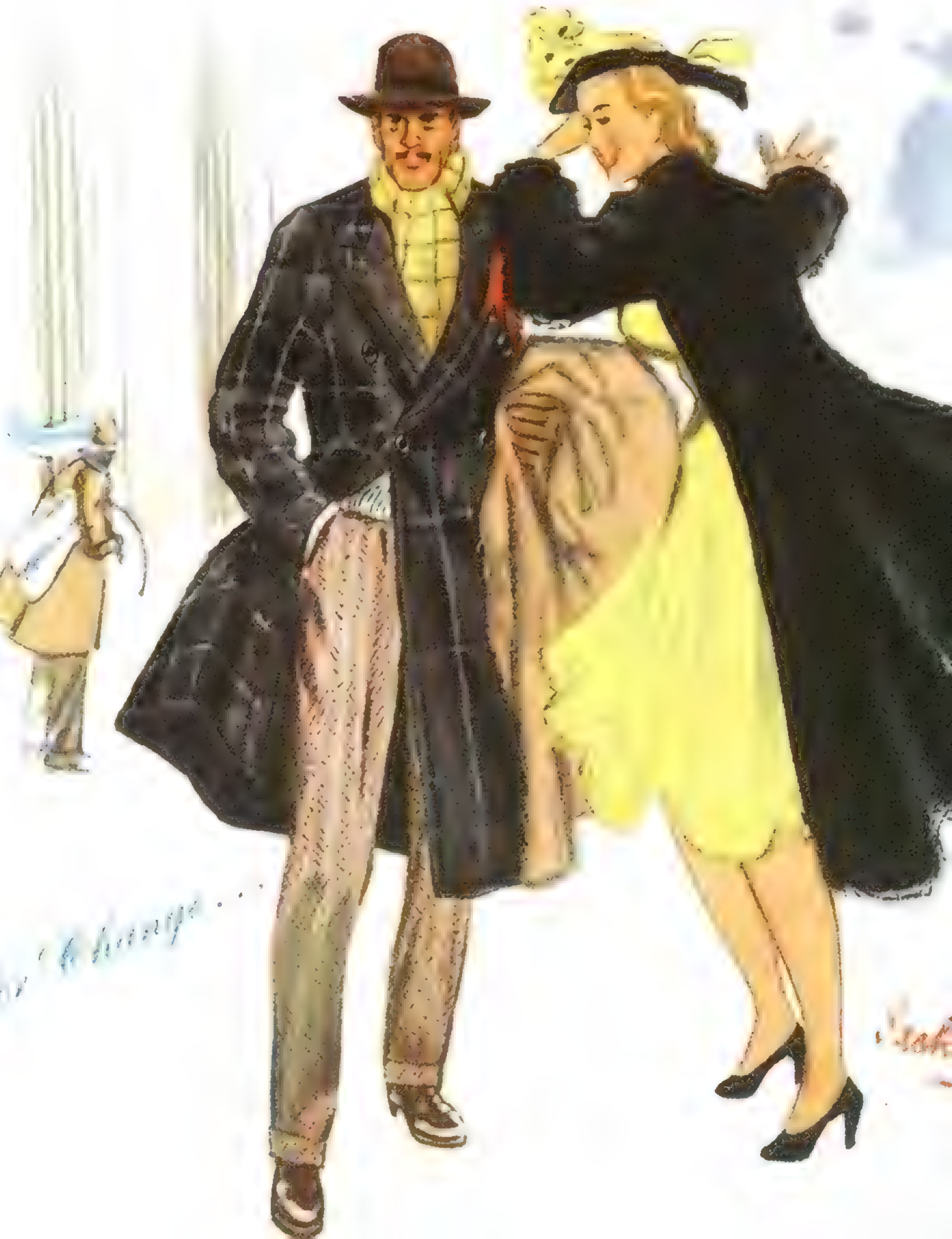
is wearing the fly-front, blue-grey tweed
e rest of his ensemble consists of the fol-
aroon and white dotted silk muffler, grey
straight-tip shoes with center perforations.

eady for any activity about town that de-
e double breasted overcoat, best in smooth
blue Homburg felt hat, white broadcloth
ue worsted suit and black town-last shoes.

f case, this executive steps forward in a
d peaked lapels. His greyish-brown felt hat
own straight-tip shoes establish notes of
mere muffler and chamois slip-on gloves.

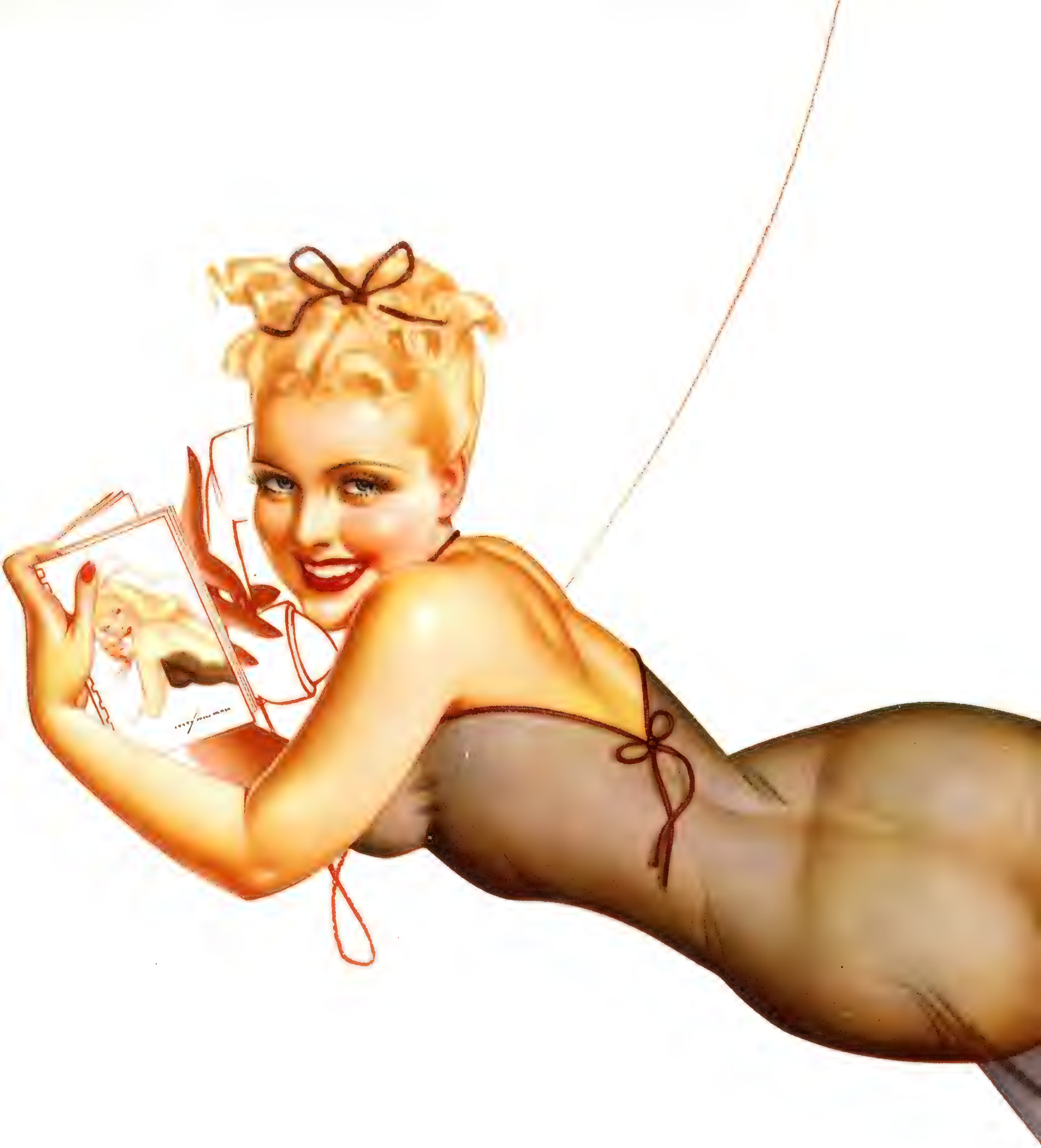
Cocktails, this man has on a black
ton-through model with cuffed sleeves. It
ked Macclesfield tie, grey, white and blue
n gloves, black shoes complete the outfit.

n, this gridiron fan favors a lovat tweed
ing out the influence of the British Warm,
outfit includes a ruddy brown snap-brim
n Shetland suit and brown wing-tip shoes.

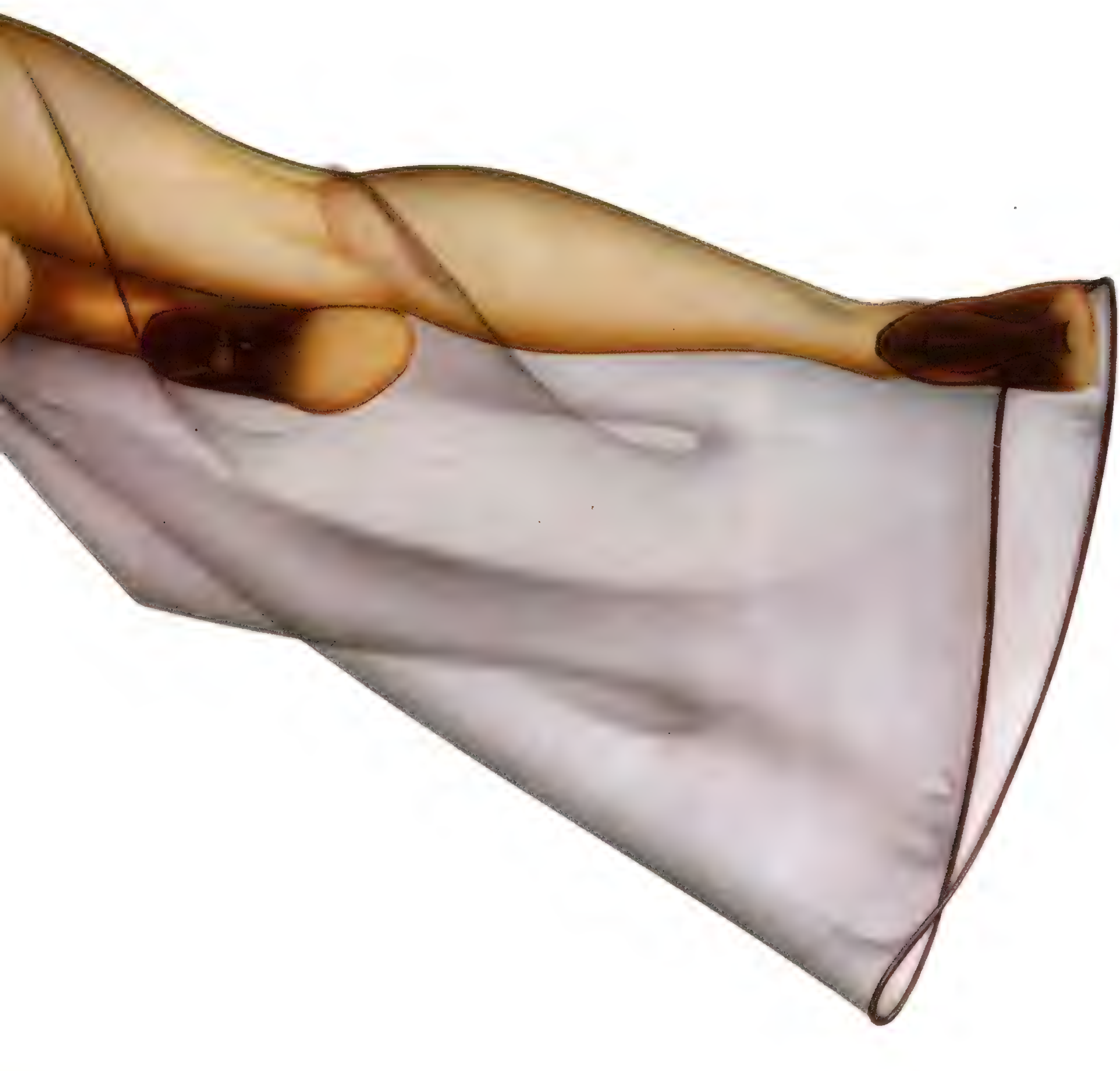


Reaching for Change. . .

Stak



"Oh, General, I bet you tell that to all the spies!"



Four Bits a Day in Santarem

Down on the Amazon you sleep in a hammock, dine and drink bounteously, walk in rainbows and hear serenades

by ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

• ARTICLE •

If you want to live cheaply and fully try Santarem, the most interesting and colorful Amazon river town we've struck in 8,000 miles up and down it. It lies five hundred miles up from Belem, Para, and almost that far down river from Manaos. Santarem the Golden, let us say, for here we have everything—perfect climate, swell people, sports, good food and drink, Indian arts and crafts and hammocked ease; what more do you want?

The towering old Castelo is our home from home, built during the early 1900 rubber boom and let run to seed. It's not only the best hotel in town but the only one and here you can get board and room for 10,000 reis a day, a fantastic sounding figure that boils down to 50 cents. There are no extras and few tips, for the pleasing daughters of cultured Indian tribes who settled the place a couple thousand years ago serve hereabouts for their keep, and up to a dollar a week for cooks.

It's a hammock hotel of course and you're expected to bring your own and string it up six to a room when crowded. All along the Amazon you just pick up your hammock and float, and if you chance to lose it overboard the hospitable Santos couple who run the Castle will loan you one of theirs for the duration—either bachelor, honeymoon or family size, for hammocks are more elastic than beds. The hotel furnishes heavy iron rings in the walls with letter S coupling pins to keep you in place all night—no pillows, sheets, nor blankets, naturally, in a place so warm you scarcely need pajamas.

You bring your own towels, too, and plenty of soap, usually pink in color and strong in smell, for the hygienic appearance. In Santarem everybody bathes every day in every way; on rising, at the washstand in the corner beside a red clay water bottle and painted tin slop pail—all of them very sloppy looking, but clean, as is the toilet.

From our progressive plumbing standards this toilet isn't worth a damn—it's dark, smelly and lacks running water, the best it offers is *papel de seda*, "silk" paper no matter how full of splinters, beneath a sign:

WE KNOW EDUCATION HERE
PLEASE LEAVE THIS PLACE AS YOU FOUND IT
AND DON'T THROW USED PAPER IN THE BOWL

Yet with due devotion to education and daily practice it's hard to get the habit of neatly adding your little second-hand wisps to the toppling heap in the basket alongside, and it's almost impossible to leave the place quite as bad as you found it.

There are no bugs in the bath room, and that goes for the damp corner where you souse yourself with gourdsful of river water from a steel rain barrel. These bathing gourds (*cuyas*) are quite a feature of Santarem, they hold up to half a gallon and a six or seven *cuya* bath will suffice.

No bed bugs either, thanks to hammocks, nary a flea, dog, sand or hog! It's a singularly blessed spot, with most all mosquitos, flies and sundry bugs blown away by constant winds.

Yet there are some jumpy folks who continue to scratch and fidget with fear of sitting down on a chance scorpion in the dank gloom of that toilet, or having a mostly mythical vampire bat suck all the blue blood out of the big red toe at night.

The only slightly annoying animal life in the Castle is a plague of tiny, stingless ants that get into your coffee with the sugar—but you learn to strain them out with your teeth. These, fortunately, have none of the ferocity of fire ants nor the fury of common red pants ants in our own country, but they serve to remind us of the saying: "If Brazil doesn't do away with her ants, they'll do away with her."

In this hearty hostel devoted to salesmen traveling the river and to visiting large scale farmers, married couples have it softest, for they rate a whole room to themselves. My wife and I were especially fortunate in getting one on the cool East side, together with the hotel's one bed, kept for emergencies such as childbirth, fat unhammocked North Americans, sickness, convalescence and death. My gallant wife insisted on riding her hammock throughout, over all the hazards of stiff neck, worn elbows, twisted shoulder blades, night wind chills and a growing shrimplike curve that showed most when she spilled out of it and tried to stand up straight.

A steady night wind makes sleeping pleasant, a separate afternoon breeze blows up just in time for your siesta, and mornings before the sun gets in its hellish perpendicular work, are almost cool. So we Half-dollar-a-day *pensionistas* of Santarem, although almost smack on the Equator, actually brag of our climate and point to such sturdy oaks as octogenarian Riker who came with his folks from our Deep South soon after the Civil War, at the age of three. Now, at near eighty-three he still sings a virile bass in the Baptist choir.

Then there are Dona Amelia and her sister, Sally, also offspring of Confederates who sought refuge here after Lee's surrender—they're still going strong at seventy-five. There's Mrs. Choley, too, fresh from Indiana, with baby Dorothy; and a former New York lad who still gets tropical tramp attacks and leaves his five and dime store to run itself while he floats down to Belem for crowds.

There's always a Britisher or two from the Amazon Cable repair boat taking his pipe for a walk in the park, but putting all of us Anglo-Americans together—not counting missionaries and children, as they say in Manaos,

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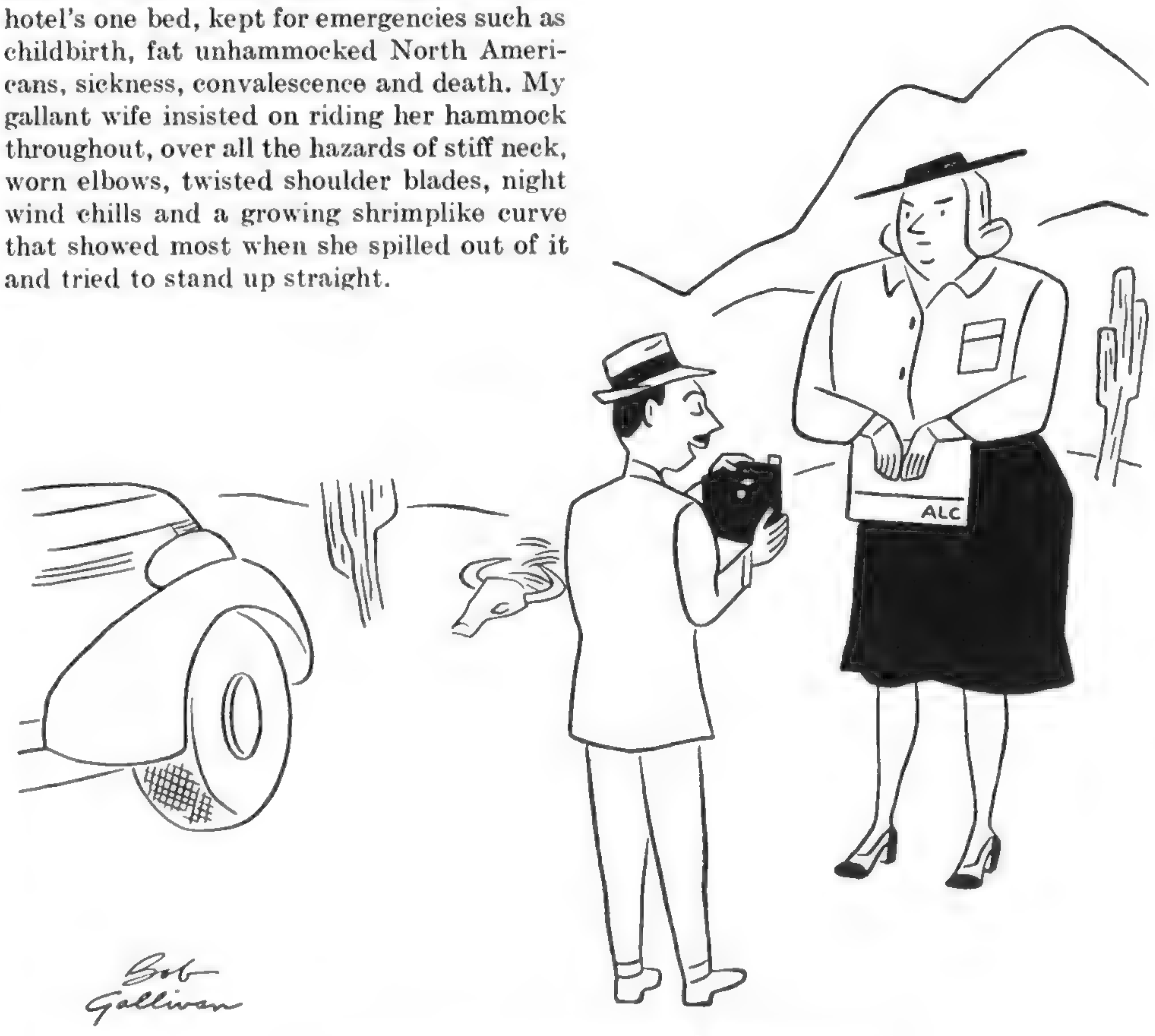
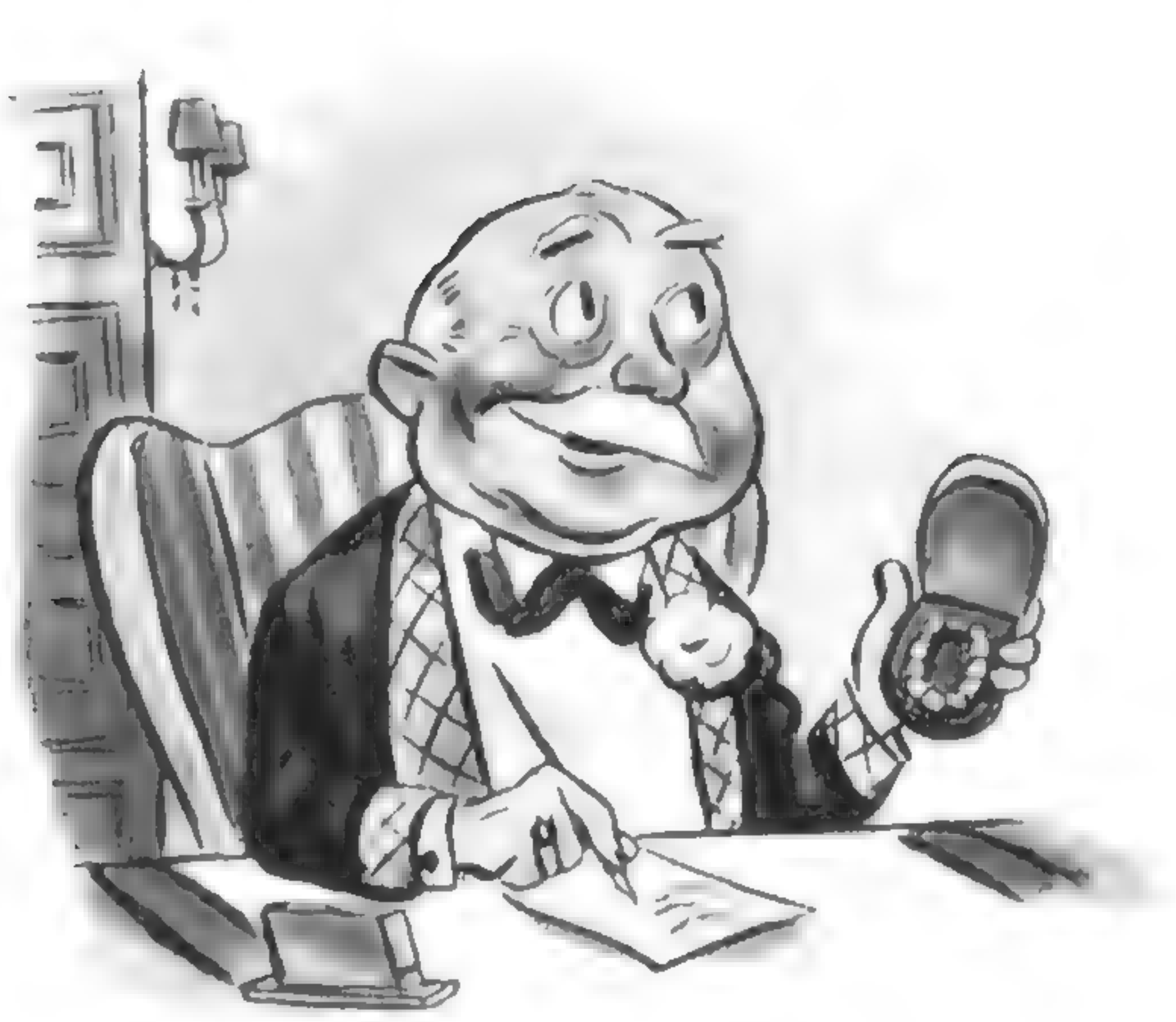
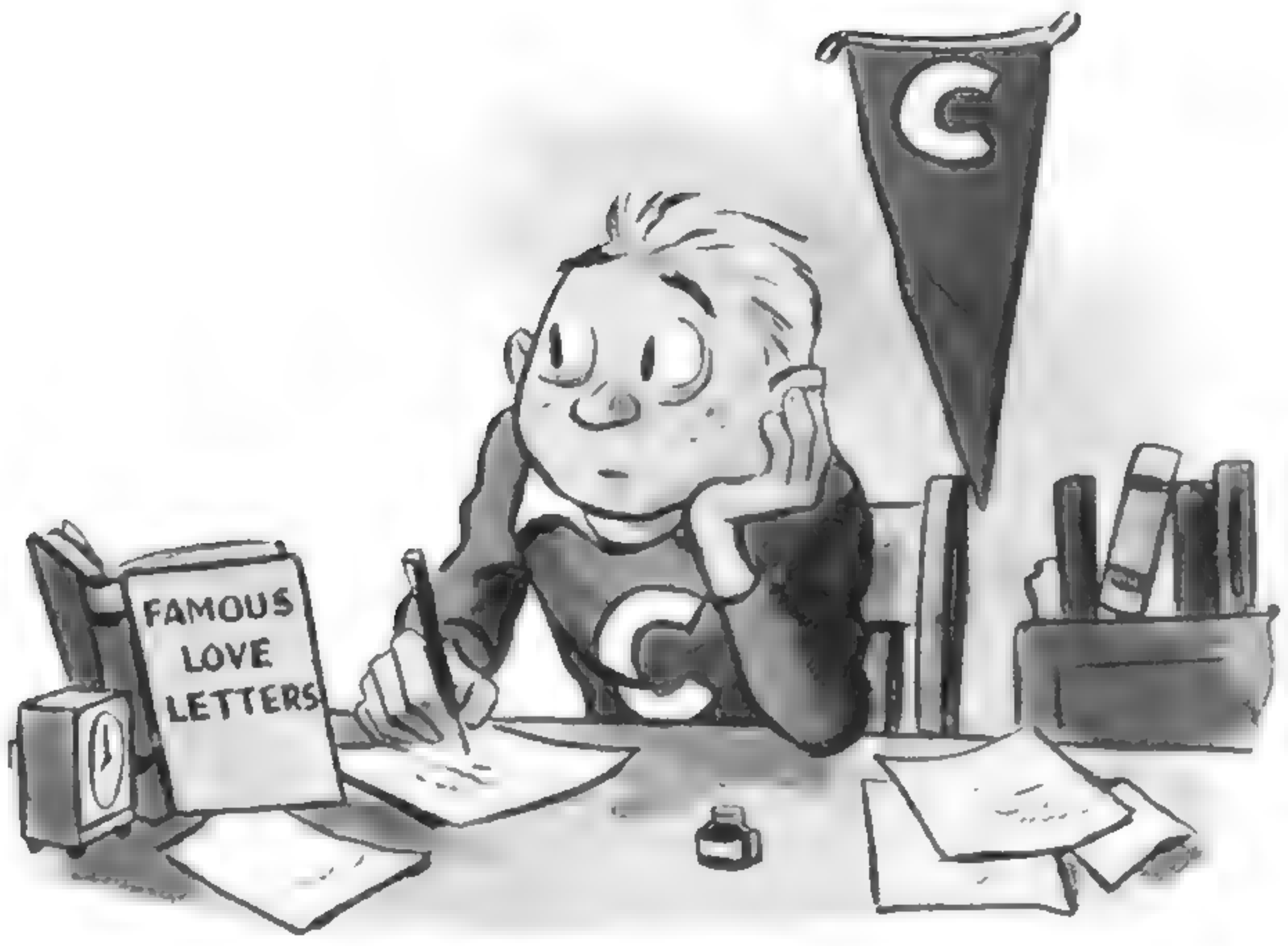


"Now let's get one of just the mountain"



The dog . . .
"Accept this little trinket and have supper with me after the show . . ."

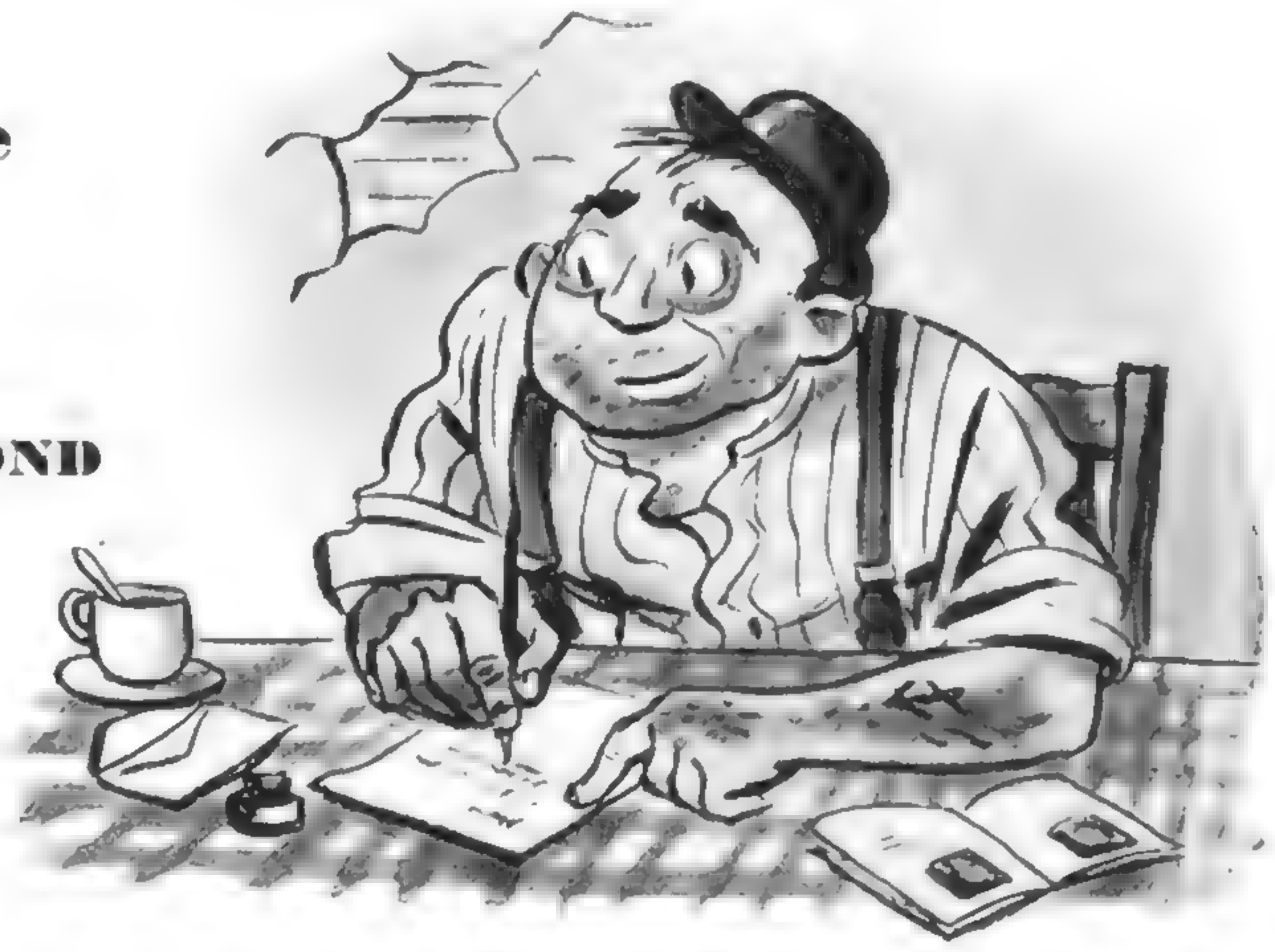


Puppy love . . .
"Your eyes are like two limpid pools of laughter . . ."

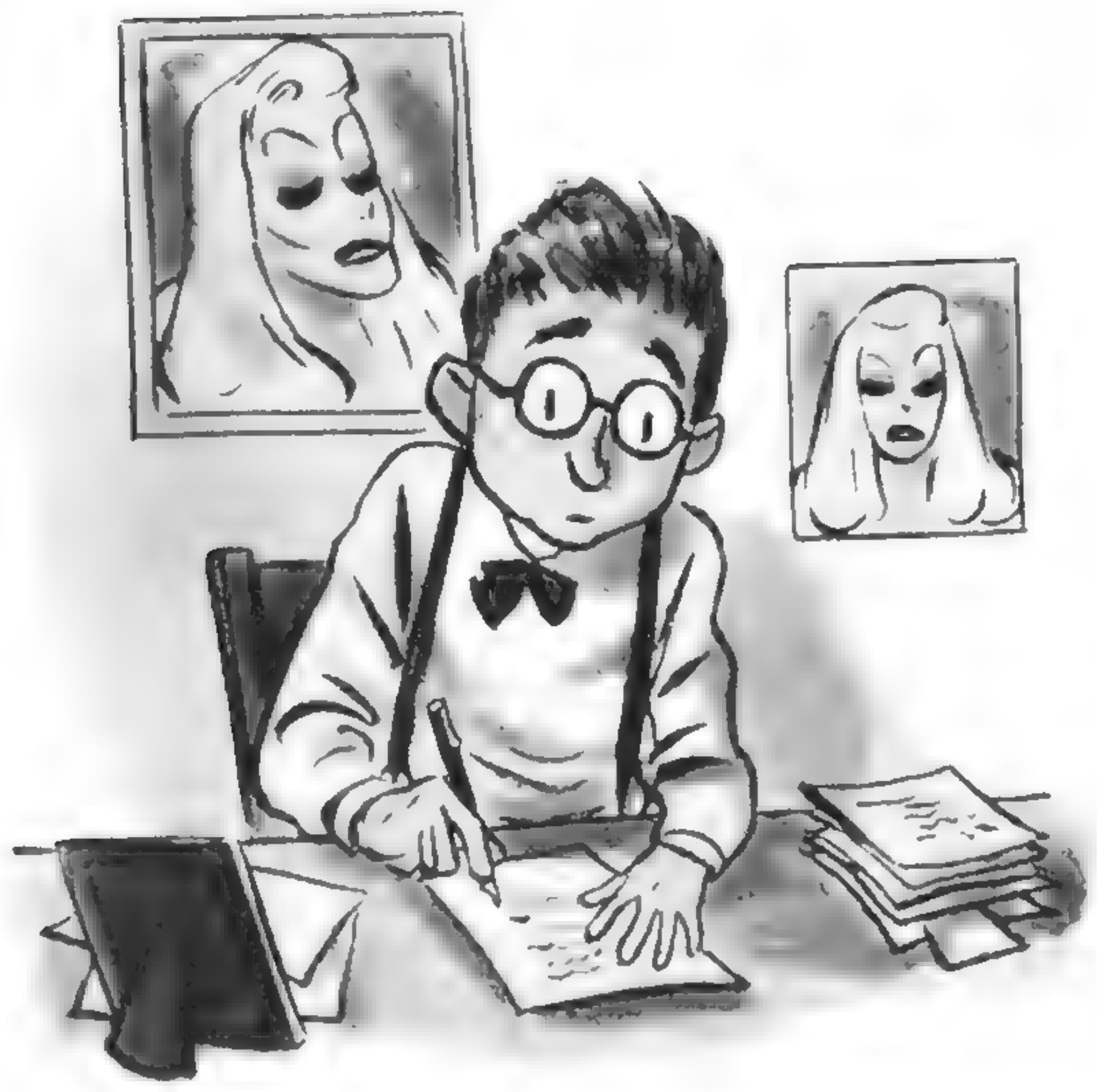
The Postman Rings Once

A cat may look at a queen, and anyone can write a love letter

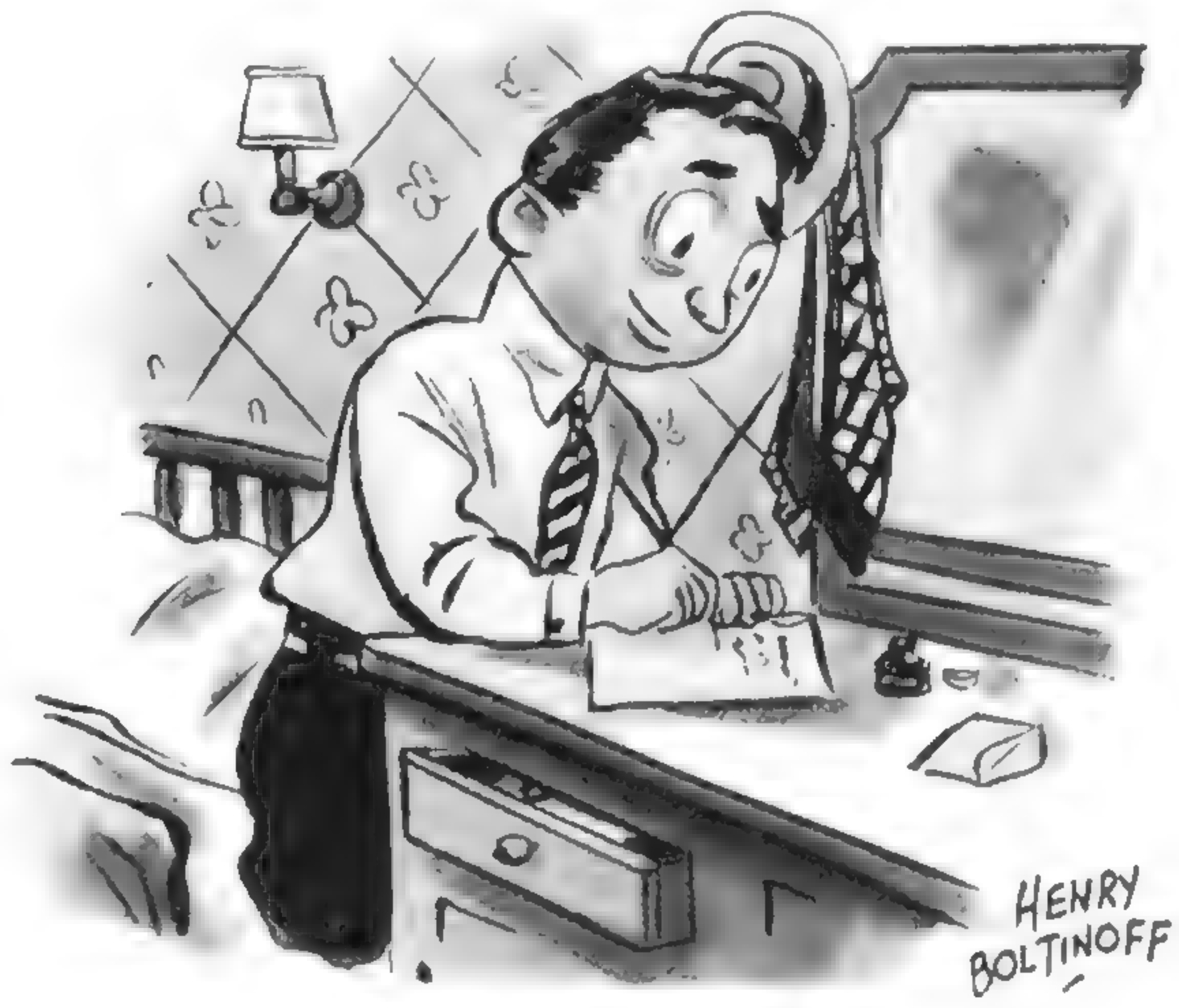
by HENRY BOLTINOFF & S. DIAMOND



Lonely heart . . .
"I read your letter asking to meet a refined bachelor wit' an edjication so I thought I'd answer . . ."



Unrequited love . . .
"Dear Miss Garbo . . . Why don't you answer my letters . . ."



The wag . . .
"I seen you pass many times . . . I am the son of a millionaire and I think you're beautiful . . ."

The Cattle of Tone

Natives say they come when there is a cloud and if three men are walking on Kilimanjaro one of them will die

by E. HARROLD

• FICTION •

THE sun was sinking and the great mountain of Kilimanjaro was flooded with golden light. High up on its flank—at a height of ten thousand feet above sea level and at the upper fringe of the forest belt—Peter Walton had made his final camp. He had reached this point on the mountain after two days of steady climbing, through shady banana groves, past coffee plantations and native villages, down into steep ravines and up equally steep hillsides. On the second day cultivation had been left behind and the forest had been cool and green and dripping with moisture. Gaily colored birds and butterflies and flowers had given color and movement to the grey-green stillness of the tall forest trees whose branches, here and there, were polished smooth where elephants had paused to scratch their backs. Black and white colobus monkeys with long, white beards and bushy black and white tails had trooped after him, uttering, high above his head, their plaintive cries. Small brown tree-hyrax peeped at him from tree trunks and branches and scuttled away with blood-curdling screams which were out of all proportion to their size.

Peter had loved the strenuous climb and for a week he had lived on the edge of this desolate stretch of grassland, congratulating himself on his choice of a holiday. He could have shot lions, or sailed down the coast on an Arab Dhow, or spent a lot of money at Dar es Salaam or Mombasa, instead of which he had been drawn by the might of Kilimanjaro and a solitude which even the presence of Chagga porters could not disturb. He stood now and watched the twin peaks of the mountain reddening in the last rays of the sun. *Mawenzi:* the "Mountain of Many Cracks," reaching its jagged pinnacles into the glory of the sky, and, beyond it, *Kibo*, which translated means, "white": *Kibo*, a mighty, snow-clad dome nineteen thousand feet above sea level.

The campfire crackled suddenly into a blaze and simultaneously Peter shivered. An icy wind was blowing across the grasslands from the scarred heights of Mawenzi. The night would be bitter and the porters were drawing their blankets closer about their bodies and over their heads. Some had already crept into the huts which they had built for themselves, making first a framework of sapling branches and thatching them with the long grass plucked from the mountain side. The huts stood in a circle about the campfire and looked like huge bee hives from which emerged wisps of wood smoke and the smell of buckmeat roasting in the embers of small, internal fires which served also to warm the inmates of each hut. Peter's own meal was cooking beside the main fire, but he was not feeling inclined for food. His head had begun to buzz and his teeth were chattering. Warmth and sleep were becoming overwhelmingly important and he had decided to go to bed without any dinner when, without warning, a voice hailed him from the forest.

"Peter Walton . . . It is you, is it not?"

Peter jumped, startled by the unexpectedness of hearing his own name spoken by a European. Up here, on the edge of this wilderness, the last thing on earth that he had expected was to meet anyone he knew.

"Why, *Hans Renner!*" he exclaimed. "What in the name of all that's wonderful are *you* doing here?"

The tall German came forward, walking wearily and with obvious effort.

"Since two days I have not eaten," he said. "Give me food, then we will talk together."

He had taken off his terai and his fair hair hung in limp, loose strands across his tired eyes. His face was drawn and cadaverous and caked with dust and sweat. He was wearing khaki shorts and a thin khaki shirt and he shivered as he stumbled towards the fire. Peter followed him.

"Of course I'll give you food, and blankets too . . . Here, Adam . . ." He addressed his personal-boy whose devotion was being sorely tried by his master's foolish liking for mountains: "Adam . . . bring food and blankets for the Bwana . . . quickly . . ."

The boy obeyed, and presently, when Hans was eating hunks of roasted buck and drinking strong, black coffee, Peter voiced his consuming curiosity:

"You surely haven't come all this way up the mountain without porters? And what have you done with your rifle?"

The German shook his head and his roving glance rested for a moment on Peter's rifle which stood propped beside the entrance to his hut. Beside it a cartridge belt hung from a forked stick planted in the ground.

"I have no rifle," he said slowly. "I came in a hurry."

"You must have done—the devil of a hurry! What have you done, Hans, murdered somebody?"

The German ate in silence for a few moments, finished his coffee at a gulp, and held his hands out to the blaze.

"No," he said noncomittally.

Peter offered him a cigarette and took one himself. The sun had gone and behind them the forest trees were moaning in the short, grey twilight. A tree hyrax shrieked, its fearsome scream dying away in a series of sobbing gasps. From the circle of grass huts came the murmur of native voices. The white men smoked in silence for a while. Then Peter spoke:

"It's strange that we should meet like this, so far from civilization. It reminds me of our safari together two years ago. I haven't forgotten what you did for me then. Perhaps

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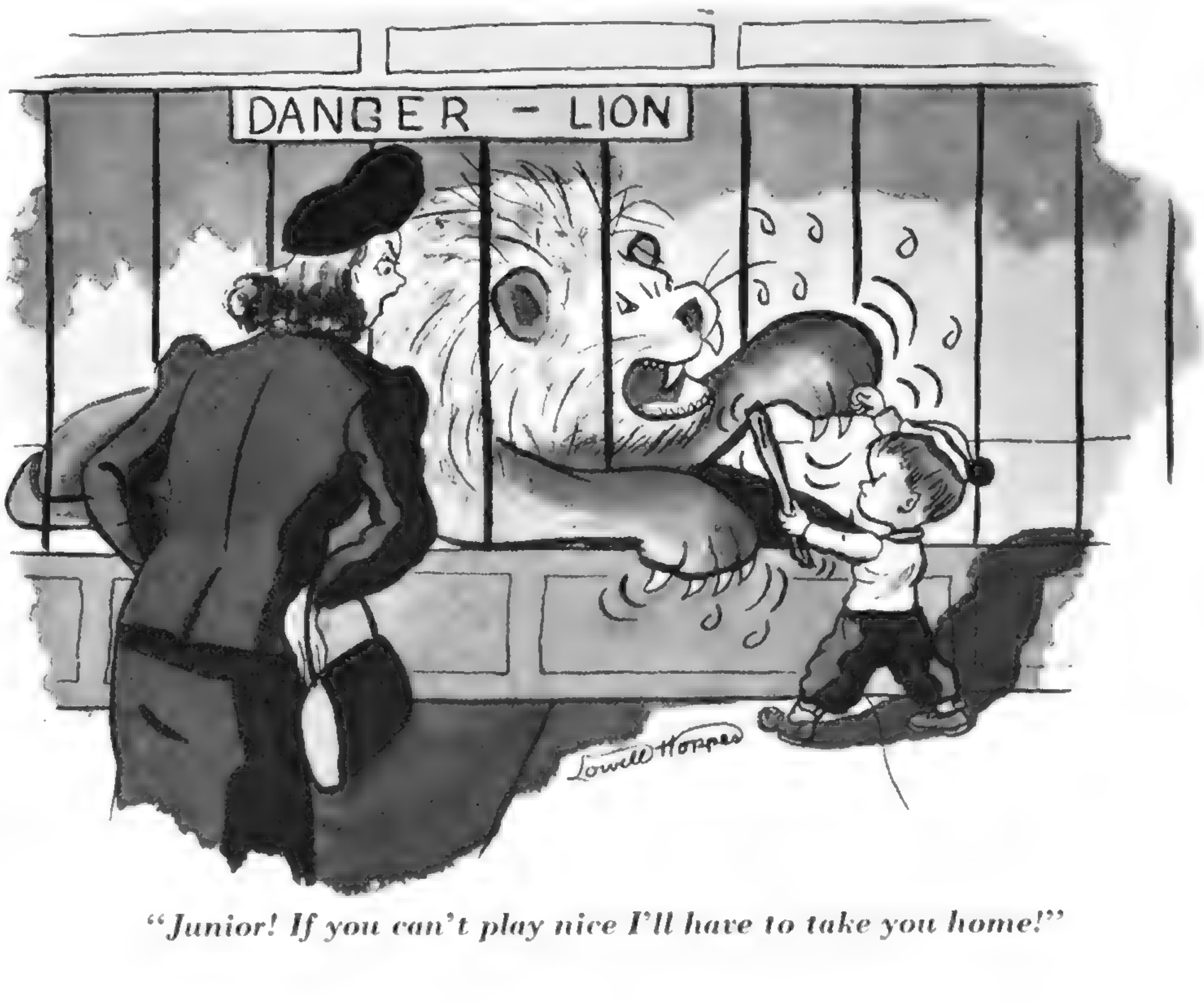


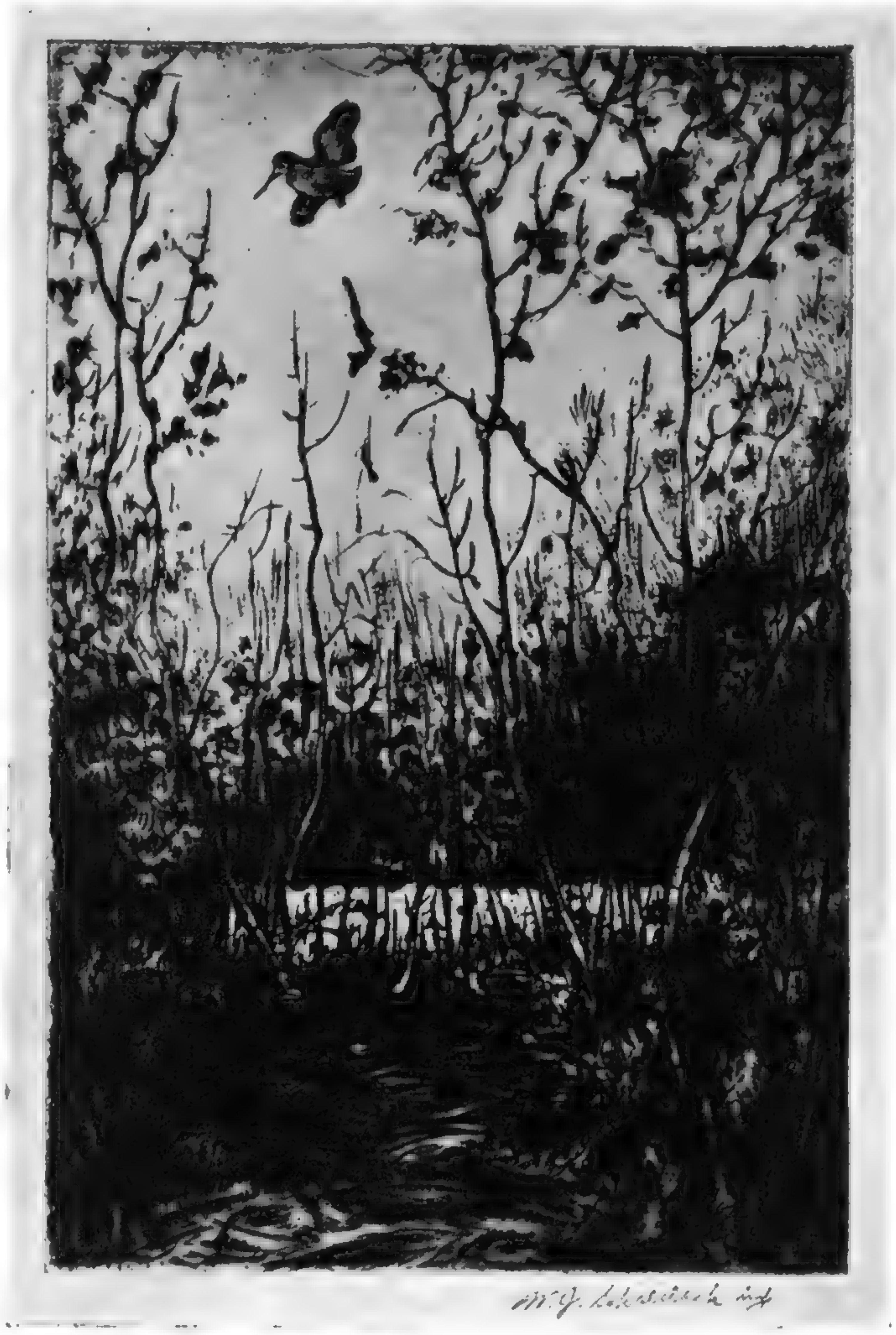
"Junior! If you can't play nice I'll have to take you home!"

The Woodcock Are Down!

These long-billed, pop-eyed, dumpy, not-too-intelligent birds attract all hunters like will-o'-the-wisps

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

• SPORTS •



WOODCOCK AT TWILIGHT

We had a sharp frost last night. The hilly pasture that rises abruptly from the back of the house has taken on a pearly cast. Goldenrod skeletons and clumps of sweet fern, faded New England asters, hardhack and bracken are woven decoratively throughout the acres of frosty meadow grasses to form a gigantic Persian rug.

The air has a nip that penetrates to your toes as you breathe in deeply. It is strangely exciting. The old setter feels it, too. He has shaken off the lethargy of summer and is prancing around like a pup. He looks at you pleadingly with eager brown eyes, paws you impatiently and wonders what you are waiting for. Then suddenly it dawns on you; it is mid-October and the woodcock are down!

Woodcock fever is a good deal like malaria. There is no permanent cure; only palliative measures, which must be repeated with each outbreak. And these spells are sure to occur at regular intervals throughout the autumn. But the treatment is pleasant indeed, and I have never known a victim to object to frequent and large doses.

The appeal of woodcock hunting is intangible, like a mist-shrouded mountain top. I have often wondered what there is about this long-billed, dumpy, bug-eyed inhabitant of the thickets that can exert such a powerful pull on those of us who love a dog and a smoothbore gun. It can't be his looks. He has neither the charm of the oriole nor the sleek loveliness of the wild mallard. And, in the matter of intelligence the woodcock certainly does not rate with the grouse; nor is he as smart as that chicken-like creature, the ringneck pheasant. But looks and brains are not everything. There is another quality that always pulls down the gallery, and this the woodcock has—mystery. Now you see it, now you don't. That is what gets us and keeps us coming.

When we go out for a day in the field in search of grouse, quail or pheasant—non-migratory birds—we have a reasonable expectation of finding them. But with woodcock you can never tell. When all signs seem right we are apt to be fooled. For this long-billed enigma rarely acts as we think he ought to and frequently goes against the rules of the game. He is as eccentric as an old miser, as unreliable as April weather. He is, in short, a grade-A screwball.

An old-time gunner in Michigan gave me primer lessons in woodcock shooting. I was a kid in the 'teens and keen as a hound on scent. To follow Les Spooner and his old-fashioned Llewellyn setter Ned through alder runs and along creek bottoms in search of "timberdoodles" was a foretaste of heaven. Though my education started in those far-off days I am still at it, like many another bog plodder, doing post graduate work. And I never get over being surprised at how much there is to learn—and unlearn.

Take, for example, the old legend about woodcock migrating on the full moon in October. Les believed it implicitly and he was always mysteriously ill, too sick to work at the shop, at such times. Following the advice of my instructor I never miss the days around full moon in October. It has become a matter of ritual and I have found that woodcock do indeed fly on schedule—when they happen to feel like it! And, according to the law of averages, this is pretty apt to be about half the time. It is a charming legend, one well worth remembering, particularly when one needs an excuse to get away from the office.

The simple truth is, as all woodcock gunners know, that the timberdoodle leads a delightfully unconventional life. He travels when and where he pleases, canceling schedules on the whim of the moment, appearing in the most outlandish places; or failing to show up where we feel certain he ought to be. The trouble with us, you see, is that we do not think like woodcock.

I was stopping at a small inn on the Northwest Arm in Halifax, Nova Scotia. It was a day in late April and a gentle warm rain soaked the lawn. Feeding there were the usual star boarders—several robins, a group of starlings and some sparrows. But some larger birds attracted my attention. They had a strangely familiar look. Soon, one of them probed into the soft soil and came up with a wriggling worm in its long bill. It was Jonathan Woodcock, all right—six of him, in fact—being unconventional. The proprietor told me that numbers of the birds fed there regularly every spring, though the nearest orthodox cover was a mile away.

Once while grouse hunting in late November a friend and I ran into a fine flight of woodcock. We had previously had a severe freeze-up, together with six inches of snow. For two weeks we had mourned the fact that the cold snap had driven the long-bills south and though the season was still open we should have no more shooting that year. When old Bob, the pointer, pulled up on the first bird we thought it was just a stray. But in less than an hour we had our limits of four birds each. The temperature was around twenty degrees and the ground, except in springy places, was hard as flint. According to all the rules those birds had no business being there at all. I should mention that we saw no grouse. They had gone up into the heavy pines and hemlocks to keep warm.

While there is a great deal we do not know

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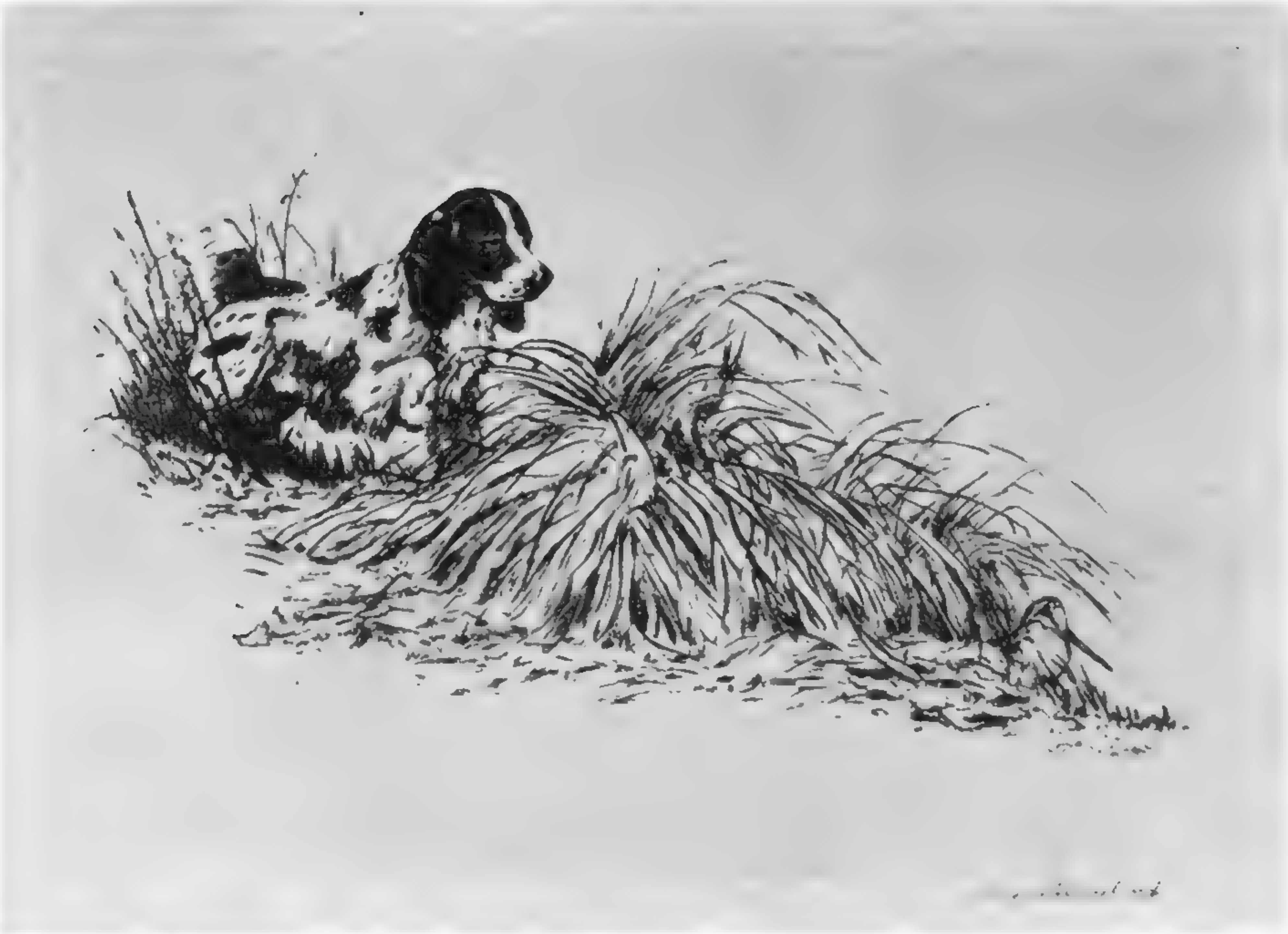
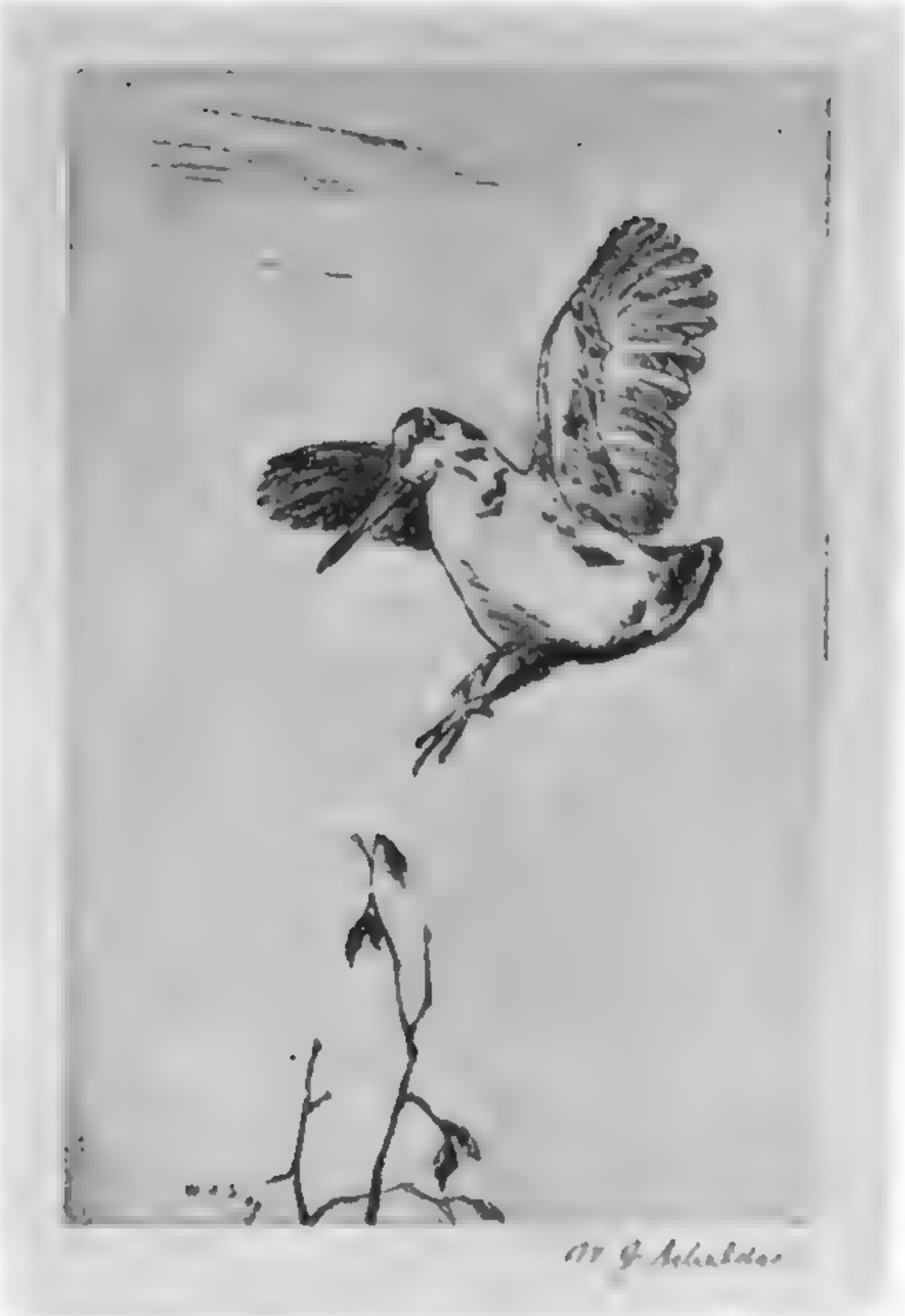


SPRINGER SPANIEL AND WOODCOCK

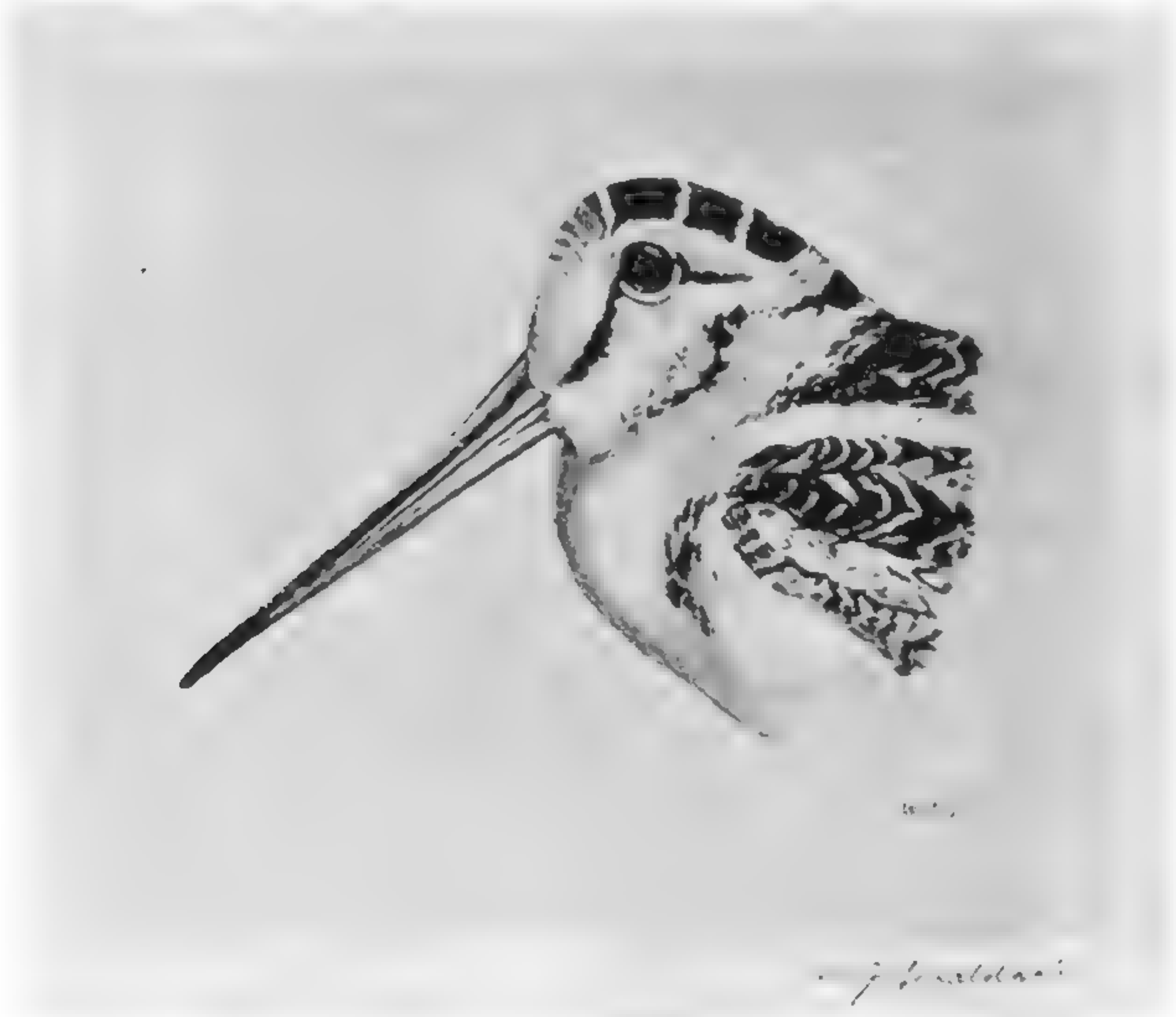


WOODCOCK AT EVENING

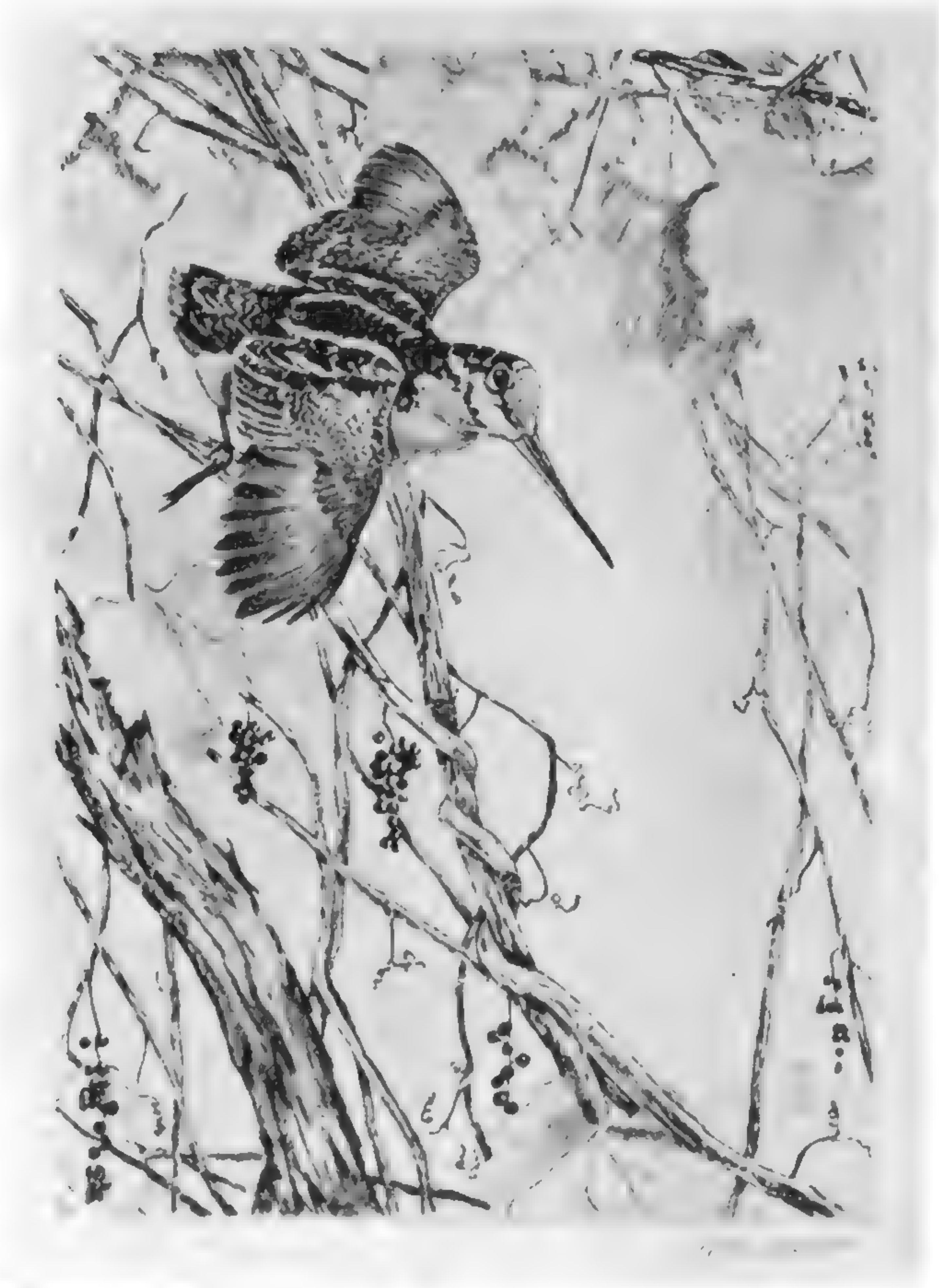
A Portfolio of Woodcock Etchings

by

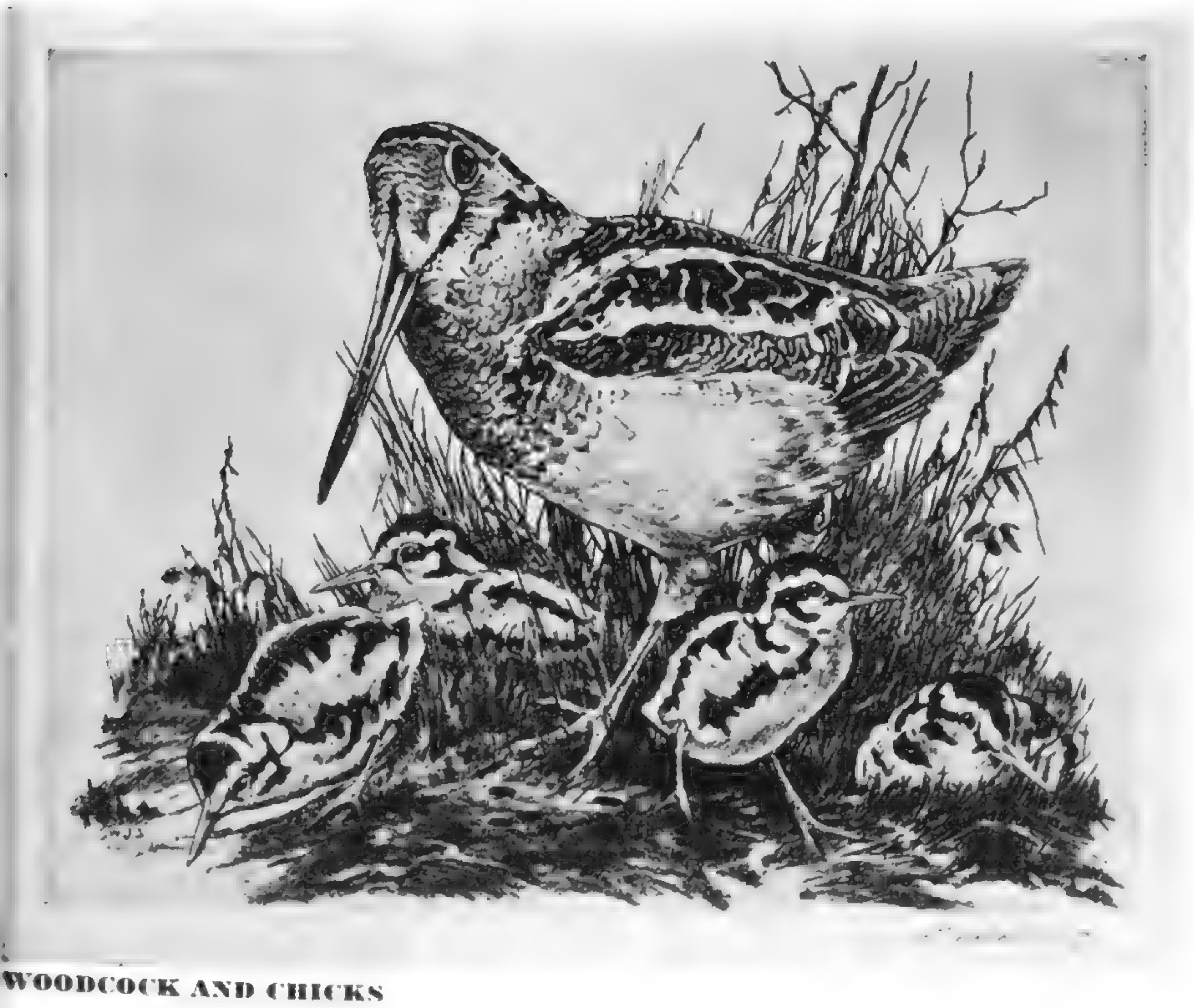
WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH



PORTRAIT OF AN ARISTOCRAT



OCTOBER FLIGHT



WOODCOCK AND CHICKS

All-America, Inc.

Patriotic endeavor to correct a glaring and undemocratic defect in our intercollegiate football

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

TODAY we hear constant criticism and endless jibes to the effect that there are so many different All-America football teams that every able-bodied lad who plays on a college varsity is certain to be included on one of them before the season is over. After considerable investigation I have discovered that these claims are exaggerated. I have documentary evidence, complete with affidavits, of players last season who failed to get on anybody's All-America. Not merely pigskin chasers on Johns Hopkins's de-emphasized no-gate-receipts squad, or Chicago's six-man outfits but players from big-time institutions like Minnesota, Southern California and Boston College!

Believing that this unwarranted exclusiveness is contrary to the best interests of Democracy when Democracy is fighting for her life, I have accordingly founded a corporation known as All-America, Inc. which is designed to remedy this glaring defect in the American intercollegiate football system. All-America, Inc. gives every American boy a chance to become an all-American. He doesn't have to be a two hundred and twenty-five pound super-tackle or a greasy-hipped halfback good for 9.5 in the hundred.

No; All-America, Inc. is based on a different principle. Its players are chosen not on their ability to play but their ability to pay. And lest this sound forbidding, let me state that inasmuch as we expect to do a tremendous business with a large turnover, the fees which we extract from players who want to be named on an All-America, Inc. All-America team will be dirt cheap.

And now let us demonstrate how All-America, Inc. works. We shall take the fictitious case of Joe Smith who is second-string half-back for Whipcord State Dental. Joe only weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds wrapped in tinfoil, and his average net gain from scrimmage during the past two years is minus 2.43759 yards per rush. Of course Joe will be chosen as an alternate on the all-Southwestern Muddy Valley team, and he will also be nominated as best fourth-quarter substitute on an all-losing team of a college with less than three hundred and fifty enrolled students. But Joe isn't satisfied with such titles. He wouldn't even settle for a berth on the all-Dental School eleven or even the all-Eastern or all-Pacific Coast. No, nothing but the best will satisfy Joe. He wants to be all-American. He wants to impress his girl, and he thinks it may help him land a job if the draft doesn't get him first.

So what does Joe do? He sits down and addresses a letter to All-America, Inc. giving his full name, his position and college, and enclosing fifty cents. Nothing more. Only fifty cents, mind you! And what does Joe get in return? He receives a beautifully embossed certificate, bearing the All-America, Inc. crest, and including Joe on All-America, Inc.'s All-America football team for the current year. The other ten men are the best men in the game according to our concensus of a concensus of a concensus of experts throughout the country. For instance, if Joe had applied in 1940, the certificate's backfield might have read as follows:

Quarterback: O'Rourke, Boston College
Right Halfback: Harmon, Michigan
Left Halfback: Smith, Whipcord State Dental
Fullback: Kimbrough, Texas A. & M.

Look at the company Joe is in! O'Rourke, Harmon and Kimbrough. And not only that. Harmon, a left halfback, has been moved to right halfback to accommodate Joe. And for only fifty cents! This, in my opinion, is the greatest athletic money value in the country today, and, as I have said, is possible only because of the volume of business we are anticipating. (We are planning tentatively on issuing a hundred thousand certificates.) Joe's certificate can be framed, and hung on the wall. Also he could have photostatic copies made, and carry one around with him at all times. This would silence anybody who attempted to belittle his ability.

But perhaps Joe Smith wants more than just a certificate. In that case he encloses a dollar instead of fifty cents. For that price he gets not only a certificate but also an item in his local paper in accordance with an agreement All-America, Inc. has worked out with papers throughout the country. The local paper in question, on receiving instructions from us, prints five special copies and sends them free of charge to Joe Smith. These five special copies are regular editions of the paper altered merely to include All-America, Inc.'s All-America team with Joe Smith's name on it. This All-America item is inserted in place of one of the duller local ones.

However, for this price we cannot supply any writeup about Joe Smith. The item is merely a list of the eleven best players in the country without any comment. If Joe wants comment, this will cost him an extra dollar, but in our opinion this is easily worth it. All-America, Inc. now supplies Joe with a whole column of write-up, and most of it features Joe. This is along the intimate personal history lines with which all football fans are familiar. After listing the all-America team, and possibly putting in a brief good word for Harmon, the write-up might go as follows:

UNSPOILED BY HONORS

"Joe Smith, Whipcord Dental flash, who was the unanimous choice for the left half slot, is too busy with his many varying interests to let his head be turned by the plaudits of the crowd. Joe—who incidentally

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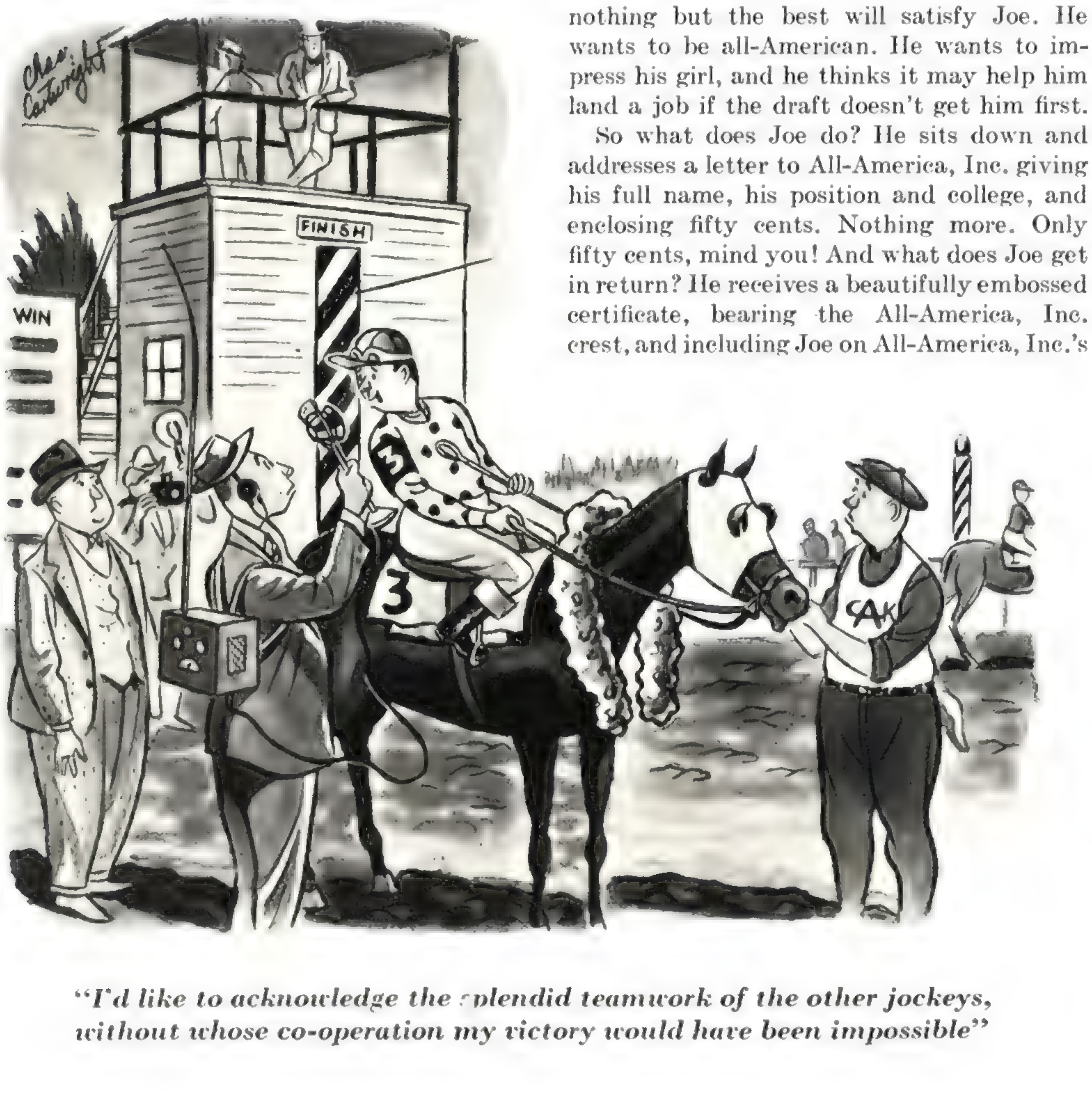
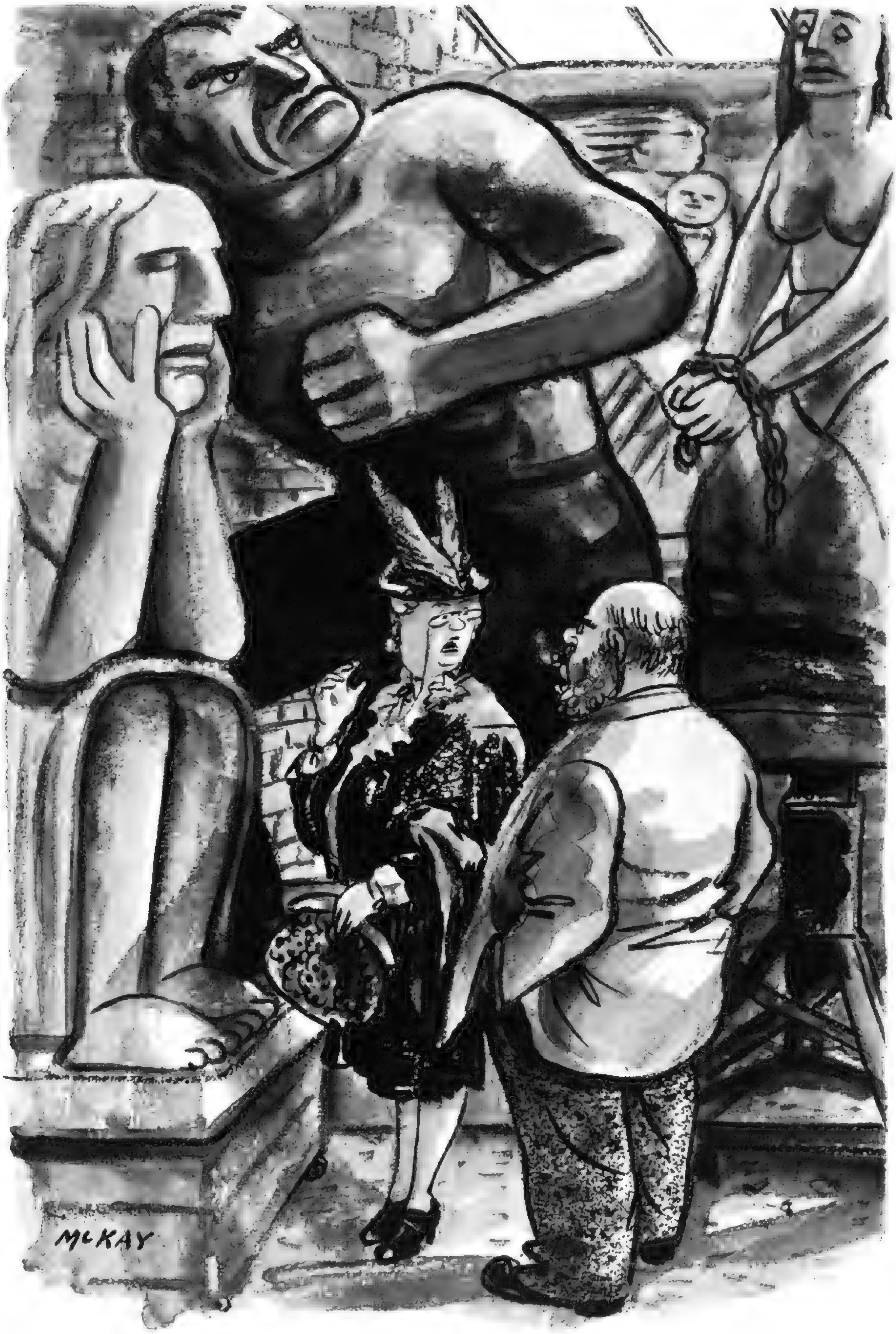


"I'd like to acknowledge the splendid teamwork of the other jockeys, without whose co-operation my victory would have been impossible"



"Well, I don't know—I was really looking for something cute to make a lamp out of"

How They Brought the Bad News

Now that Hollywood knows the facts, it will either make pictures live again, or let them die of pernicious anaemia

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This time Mr. Seldes is scared. He has heard the neighborhood theatre owners weeping in the night; he has read the exhibitors' sour answers to the hoopla of the press agents; he has looked into the figures of bowling alleys, ice carnivals, basketball and radio listening. So he begins to think that the Gallup Poll on movie attendance may be as grim as it looks.*

But ever a friend, as well as a critic, of the movies, he ends this gloomy report on the movies with five practical suggestions and one super-colossal-surefire way to save the movies . . . "find a way to do what the radio stations do . . . the movie equivalent of sustaining programs . . ."

UNDER the gruesome title, *Boy Meets Facts*, *Time* published some months ago a report of a report: a special Gallup on the people who make the movies, not in Hollywood with the blood and anguish of great artists, but the real rulers of Hollywood who in every hick town of the United States finance the movies by paying for them at the box office. Who are these people, how many of them, what do they like, why do they go at all, what do they dislike, how old are they and in what condition is their bridge or bridgework? Mighty important questions not only to Metro and Goldwyn and Mayer, but to you and me; because we have a stake in Hollywood, too; we want the kind of pictures we like; and we'd rather Hollywood didn't begin sliding downhill.

The entire report is hard going; and by this time one of the most important developments in all movie-history should have taken place. Either the movies will face the disagreeable facts and reorient themselves to overcome a tactically lousy situation; or they will have failed to face the facts, in which case you may say that the dash and enterprise of Hollywood is dead—but ought not to kill the movies, too. If within the next month or so you begin to see, or at worst to hear of, new things in the pictures, you may have hope; if not, the threat which was over Hollywood in 1928 has come back—and maybe this time there won't be any new device, like the talking picture, to save the Bourbons.

I have never believed that the movies would, in the dramatic phrase, "disappear." When the silents committed suicide, something essential was saved, and the movie was transformed. But others were not always so sure. In a preface to a little book which I wrote, Charlie Chaplin said, "The word 'future' . . . is somewhat stupefying to contemplate these days, and especially the future of motion pictures, built as they are upon the shifting sands of popular entertainment." And he proceeded to note the havoc caused by a storm of mechanical science, when movies and the radio smashed at the living theatre. He even mentioned television as a possible threat to the movies, although this was in 1937 before either of us were deeply interested in it.

It ought to be pretty clear now that the movies are not going to be suddenly washed upon the shore of oblivion by a mechanical tidal wave. I think it is pretty clear that they are a form of communication and, human beings being human, communication will persist. The thing that may be swept aside is the particular phase of motion picture entertainment which has been developed in Hollywood. I am just perverse enough to wish that Hollywood will not be destroyed. Like God looking over Gomorrah, I want Hollywood to be let alone if ten good men can be found in it—ten good men, each one the absolute head of a major production studio.

2 PANTS
SUIT
SALE
PRICES
SLASHED!

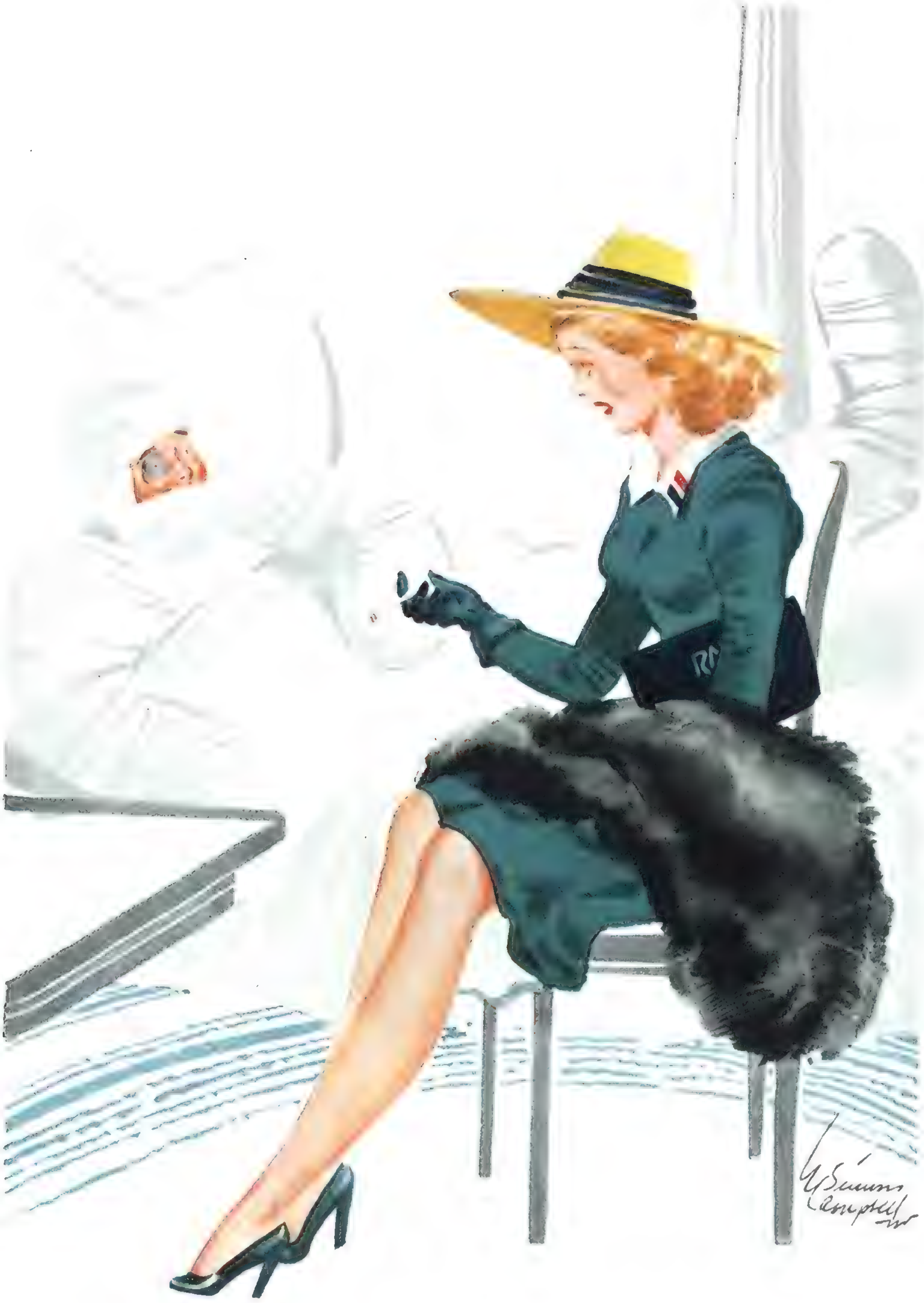
"Do you have a suit with three pairs of pants?"

These ten men will know the meaning of Dr. Gallup's reports; they will also know that the movies not only kidded the people of the United States; they kidded themselves. The movie-makers wove impassioned lies into the daily fabric of their lives and presently believed them; they made no effort to discover the facts by which they hoped to prosper.

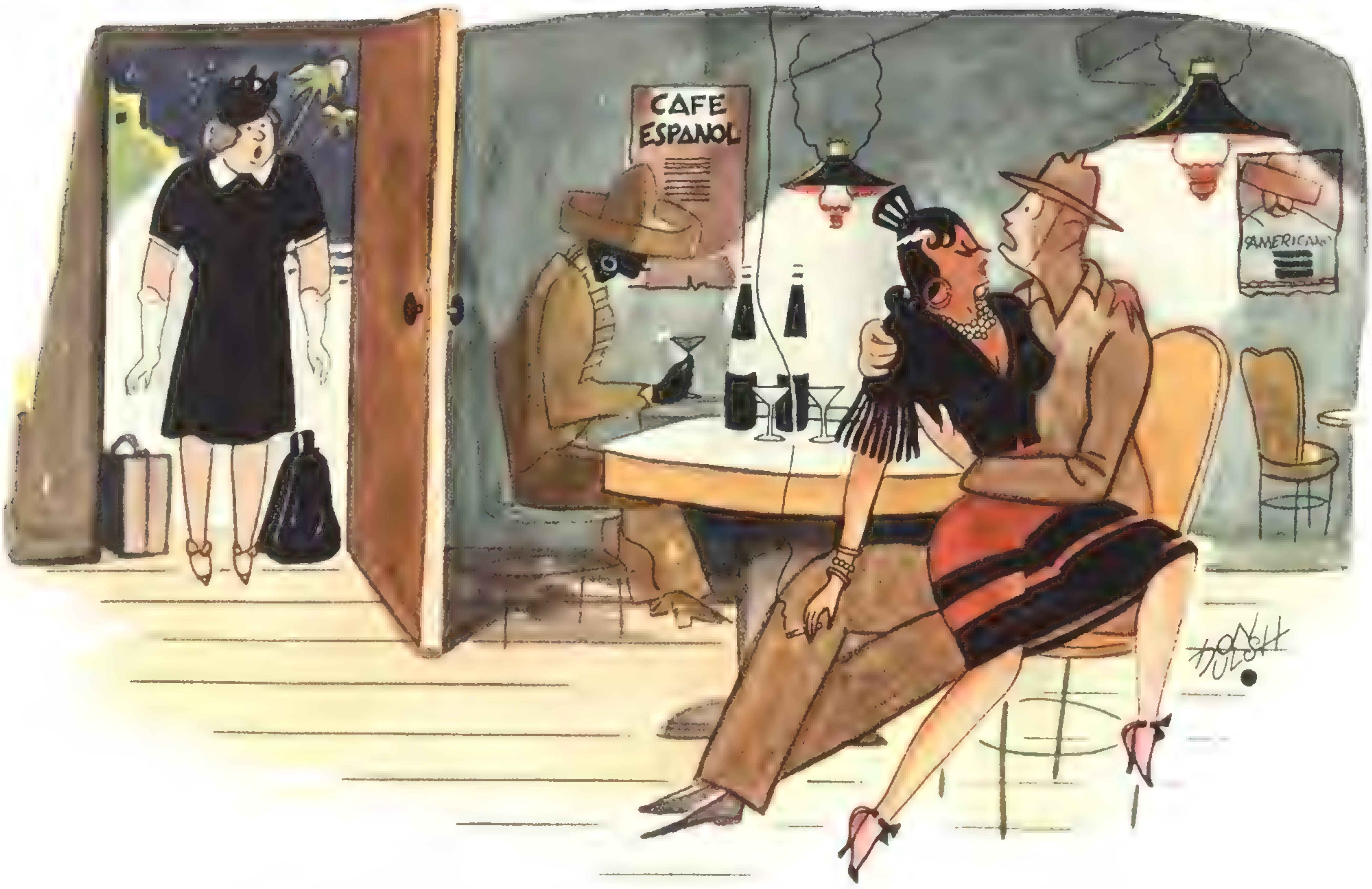
For instance, whenever a new idea was presented to a studio head, he would say, "It won't do, because there's no appeal in it for women, and women make up 75 per cent of our audience." A statement like that involved two separate things: a judgment about women—that certain things did not appeal to them—and a fact about movie audiences. Well the fact was miles out, it was so glaringly a lie that the repetition of it could only have come because it was easy, it saved trouble. The Gallup score shows that women are just barely over half of the audience—51 per cent. Quite possibly women instigate going to the movies more than men do and are therefore responsible for the presence of men as well. But the fact is something the producers in Hollywood and their backers in New York should have known. Incidentally the ballyhoo always said that there was a billion dollar gross at the box office every year—that's false in the same proportion; and the total of weekly attendance was also exaggerated: some 55 million, not 80, go—and pay 700 million dollars—which is still a lot. But the movies have taken a lacing in their business methods lately; and the exhibitors have been uttering lamentations in the streets; and Gallup says people stay home and listen to great comedians on the air (but women still don't like them as much as men do); so dark days are ahead for the waif of the arts.

A few other reports: you are most likely to be a confirmed moviegoer at the age of 19; after 30 you won't go nearly as often as before; nor do you earn more than 1,500 dollars a year if you're a typical frequenter of the pictures. And *don't* say that you don't like double features, because you do! You like double features and stars and, man or woman, Spencer Tracy best of all; and man or boy, you won't mind the passing of horse opera

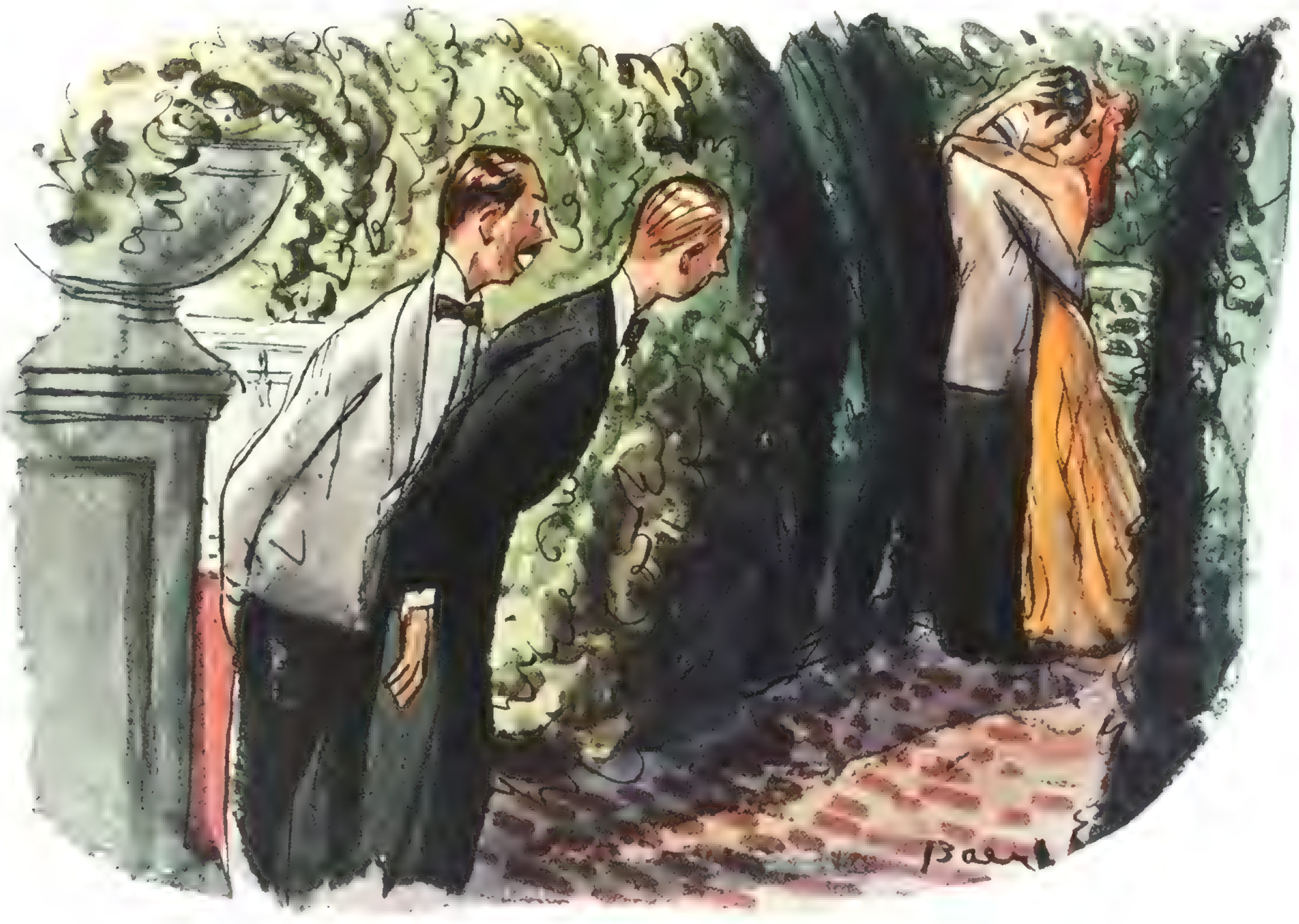
Continued in center of page 166


E. Simms Campbell

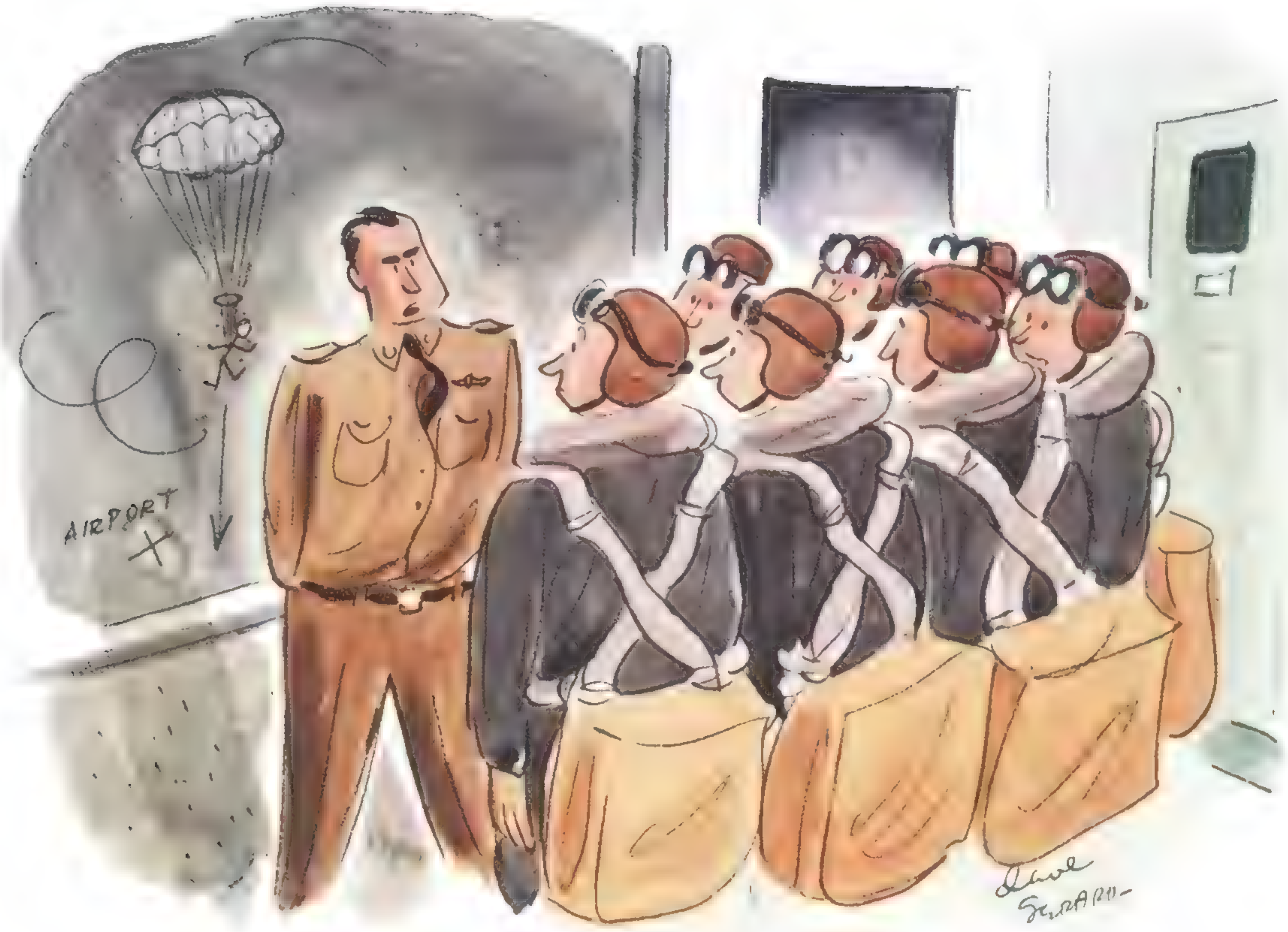
"Well, darling—I warned you not to go to that costume ball as Hitler"


CAFE
ESPANOL
AMERICAN

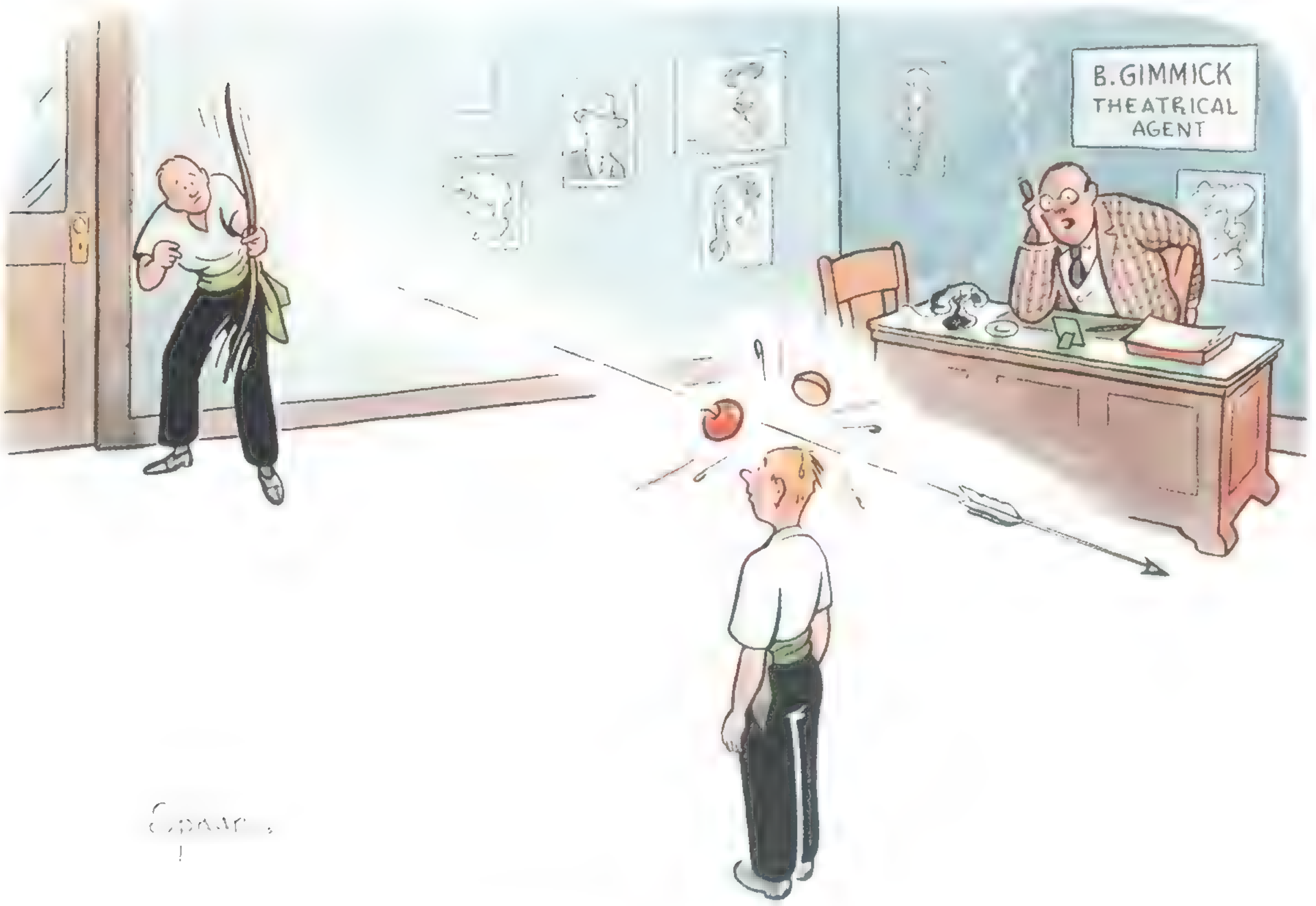
"You beast! . . . I'll report you for un-American activities!"



"Her sister's the other type—she slaps you"



"Now, whereas you will find you have no feeling of falling, I wouldn't advise you permitting yourself to be misled"


B. GIMMICK
THEATRICAL
AGENT

"It's all right—but it ain't original!"

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

Champion Gunther Von Marienlust

OWNED BY MRS. GEORGE J. GILLIES

Dachshund—three-coated badger dog. Bred for badger back in the fifteenth century, the Dachshund's life has been a series of compromises. Originally he was a good-sized dog, and although his official hunting duties only called for the pursuit of "gone to earth" prey, he couldn't resist, because of his love of sport, taking pot shots at stag or even wild boar. His extraordinary talent for hunting, a combine of the hound's gifted nose and terrier's tenacity, inspired breeders to produce a more practical coat. A cross with the spaniel created a long coat to eliminate the hazards of icy water. Marriage with the terrier family resulted in a bramble-proof coat. All of which brought about official recognition of three types of Dachshunde—the smooth, the wire and the long-haired. Ironically, once his sporting equipment was perfected, his size was reduced and the true reason for his existence almost forgotten, particularly in the United States. Fortunately the Dachsie's loyal admirers saved the situation with the organization of field trials in this country. And the little hound is grateful for a chance to prove he is more at home down a rabbit hole than by a radiator, ruining his nose.—CHASE HERENDEEN

The Mighty Hjalmarson

He could not read the master's orders but he felt sure he would get a great reward for killing such a large bear

by ARTHUR TOFTE

• FICTION •

THERE was deep bitterness in the heart of Hjalmar Hjalmarson, eating into it like a burning sun into April snow. He, the biggest and strongest and bravest man in all Gudbrand, was afraid to ask Inga Torkel to be his wife. It was so little he had to offer, so little that the words refused to come . . . words that tumbled out when he was alone, but froze into a cascade of ice when he was with her.

All last night, and the night before, instead of getting his sleep, he had sat with Inga, wanting her with all his huge hunger, but not daring to speak up his desire. If only he could beat her with his hands as he had beat all the strong men of the district. But no, Inga Torkel was small and slender and very fair. He must win her another way. Only Hjalmar knew no other way.

If only he had an acre or two of his own, or even a cow. Then he could offer her these. But his dull, slow, plodding habits had brought him nothing with which to tempt a maiden such as Inga.

The thought rankled in his mind as he went down the field of rye, cutting such wide swathes with his scythe as no other man in all Gudbrand could cut. Hjalmar Hjalmarson was a giant of a man, not tall, but with the broad, humped shoulders of an ox. Thick, yellow hair he had, and heavy, white eyebrows that gave his face a queerly aged look though he was still in his thirties. From cheekbone to cheekbone his was the face of a stone cliff and not that of a man at all; it was hard and cleft with the scars of battle on each side. But the mouth was full and broad and kindly with the gentle unloveliness of a big man.

Coming to the edge of the field near the dark forest, Hjalmar sank down to rest for a moment on a slab of upjutting rock. Still thinking of the troubles that beset him, he began idly to pick out bits of moss from the crevices in the stone, using his thick, clumsy fingers. A cloud-shadow ran across the field of uncut rye and he wondered at its speed . . . wondered in that unthinking, ox-like way that had been his all his life.

He looked off toward the Master's great house on the hill some miles away. Purple sorrel covered the hillside and made a soft, dark background to the Master's white house. Ah, if only he had the chance to use his great strength and serve the Master there instead of laboring in the fields! Then he would have the courage to ask Inga to be his wife. Slowly his bitter thoughts burned deep within him.

A twig broke behind him. Thinking perhaps it was a squirrel, he leaned over for a clod of dirt to toss at the little animal.

Then, turning around to make the throw Hjalmar Hjalmarson for the first time in his life knew what it was to feel physical fear. For, not more than three arms' length away stood swaying awkwardly on its hind legs the largest bear he had ever seen. An arrow stuck out grotesquely from the beast's shoulder and its eyes were bloody and full of pain.

Hjalmar had once fought a bear, a tame one, at a spring fair. But this, he knew, would be different.

Hardly breathing, he stooped slowly for the long, sharp scythe at his feet. But before he could stand erect again, the bear moved toward him with unbelievable swiftness. Bringing the handle of the scythe up before him, he warded off the first rush of the bear. Then stepping aside quickly as the animal went by, he brought the scythe into action and with a half dozen mighty strokes cut the huge beast down in its tracks.

Watching the death throes of the bear, Hjalmar hardly noticed the troop of hunters that came riding up behind him.

"You have killed the bear . . . the bear we were hunting!" the voice was imperious and harsh.

Hjalmar looked up at the face of the Master and sank to his knees before the other, as befitting a common man.

For a moment the Master stared down at the bowed head before him and then at the bloody body of the bear which lay hacked to pieces on the ground. His lips curled back in a cruel smile as he reached into his wallet for a card on which he wrote a few words and handed down to Hjalmarson.

"Take this to the keeper of the armor at my House on the hill, and he will give you your reward," the Master thundered. Then he and his troop rode away.

For several minutes Hjalmar stood looking after the departing horsemen. Then he looked down at the pasteboard held awkwardly between his thick fingers. On the one side was the gold embossed seal of the Master's family, for the Master was cousin to the King. And on the other side were the words of the Master, scrawled for all the world to read who could. But Hjalmar Hjalmarson could read not a word.

Slowly through his slow-witted mind realization came to him—realization so strange and so fantastic that he hardly dared to give it thought. He, Hjalmar Hjalmarson, had been spoken to by the Master. He had done a service for him, and here he stood with a card in his hand which he was to take to the keeper of the armor at the great House on the hill! He, Hjalmar Hjalmarson, had finally used his great strength and was now to be rewarded!

The pale eyebrows tensed together on his forehead as the thought fully seized him. His nose, as broad as two fingers of an ordinary man, twitched like the nostrils of a plodding work horse which senses the end of

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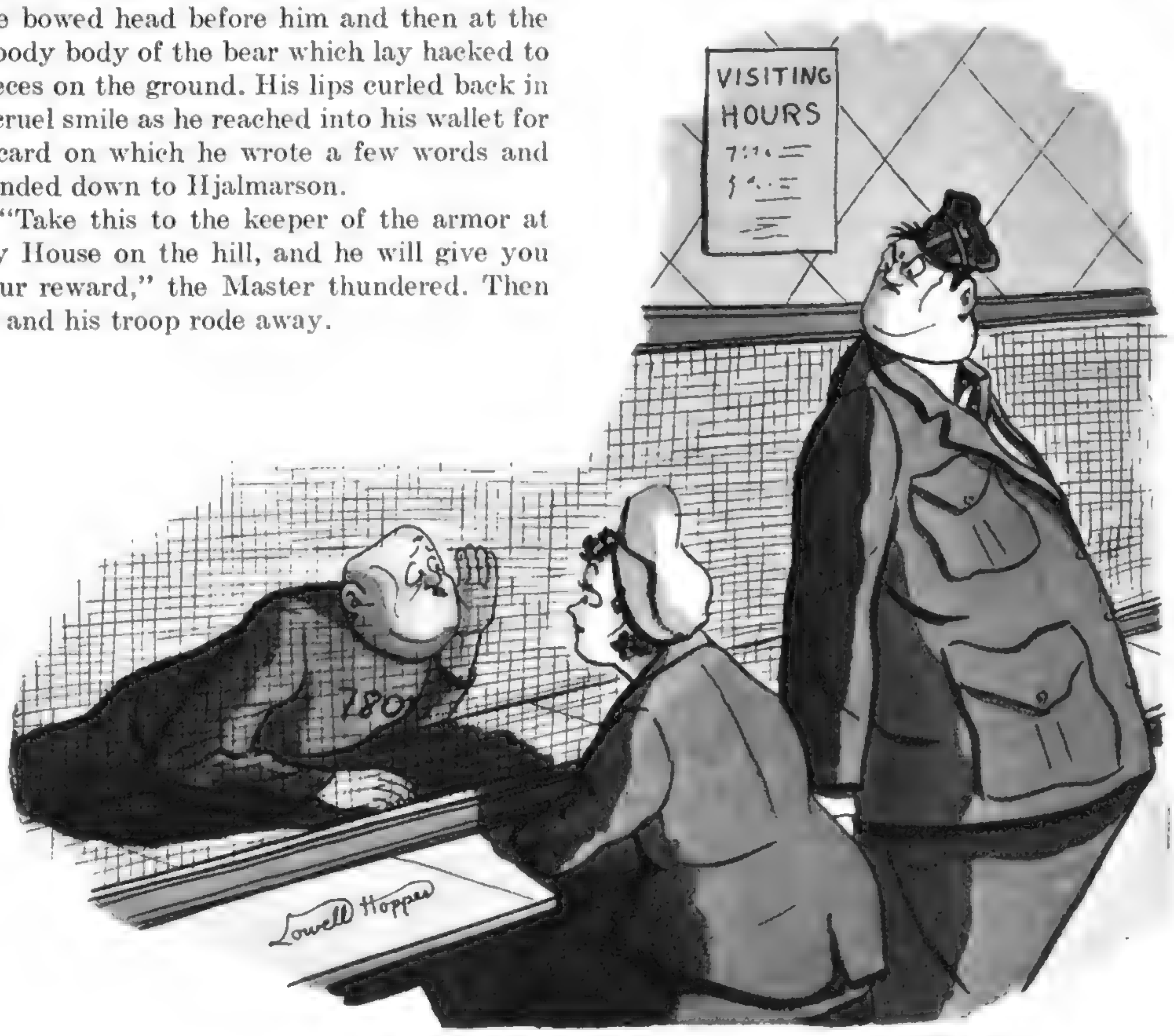
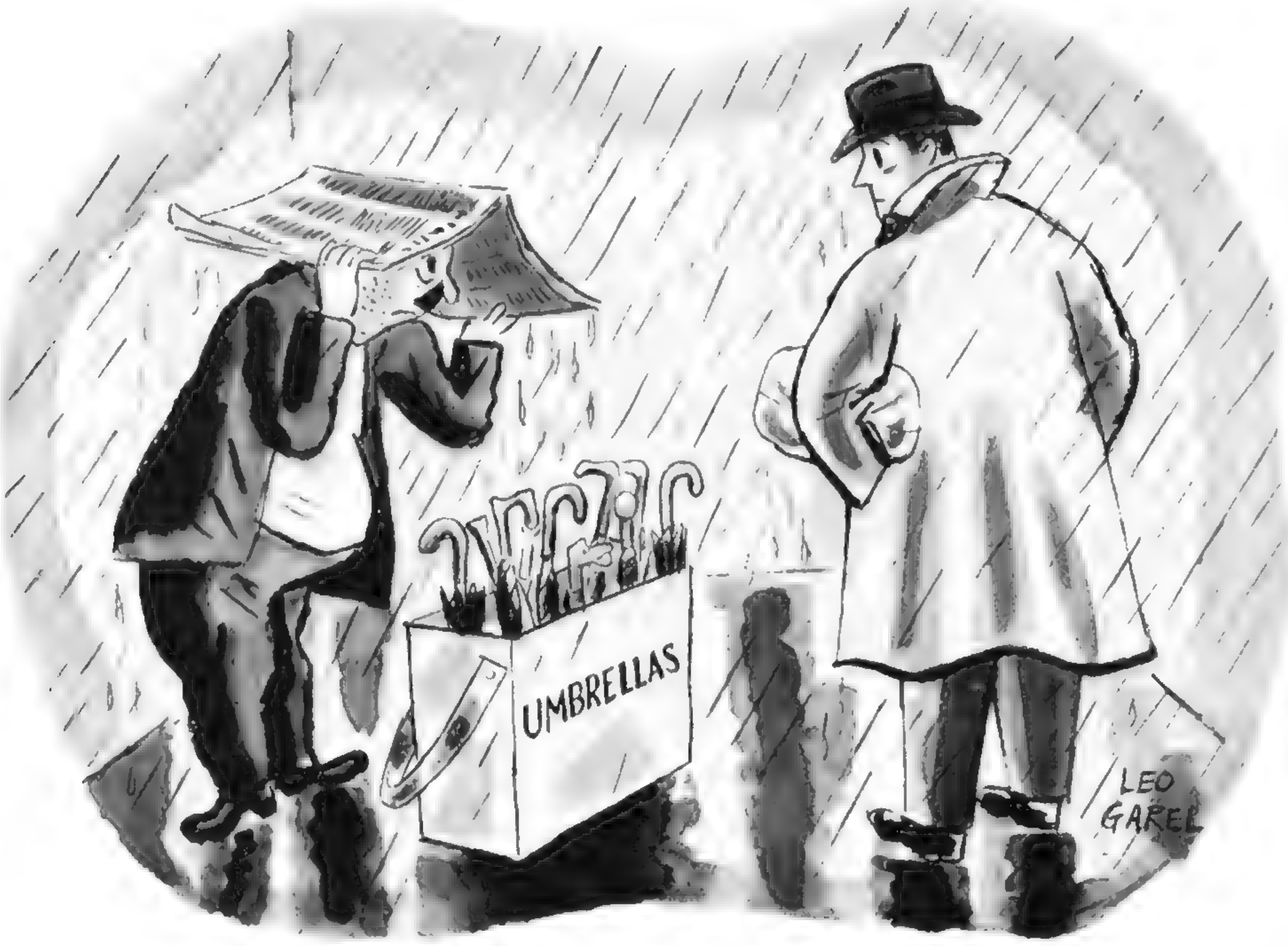
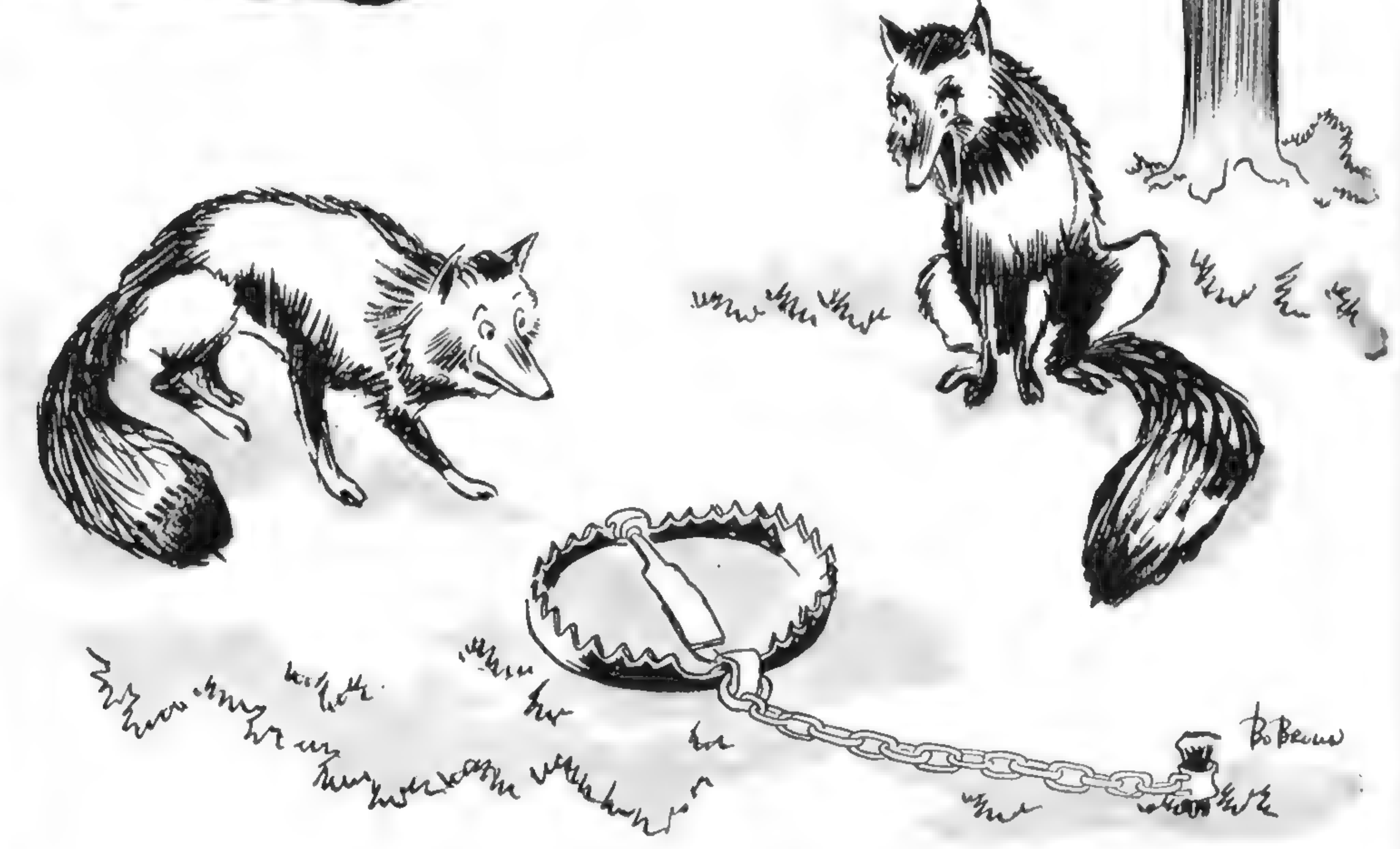
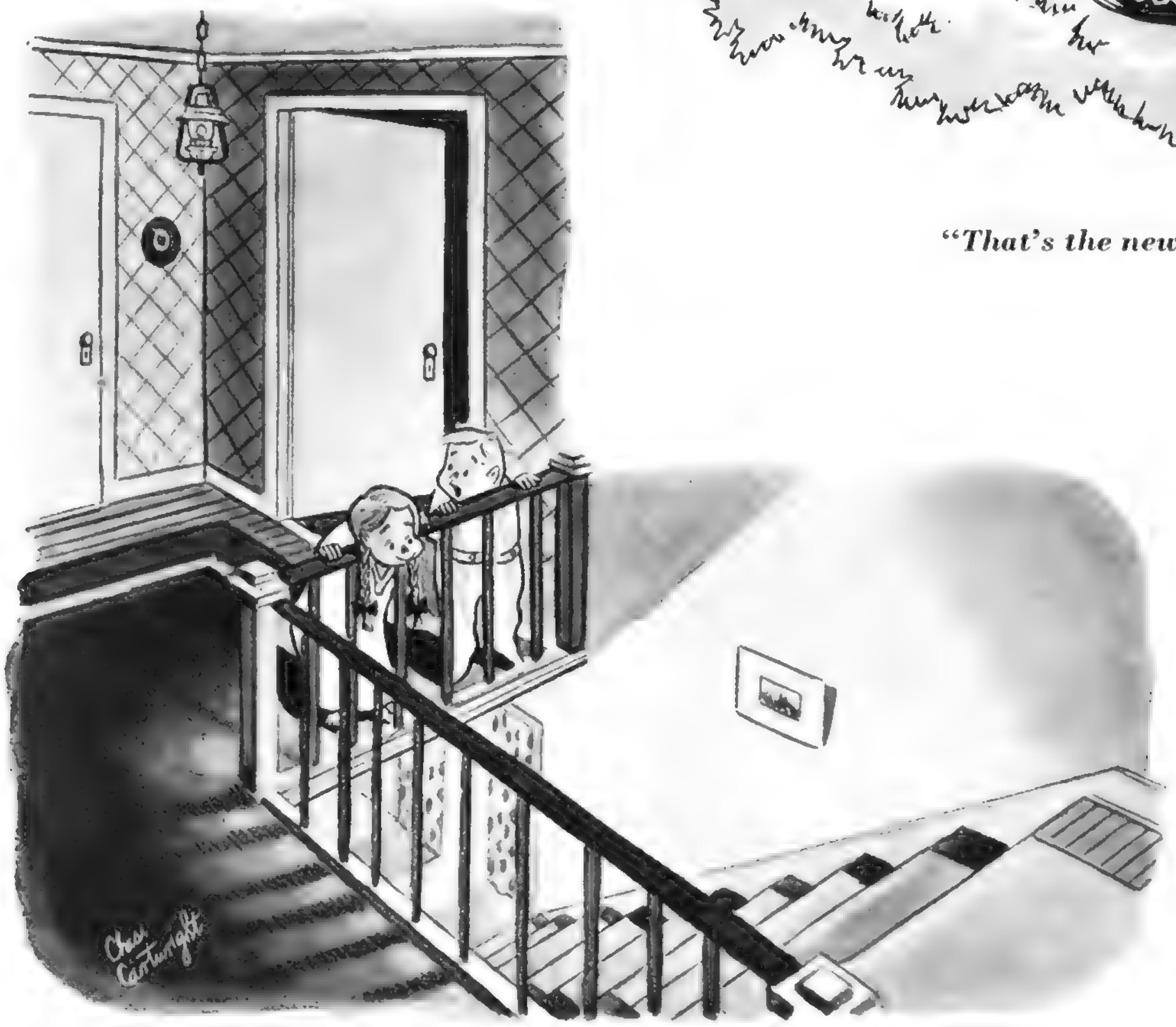


"Did you b-r-i-n-g the s-a-w?"


UMBRELLAS
LEO GAREL



"That's the new Sears Roebuck job!"


Chas Cartwright

"We must have company—I just heard Mom call Pop 'darling'!"

What a Piece of Work Is Mann

Explaining the great reluctance of other coaches to enter their teams against Michigan swimmers

by H. W. FORDYCE

• SPORTS •

It is always hard to point to one particular moment in a man's life and say, "This is the pinnacle of his career." It is harder when his life already has as many pinnacles as a Dow-Jones chart. But undoubtedly the sincerest tribute to Matt Mann's abilities came at the annual coaches' meeting of the Western Conference in Chicago last December. During the meeting it is etiquette to postpone any feuds with your colleagues that may have been sputtering in the newspapers. Hatchets are buried temporarily, at least so they don't show. Everybody is polite and serene and everybody works like the devil adopting or rejecting new rules and making out the year's schedules. Matt Mann had come to Chicago chiefly to arrange a program of meets for the Michigan swimming team. There is a rule in the Big Ten stipulating that every team must compete against as many of the other nine as it can. Matt expected to book seven or eight meets as he usually has.

He returned to Ann Arbor with just three. The other teams were busy. They were, unfortunately, booked up. No suitable dates could be found. Matt opened negotiations with Yale, the best team in the East. By an odd coincidence, Yale declined also—it was inconvenient. It looked exactly as if these other teams did not want to swim against Michigan.

What may be the reason for this bashfulness is painted white in letters six inches high on a blackboard. The blackboard hangs against the wall at the far end of the swimming pool in Yost Field House at Ann Arbor. The inscription says that Michigan won the National AAU championships in 1940; Michigan won the National Collegiate championships in 1940; Michigan won the Big Ten championships in 1940. There aren't any more championships to win. Last year Matt's team took them all, and, since Michigan is barred by its location in the Middle West from taking part in the Eastern Intercollegiates, she took on Yale, the perennial winner, and won: Michigan 46, Yale 29. (1939 score: Michigan 53, Yale 22; 1938 score: Michigan 41, Yale 34.) She also trimmed the New York Athletic Club for good measure.

If this keeps up, swimming at Michigan will have to become an intra-mural sport. Michigan is in the same predicament as the New York Celtics basketball team a few years ago—they are too good. They are running out of competition. No one wants to meet them and take a licking. Since Matt is wholly responsible for this marine superiority, the reluctance of his fellow coaches is the highest praise anyone can give him.

Before Matt came to Ann Arbor as coach, all the swimming team needed was a fancy handshake to become a secret society. The only spectators at meets were the parents of the relay team and the man who was going to count the towels. Swimming practice was held in the local YMCA pool, then a dreadful little tarn with a low ceiling, so low that the divers bumped their heads on it and went to drill elsewhere by launching themselves into a packing case full of sawdust. As a sport swimming ranked equally with chess and the student body took more interest in the Cercle Francaise.

In 1924 Matt came, alert, jovial, and desperately energetic. The record book will tell you what happened—eleven Conference and eleven National Collegiate championships in sixteen years—and now if you want to see the greatest swimming team in history perform, you have to get to the Field House pool at 6:30 PM because there are two thousand other people who want to see them as well. (Matt thinks that this year's squad will be a shade better than last year's because Jim Skinner who won the National AAU breast stroke as a freshman is now eligible.)

When you ask him what he has got that other coaches haven't got, Matt says, "I don't know. I honestly don't." This is very likely true. Matt is not introspective and it is doubtful if he has ever sat still long enough to figure it out.

It is certain that he has no secrets. His swimmers are not privately rubbed with rattlesnake oil nor do they pump themselves up from an oxygen tank as the Japanese did in the Los Angeles Olympics. He does not use a trolley with a belt and he does not imitate one of his ingenious colleagues—call him McGinty—who descends to the bottom of the tank in a diver's helmet and peers upward through the water looking for flaws in the swimmers who pass over his head. Matt's methods are almost incredibly simple. He has even written a book about them. Boiled down, the book says, "Work hard. Keep relaxed." During his sixteen seasons, Matt has run thousands of miles up and down the side of the pool, tense and frantically shouting at some boy he is timing: "Relax! Take it easy! Relax!" The swimmers, smothered in their own foam, can't hear him but they know he is there and they relax.

Watching Matt coach it all seems easy but this ease is based on knowledge that is the fruit of a lifetime spent closer to water than a sailor's. Men still live, Irishmen, who are sure in their hearts that John L. could have licked Dempsey. Glen Cunningham at his best could have spotted Joie Ray only a few seconds, and at Troon and St. Andrews there are unbombed gaffers with blue and bony knees that will tell you John Ball is the greatest golfer that ever swung. But a good high school swimmer today could have beat the world's champion hands down, far and away, when Matt was young. When Matt learned to swim around 1890, he learned the

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"Oh, Gerald, you're impossible"

The Pedigreed Cockroach

Laredo was consumed with remorse for he had betrayed the trust of the beautiful, confiding señorita

by PAUL T. GILBERT

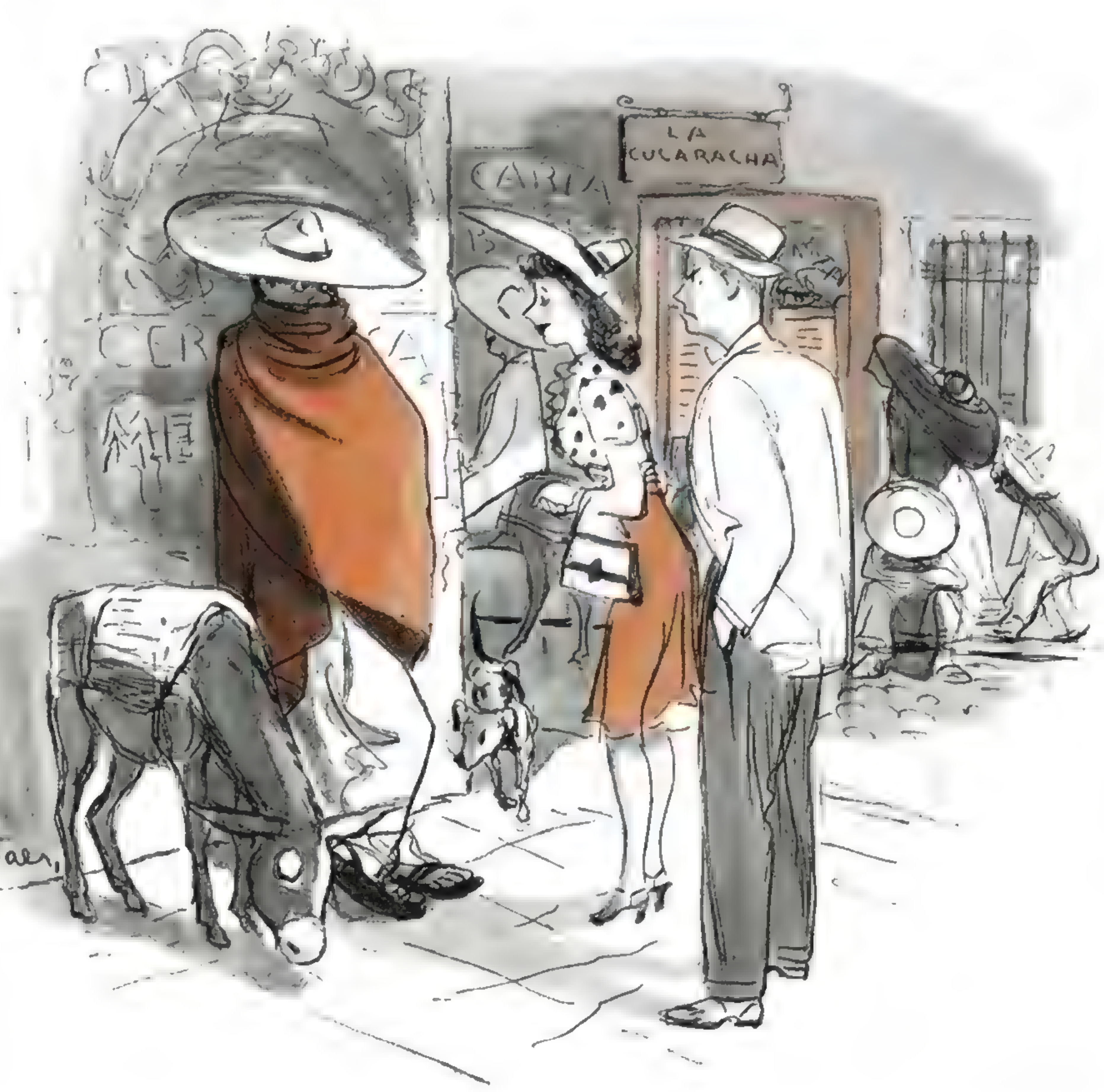
• SATIRE •

Odd are the sights one sees in Mexico City, and odd are the people one meets.

American tourists rub shoulders with rag pickers, picadors, and pickpockets.

Cargadores, their headbands creaking, trot along with roll-top desks or bookcases on their backs. Barefooted Indians trudge in from the mountains with clusters of brown earthenware jugs on their backs. Indian babies dangle from rebozos on their mothers' backs. Boys on bicycles ride by balancing big trays of bolillos on their heads. Beggars stretch out grimy hands for alms.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the lone man, muffled to his eyes in a sarape, apparently lounging on the outside of the Cucaracha cocktail lounge, should have attracted only casual glances from the passers-by.



Indifferent alike to the marimba players on the sidewalk and the passing throng, his tiny mouse-colored burro standing dejectedly beside him, his gaze was concentrated on the Cucaracha's swinging doors. A smile half humorous, half sardonic played about his lips. Now and then he would shake his head disparagingly.

"But he's not a Mexican, Bill," Prudence Parker was saying. "He's an American. He's our compatriot. We ought to speak to him. Maybe he's in trouble and needs help. He looks like a soldier of fortune. And he may have a story to tell."

"He probably has," conceded Bill. "A hard luck story." He was thinking of the one he had heard from a veteran of the same regiment in the Alameda the day before. It was a story which had made him sorry to the extent of ten pesos.

"Pardon me," spoke up the mysterious stranger, whose ears, it seemed, were attuned to the more subtile nuances of the human voice. "But I could not help overhearing what you said . . . and so you're from the States! I, too, as you have surmised, am an American. Laredo Jones—at your service. Born in Laredo, Texas, just across the border." And his sombrero made a sweeping arc.

"Pleased to meet you," said Prudence. "I'm Prudence Parker. This is my husband, Bill. We're down here on our honeymoon."

"You don't tell me!" rejoiced Laredo. "Honeymooners! Life must indeed look like a rainbow to you now. I envy you with all my heart. Accept my congratulations."

Prudence was nudging her husband. "Oughtn't we to invite him in and offer him a drink?" she whispered. "See how wistfully he gazes at the swinging doors."

Bill, who didn't think anything of the sort was indicated, was about to resume his stroll. But Laredo, seeing an opportunity slipping by, put an end to the impasse.

"It is very kind of you," he said, "to suggest something in the way of liquid refreshments. In fact, I was on the point of making the suggestion myself. But . . ." He coughed apologetically as if to say, "You can see how it is yourselves."

"Nothing would please me more," he went on, "than to drink—heartily—to your health and continued happiness. Unfortunately my costume,"—here his voice became husky—"a disguise to throw my enemies off the track, precludes my accompanying you into the Cucaracha."

His eyes slanted downward over his soiled cotton blouse and trousers, to rest on the disreputable native sandals into which his feet were thrust.

Bill gave a premature sigh of relief.

"As a matter of record," Laredo continued, "I'm a bit fed up on cucarachas. I could wish that I had never seen or heard of such insects, though the cockroach, I believe, is not without honor in Mexico."

"Oh, yes!" cried Prudence. "There's a song about him—how he hasn't any cigarettes. Isn't that it, Bill? We heard the band playing it in Chapultepec Park Sunday, and it even made the horses of the charros dance about."

"Exactly," said Laredo. "But to get back to our original and more interesting subject, there is, not far from here, a little hole-in-the-wall, where Tío Ernesto shakes up a mean cocktail . . . Oh, *no; not a pulquería*," for he had observed signs of weakening on Bill's part. "I'm off that stuff for life, and you will understand why later. Nor would Tío Ernesto, I am sure, object to my little companion—my mulita—who has shared so uncomplainingly my many hardships and vicissitudes."

"Oh, I knew you'd have a story for us," bubbled Prudence. "Of course we'll go with you to your Uncle Ernesto's. I hope, though, your story won't be quite so sad as the one we heard yesterday."

"I hope so, too," growled Bill.

"About the young steamfitter who had a job awaiting him in San Antonio, and needed only ten pesos for bus fare, and whose wife and baby had slept in the bandstand?"

"Yes," said Prudence. "How did you know? Is he a friend of yours?"

"I used to know him," said Laredo, "when he had a different story to tell . . . But vámonos! Let's go."

Giving the burro a slap to wake him up, the strange little procession, Laredo leading the way, proceeded to Tío Ernesto's. There the party was shown into a booth, and the mulita tethered to a table leg. Daquiris were ordered, shaken up, and duly served.

"Salud y pesetas!" said Laredo. "To your health and prosperity!" And he raised his glass.

"To yours, Señor," responded Prudence, smiling over hers, while Bill fumbled a "How!"

Laredo's tale proved to be very much on

the sad side. He had arrived in Mexico City only that morning, dusty and travel-stained after a journey of two hundred miles. He had come from the little town of Tapanzingo in the state of Michoacán. He had ridden most of the way on his faithful burro, the trail leading through wild mountain passes, along the edges of precipitous barrancas.

The poor fellow was in a terrible predicament, and was consumed by remorse. Inadvertently he had betrayed a trust—a trust imposed upon him by a señorita as adorable as she was confiding. Any hope he might have had of leading her to the altar as his bride was shattered. And now, as a consummate crown of thorns, he could do naught but abandon her to a knave of a fortune hunter bent on marrying her for her money. Yes, the señorita was an heiress.

Only a miracle could save the day. If he could only hold the winning ticket in tomorrow's 500,000 peso national lottery drawing!

It was at this point in his story that a ten peso Bank of Mexico note was slipped unobtrusively under the table. "But you know, Bill," said Prudence afterwards, "a peso after all is only about twenty cents in our money."

Laredo's visit to the little town of Tapanzingo had come about by accident. He had set out originally for Cuautla on a political mission involving the dispersement of a large amount of money. Motoring through the Cañon of the Wolves, however, in the heart of the bandit country, he had been waylaid by robbers, who relieved him of all save the clothes he had on. A detour to avoid further unpleasantness had led him eventually to Tapanzingo.

Politicians have a reputation for ingratitude, nor are Mexican politicians an exception to the rule. Laredo's sponsors not only repudiated his story, but went so far as to suggest that if he hadn't actually invented the bandits, he had been in conspiracy with them to divide the loot.

"So there I was," he lamented, "reduced to the necessity of extracting 'honey water' from the heart of the maguey plant, sucking through a tube the juice which in its fermented form is known as pulque."

"No wonder you're off pulque for life!" exclaimed Prudence. "How anyone can drink the nasty stuff and like it, I can't think . . . But you were fed up on cucarachas too."

"I'm coming to them in a moment," said Laredo.

Nestling among the maguey fields of the valley, Tapanzingo radiates from a plaza shaded by Indian laurels and glorified by an iron lace bandstand, a tile fountain, and the statue of a revolutionary hero.

The plaza is bounded on the north by the portales, an arcade in which the better shops and the souvenir kiosks are located. On the opposite side is the old Dominican convent, so old that jacaranda trees and the wild rose have taken root in the crevices of its walls and flying buttresses.

On the east side sprawls the native market, its white cotton shelters tilted against the sun. There, also, are the seven pulquerías.

It is on the west side, however, between the cinema palace and the Mexicali Café, that one may see the powder blue façade of the Pista de las Cucarachas—Tapanzingo's famous cockroach hippodrome.

Cockroach racing is the traditional sport of the Tapanzinguenses.

Here, during the season, flock the youth and chivalry of Tapanzingo to cheer on to victory the nimble insects and to back financially their judgment of the bugs's respective speeds.

The track of hard-packed clay is divided into lanes by narrow troughs of water, it being a well-known scientific fact that cockroaches are allergic to water.

Incentive for running is furnished by a battery of electric torches, the beams of which follow the insects around the course.

The season reaches its climax with the running of the grand sweepstakes for which a purse of 100,000 pesos is hung up.

Another local institution, equally popular, is the serenata. On moonlight nights, as the band plays dreamy Mexican waltzes, señoritas in black mantillas stroll around the plaza while the caballeros look them over.

Tapanzingo, as you doubtless know, is noted throughout Mexico for the beauty of its señoritas. In no other city or town in all the land are to be found eyes so lustrous, lashes so long and silky, and cheeks so creamy, soft, and kissable as in Tapanzingo.

One cannot just go up and accost the señoritas as if they were nursemaids, and say casually, "How about it, Dolores? Let's step out."

No, nothing like that. The amenities must always be observed.

But—if one has a drop of red blood in his veins, he may offer a carnation to a señorita. If she accepts it and wears it in her hair, the gay cavalier may then sling a guitar over his shoulder and make bold to play the bear under a grilled and embrasured window.

Laredo, arriving in Tapanzingo with only a few pesos in his pocket, had put them to good use at the cockroach track. Again in funds, and in good society, he had taken his place in the stag line at the serenata.

The object of his choice was the lovely Guadalupe, niece and ward of the alcalde, and incidentally an heiress.

She had responded favorably. With them it had been a case of love at first sight. And as their romance unfolded, she confided in Laredo that she wished to invest in some safe venture, but one that promised quick returns, 11,000 pesos saved a little at a time from her allowance.

Lupita's fortune of 1,000,000 pesos was tied up in a trust fund of which her guardian was administrator, and her quarterly allowance barely sufficed to keep her in perfumery.

Financial independence was especially desirable, she explained, in order that she might rid herself of the attentions of a certain Señor Gómez whom her uncle had selected as her fiancé. With 50,000 or 100,000 pesos on which to operate, she could be the mistress of her own heart and hand.

Laredo, ever the champion of beauty in distress, gave her problem his best thought.

"What could be a better investment, my chiquita," he suggested, "than to purchase a good cockroach a cucaracha?"

"A cucaracha? But surely one may find too many cucarachas scampering about the kitchen at night. Is it that a cockroach must be purchased?"

"One does not have in mind," Laredo explained, "the common or kitchen sink cucarachas. Rather the fancy kind—the thoroughbred. A pedigreed cockroach, one that will romp home grandly with the sweepstakes."

And a cockroach answering this description—one Pancho Villa, bred in the Tierra Caliente—could be had at a bargain for 1,000 pesos.

"But 1,000 pesos! Is it not too much? Suppose he should not win? Suppose someone should tread on him?" Lupita was, as you can see, nobody's fool.

Laredo shrugged. "Fortuna de guerra—the fortunes of war," he said. But he still strongly advised the investment. And in the end Lupita consented.

In the tiny pillbox which served as his stable, Pancho Villa looked indeed the coming champion.

"How is that for a cockroach, Señorita?" said Laredo, holding Pancho up for the new owner's inspection. "Note especially how his legs wiggle as if run by clockwork."

"Oh, he will do very well, I suppose," said the Señorita, "though I must confess that one cucaracha looks to me very much like another. If you had not told me otherwise, it would not have given me two snails for

Continued in center of page 171

Ride of the Two Thieves

Rongus said it was dangerous to go to Jerusalem after what had happened but Barzor was bent on seeing the Passover

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

"Do you know," said Barzor, the older robber, to his youthful companion, "I really think this week is Passover."

"What difference one week or another?"

"Ah! Just a memory. It is something which I remember from long ago."

"Is it a good memory?" asked Rongus, the younger of the two.

"Good indeed. All feasts are good. What a question! Have you never celebrated Passover?"

"No."

"What a house you must have come from."

"True, my friend. It was not much of a home. The roof let in the sky and the rain and the wind came through the sides of the shed. In our part of the desert nothing grew. Outcasts were our companions and sometimes a passing caravan would drink up all the water from our well and throw us a crust. What had we to be thankful for?"

"With us it was different," said Barzor proudly. "We had a home and my father educated us and showed us the way of the good life. He was very strict with all his children and we were taught to read and write and recite our prayers. Ah yes, we were taught properly with a stick. And when we did not study, the old man beat the devil out of us and near broke every bone in our bodies. Yes, so great was his reverence for learning that our flesh was constantly black and blue."

"And in the end," said the youth Rongus, "it all turns out to be for nothing at all."

"Why nothing?" asked Barzor quickly.

"Because, here I come from a place so low that we never had Passover in our hearts and you come from a black and blue home of culture. And what difference is it? You are you and I am I, and together we are a roving team which has had no match. And all your beatings were for nothing."

"Why nothing?" he asked again.

"Well, don't you understand? What good is your reading and writing?"

"No good. In our life we have no need of these refinements."

"And your prayers? Do you ever repeat them?"

"What God should I pray to? In our life we have no devils and deities." Then, after a moment of reflection, he continued: "Still, I have a nice memory of the Passover of my youth."

"Well," admitted the younger of the robbers, "you came from a nice home. I had no such advantages and having no sweet memories, my baggage is light and I travel swiftly."

"Yet, I do think this week is Passover."

"How do you know?"

"Little signs tell me. First of all, it is springtime and the first corn is ready to reap. Then those travelers we met yesterday, they wore new clothes and were going to Jerusalem. Putting it all together, I could wager you anything that this week is Passover."

"Well, let it go at that. Passover is nothing in my life. How about doing a little business?"

Barzor, master robber of the desert, did not reply. His thoughts were far away.

"Yes, let's get going," urged the younger thief. "It is time to go East again. Remember some months ago the young prince and his servants? That was a good haul!"

"And that's another thing that hangs in my mind. We had silver and gold and camels and silken robes and some other stuff. And in the end when we sold it off it was that old jar of ointment which brought the fancy price. Now why should a jar of smelling oil be worth so much?"

"I don't know. You can read and write, you should know."

"I should. I pride myself on a sharp appraising eye and then I am fooled by a little jar of essence. You know, I almost threw the thing away. And you know why I didn't?"

"No."

"It was wrapped in a silk handkerchief. So I figured it out that it must have some value, otherwise they would not wrap it in silk."

"Wish we could get some more."

"You know," said Barzor, "I really think this week is Passover."

"Passover!" shouted the young man. "Very well, it is Passover! What difference is it?"

"Ah, only a memory."

"Not for me."

"A feast."

"Not one I ever had."

"Ah! If you did, then you would remember it."

"Listen," said Rongus, a little annoyed at so much talk about Passover, "last year at this time, where were we?"

"We were on the coast near the proud city of Tiberius where the younger Herod has his palace. The place where they beheaded the wilderness prophet, John the Baptist."

"Yes, we were there and did very well."

"We did."

"I should say so," said Rongus proudly. "And did you remember Passover then?"

"No."

"Then why do you keep mentioning it now?"

"I don't know. It hangs in my mind."

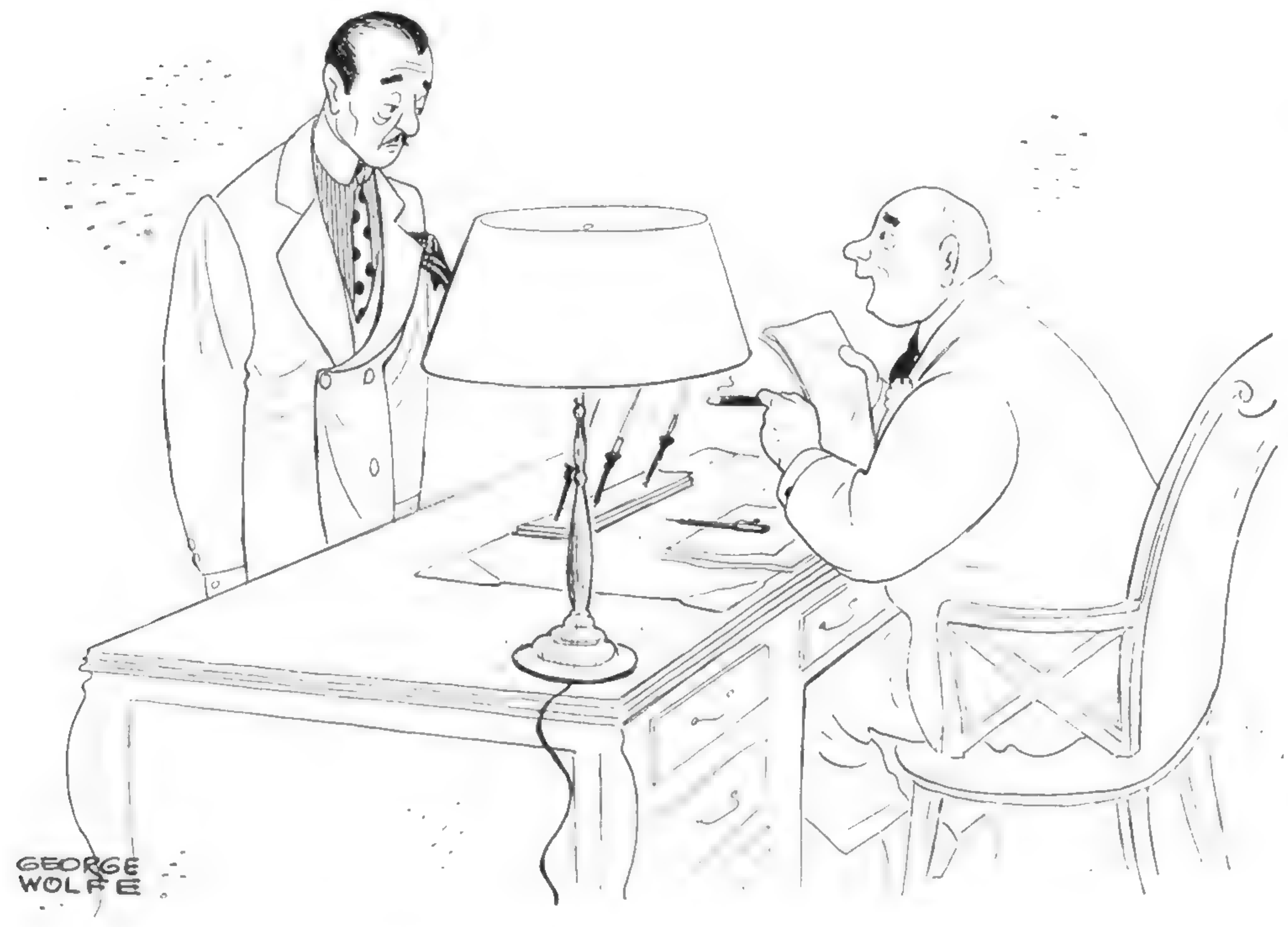
"And the year before when we were digging during the nights to open the Egyptian tomb, did you think of Passover? No. And the year before that, when we were fleeing for our lives, did you have memories of Passover? No! And now all of a sudden . . . The devil take it!"

"Very well, let the devil take it, still I say it is a nice thing and if I had my way . . ."

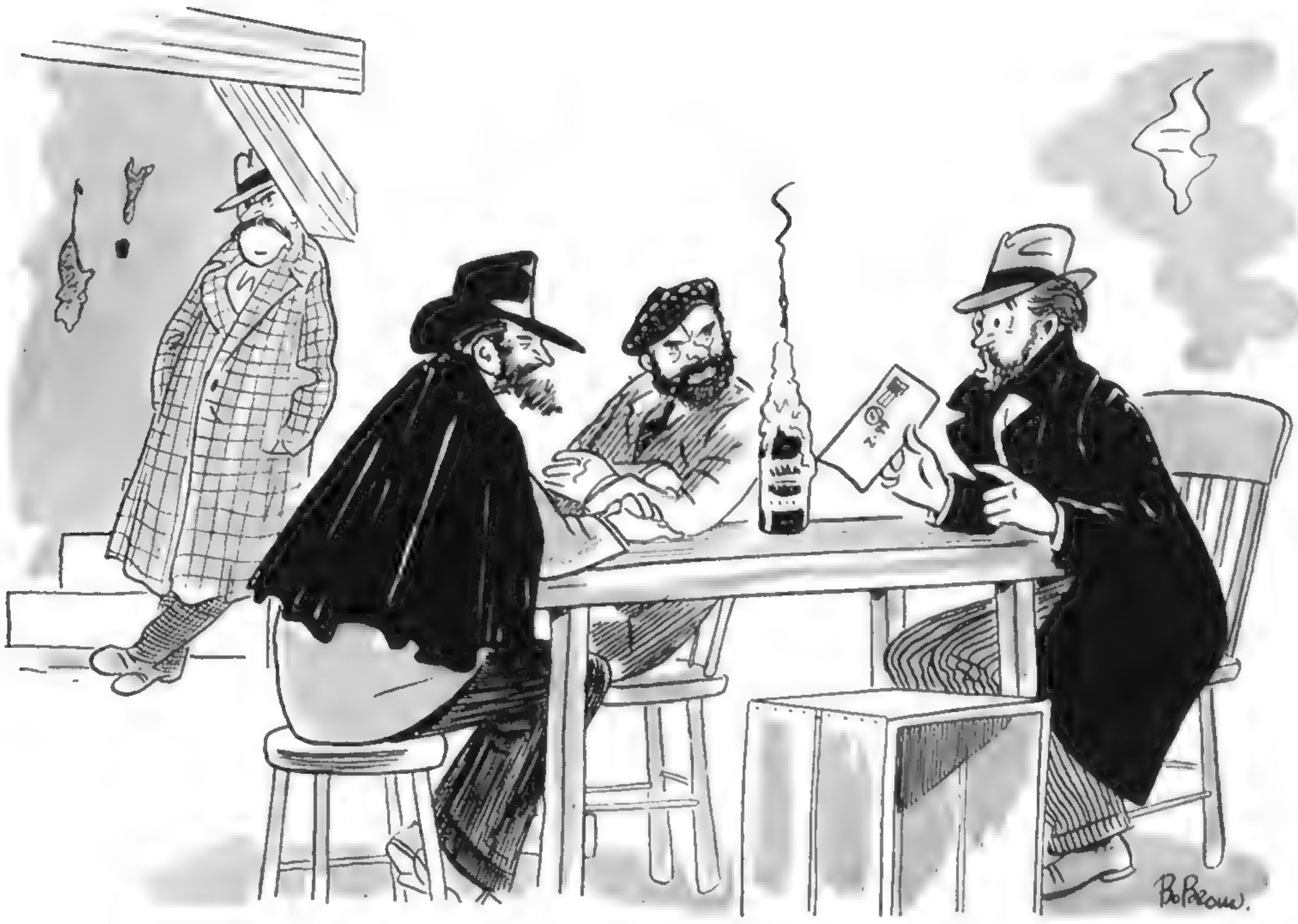
"What would you do?"

"I would be gone on my way to Jerusalem,

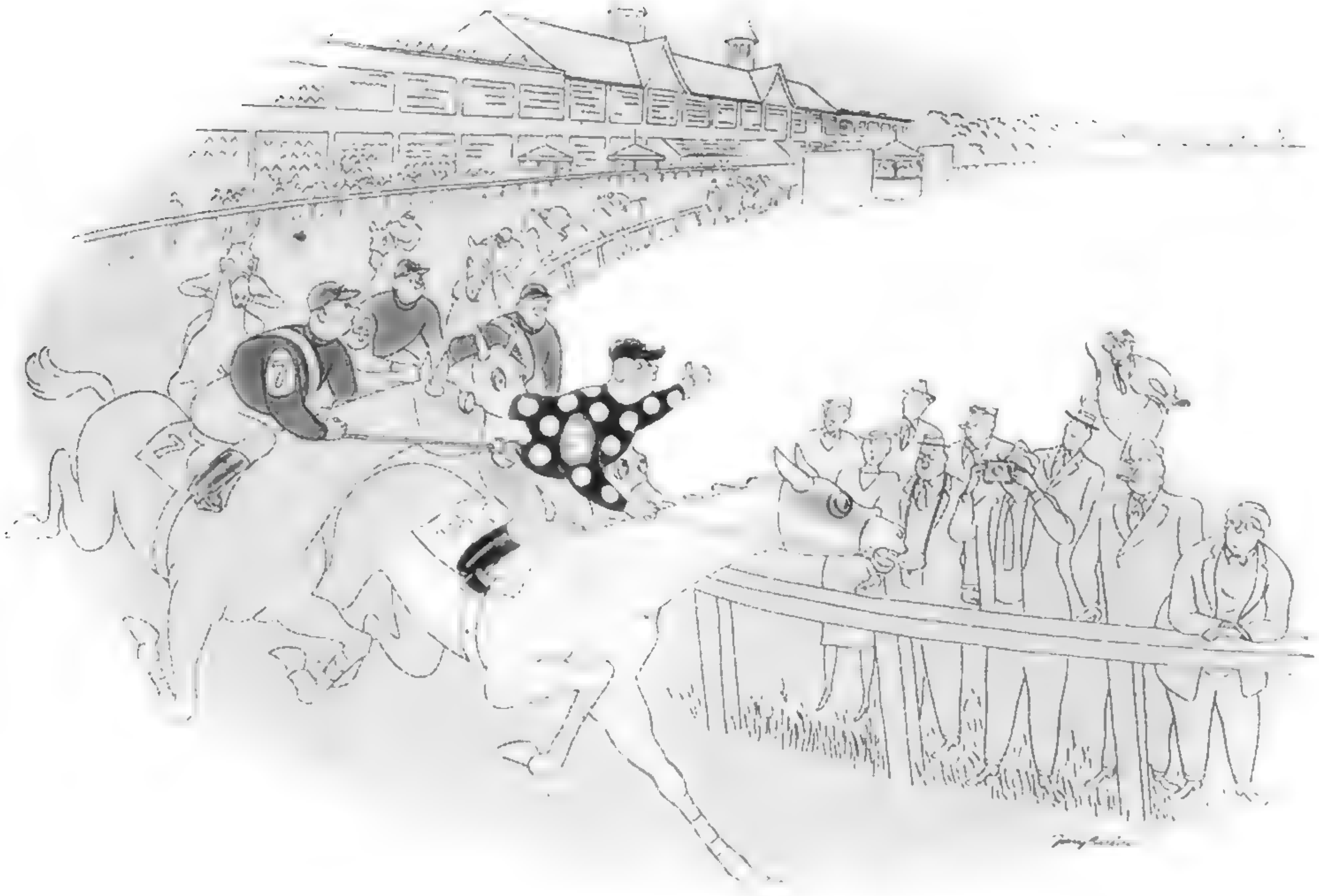
Continued on page 154

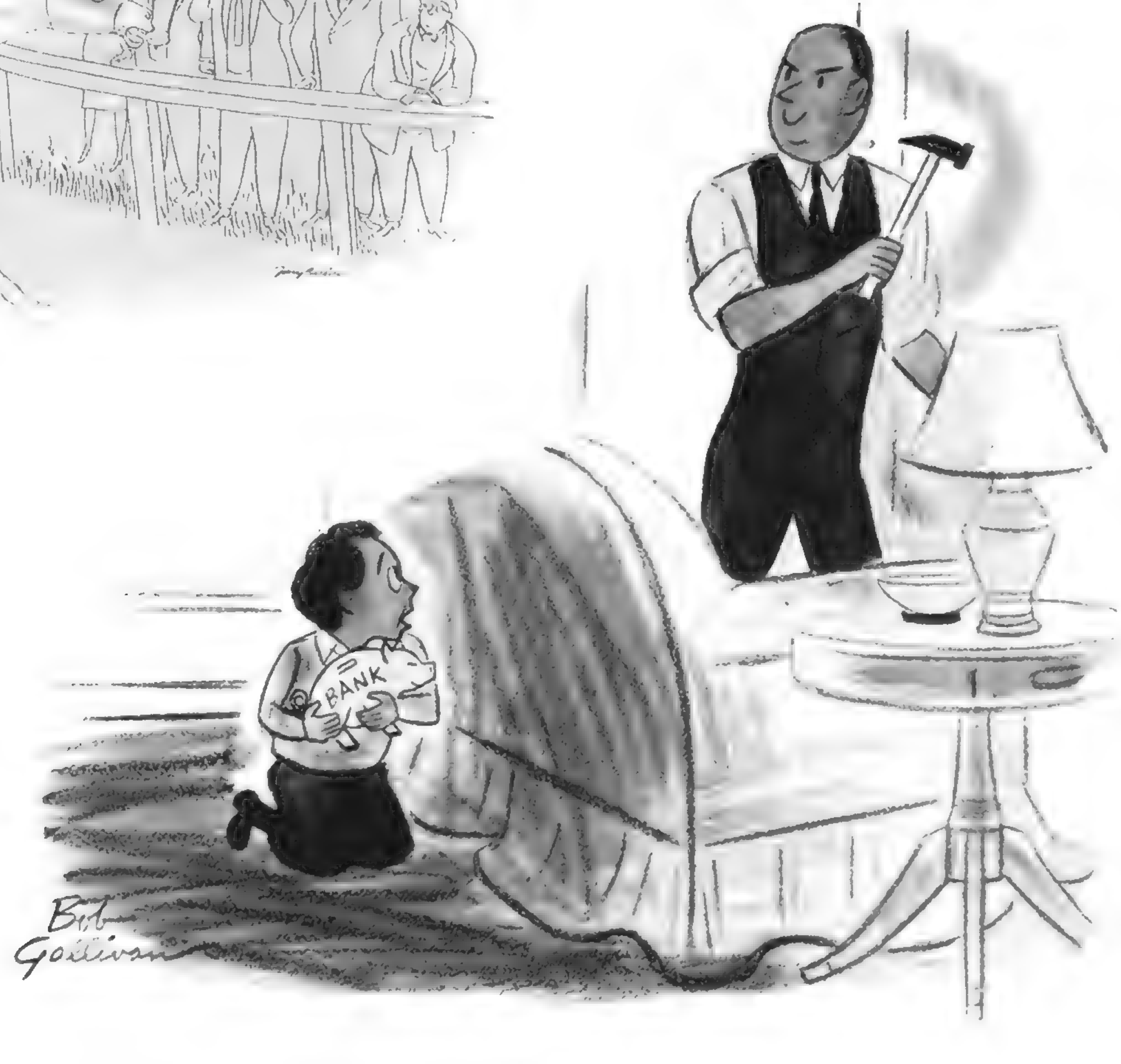


"Tell me, Robinson--how can you manage to look so dissipated on what I pay you?"



"I think the G-men are wise to us—this letter was just addressed to Z-99 and I got it!"





Vertès: Artist of Womankind

He proclaims that his private life is the simplest and that all of his vagaries are expressed in his work

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

We owe the presence of Marcel Vertès in New York to a chain of miracles whose separate links may not seem so extraordinary but whose combination almost challenges belief. Mr. Vertès might be rotting in a German prison camp or suffering any one of the other undesirable alternatives open to those who have not yet made good their flight to the West; his presence in a New York studio, where he is busily executing more art projects than there are fingers to his hands, is proof of the miracle.

Mr. Vertès is perhaps unnecessarily modest when he describes the sequence of events that led from his demobilization to his debarkation at the port of New York as miracles; his intelligence and his natural sense of survival helped the miracles to link together toward the final denouement of escape. The distinction between those who escaped from beleaguered France and those who did not lay not only in whether the miracles lit upon them, or passed them by, but also in whether or not they had laid up a supply of surplus gasoline against the likelihood of a flight through France, or whether they knew the lay of the land and kept on the deserted back roads while civilian refugees and soldiers in retreat competed for possession of the main roads. And to other such factors.

Mr. Vertès is among us by virtue of miracles, and also by virtue of his intelligence, which his emphasis upon the miraculous leads us to underestimate. Mr. Vertès, even as an artist, has a keen sense of the journalistic; he recognizes what is dramatic long before any mere writing man can point it out to him—especially if it is something that has happened to Mr. Vertès himself. For that reason I regard Mr. Vertès as any interviewer's delight; he knows his own story in purely journalistic terms. If he had not developed as an artist for the magazines, he would have made as sure a mark as a writer for them. It is even debatable which is the greater miracle: his escape from France, or the manner in which, within a year after his arrival in New York, he re-established himself in this country in the practice of art, finding more things to his hand than half a dozen other artists, from magazine covers, department store murals, designs for needlepoint, shop window mannequins, posters and fashion advertisements. The day is not too long for Mr. Vertès. His American life has been a miracle of adjustment, but then he has always been essentially an American in enterprise. With his escape from the German tide of invasion, we introduce Marcel Vertès to our readers.

Born in Budapest and a Hungarian soldier during the first World War, Vertès became a French citizen in 1932, in which year also he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He was called to the colors the first month of the war, September, 1939. His duty was not arduous. There were four months of instruction in Paris and then assignment to a post twenty miles from Dunkirk. He had been on duty less than a month when he was relieved. A medical examination revealed an eye disability. With twenty-five other members of the forty-five-year class who had been excused by the doctors, Vertès was sent to Paris to work in a munitions factory. Except for one soldier of the regiment who escaped to England in the Dunkirk evacuation, these twenty-six were the only members of that unit to escape death, injury, or imprisonment in the fighting that followed the "sitzkrieg." A bad eye is not a miracle, but it prepared the way for the miracles to come.

He left Paris two days before the Germans arrived. He had already begun packing his clothes, his pictures, his books and other possessions when, looking out of the window—it was a beautiful June day—he dropped his unhappy chore and decided to take a last dip in a secluded pool in the Bois du Boulogne. He spent the afternoon indulging himself in a fool's, although none the less real and vivid, Paradise. The water was transparent blue, birds were singing in the tree tops and his privacy was unmarred by the presence of any other human being. Lazing through the afternoon, it was easy to forget that the Germans were roaring westward. Returning to the city as twilight came down, Vertès was awakened to reality—the panic flight of Parisians. It was too late now to arrange his belongings in the car according to the best system. He and Mrs. Vertès snatched up what odds and ends were at hand and one of the unconsidered trifles was an old square of needlepoint that the artist had picked up in the flea market, an utterly valueless thing that was later to prove to be worth its weight in more than gold.

At the moment Vertès was not leaving France, he was leaving only Paris. Although he feared worse things, he believed, or pretended to believe, that the Germans would be stopped at Rouen and eventually turned back, and out of France. In the meantime he and his wife would stay awhile at Fontainebleau, to which place he was driving. There, at the home of a friend who was sufficiently at ease to offer them tea in the garden, they made their first stop. Their tea, however, was disturbed. There were planes high above; Vertès told his host not to worry, the planes were French. Then terrific detonations, the planes were not French, obviously, because they were bombing the railroad station. They remained for the night, continued bombardment guaranteeing sleeplessness. Next morning Vertès took the wheel and made a bee line for the South, toward the Loire.

As the account of his boyhood will make clear, Vertès has strong mechanical inclina-

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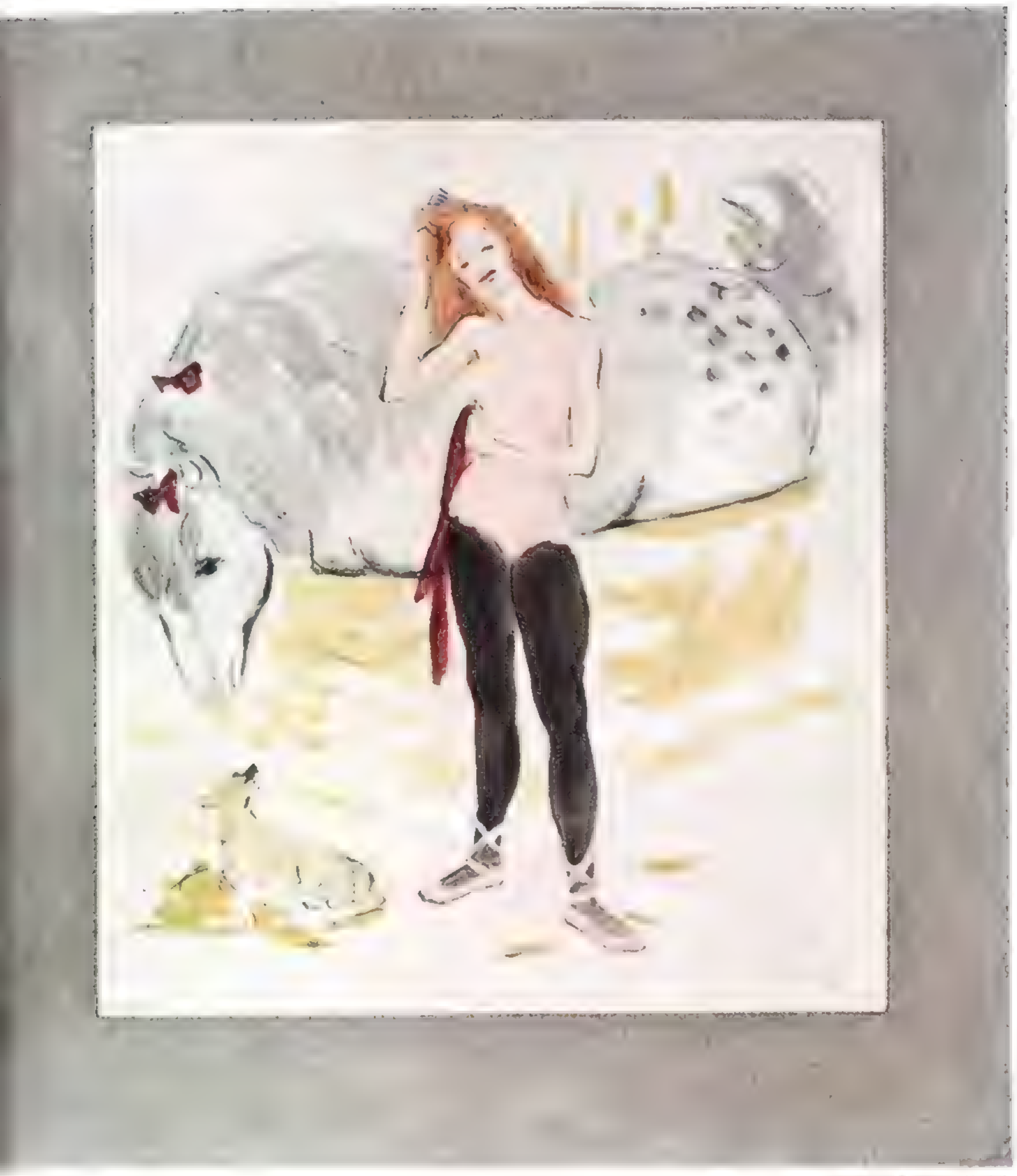
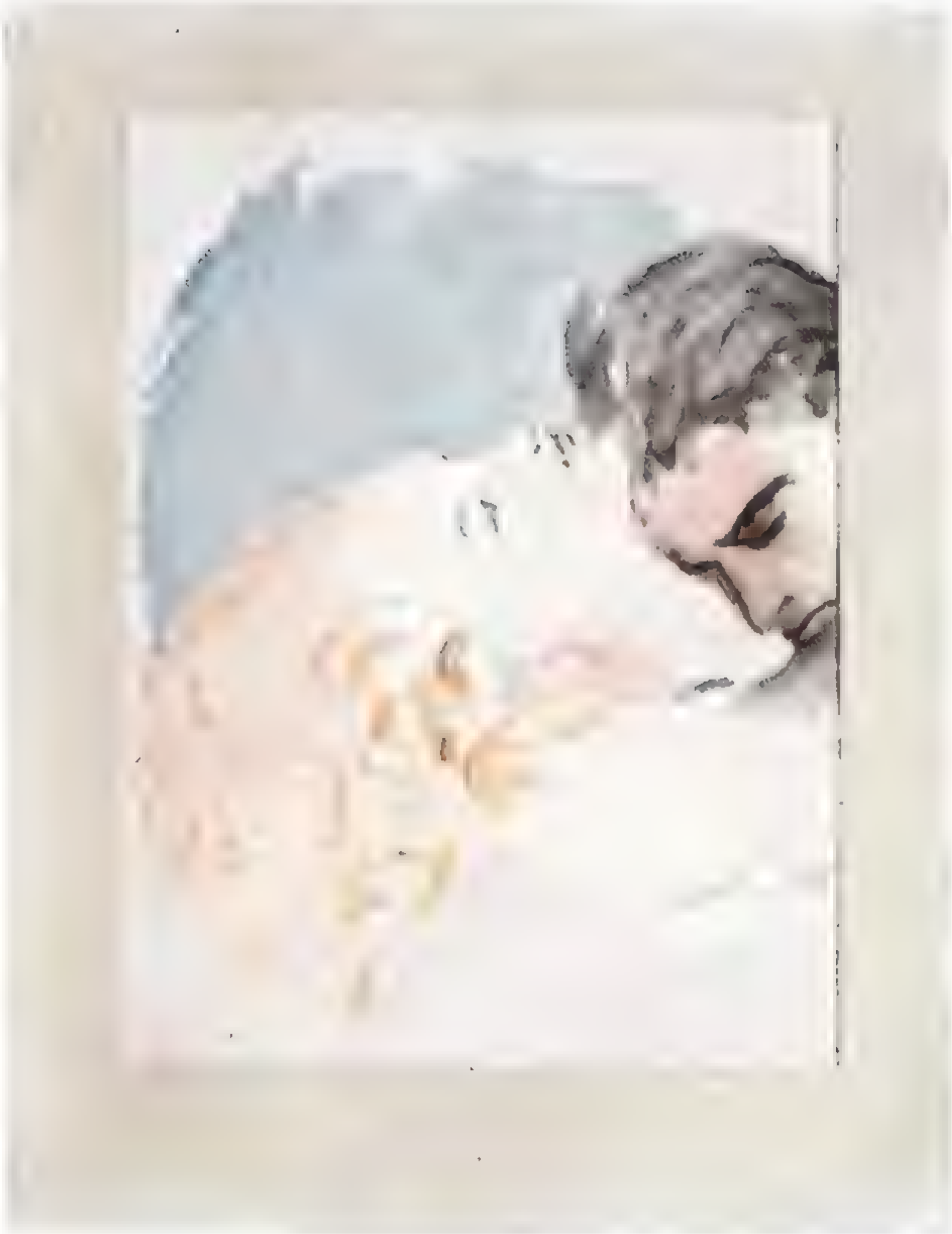
"Could you use a model, sir?"

A Group of Paintings

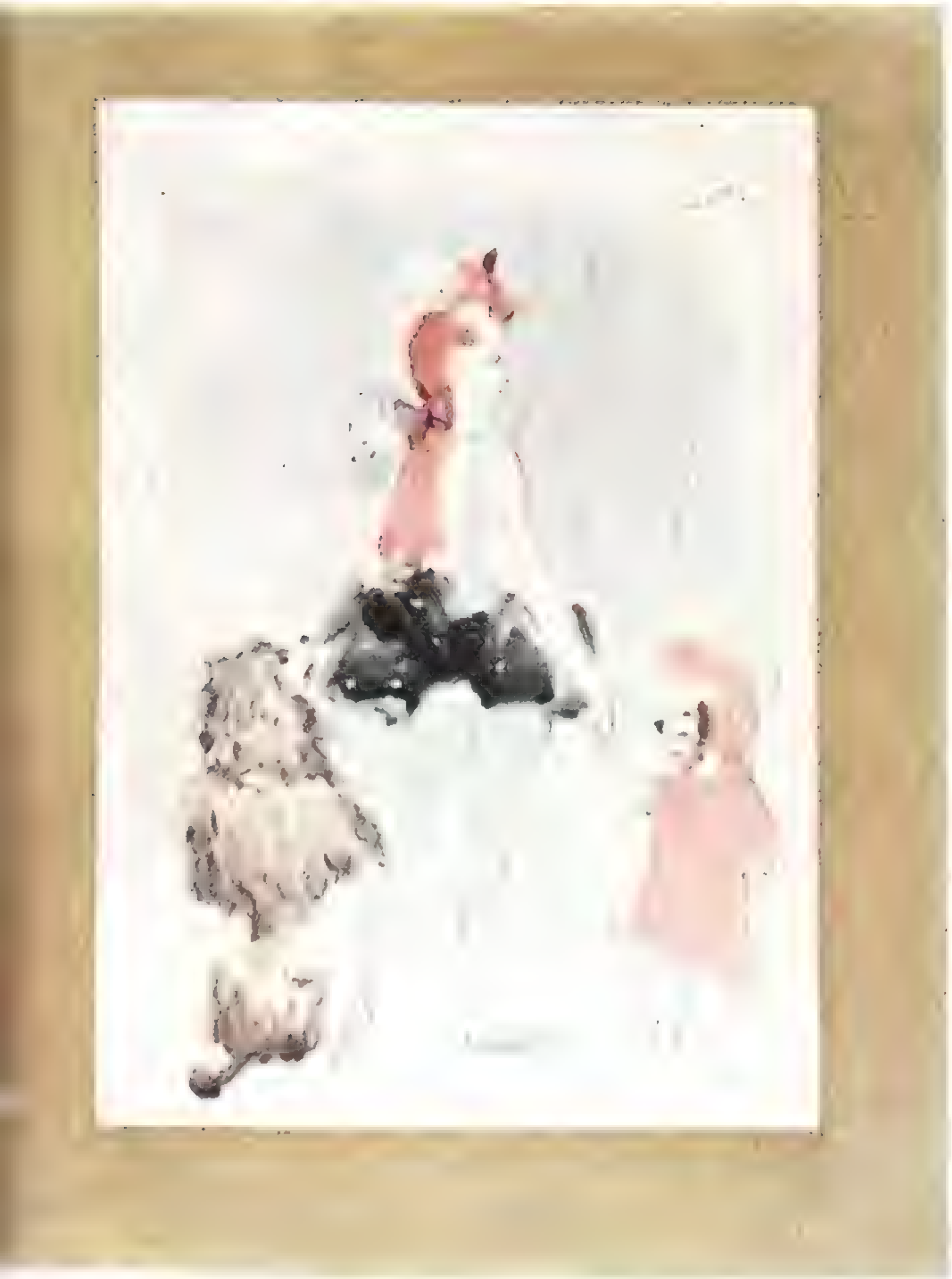
by MARCEL VERTÈS



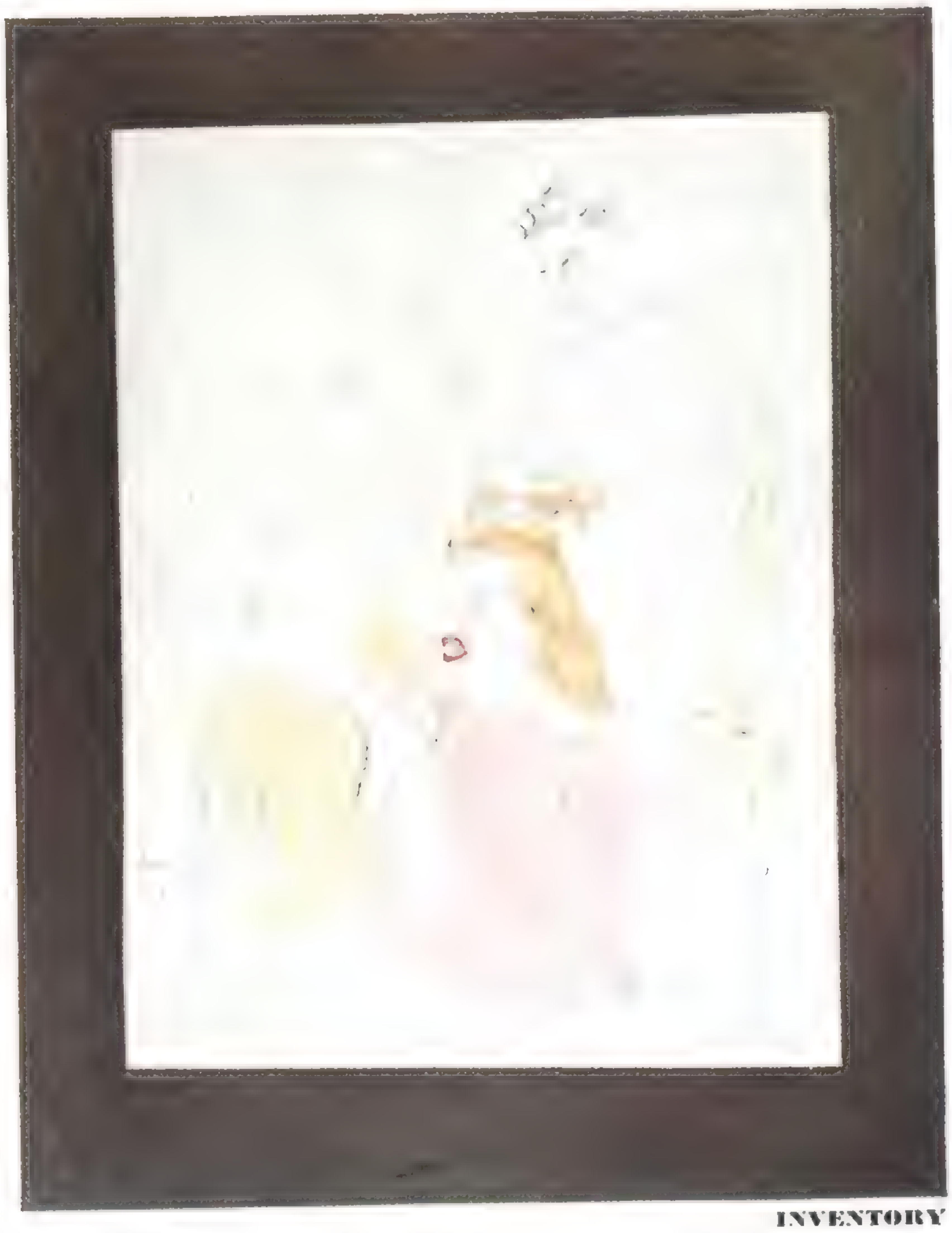
ESTRELLITA



LOVE

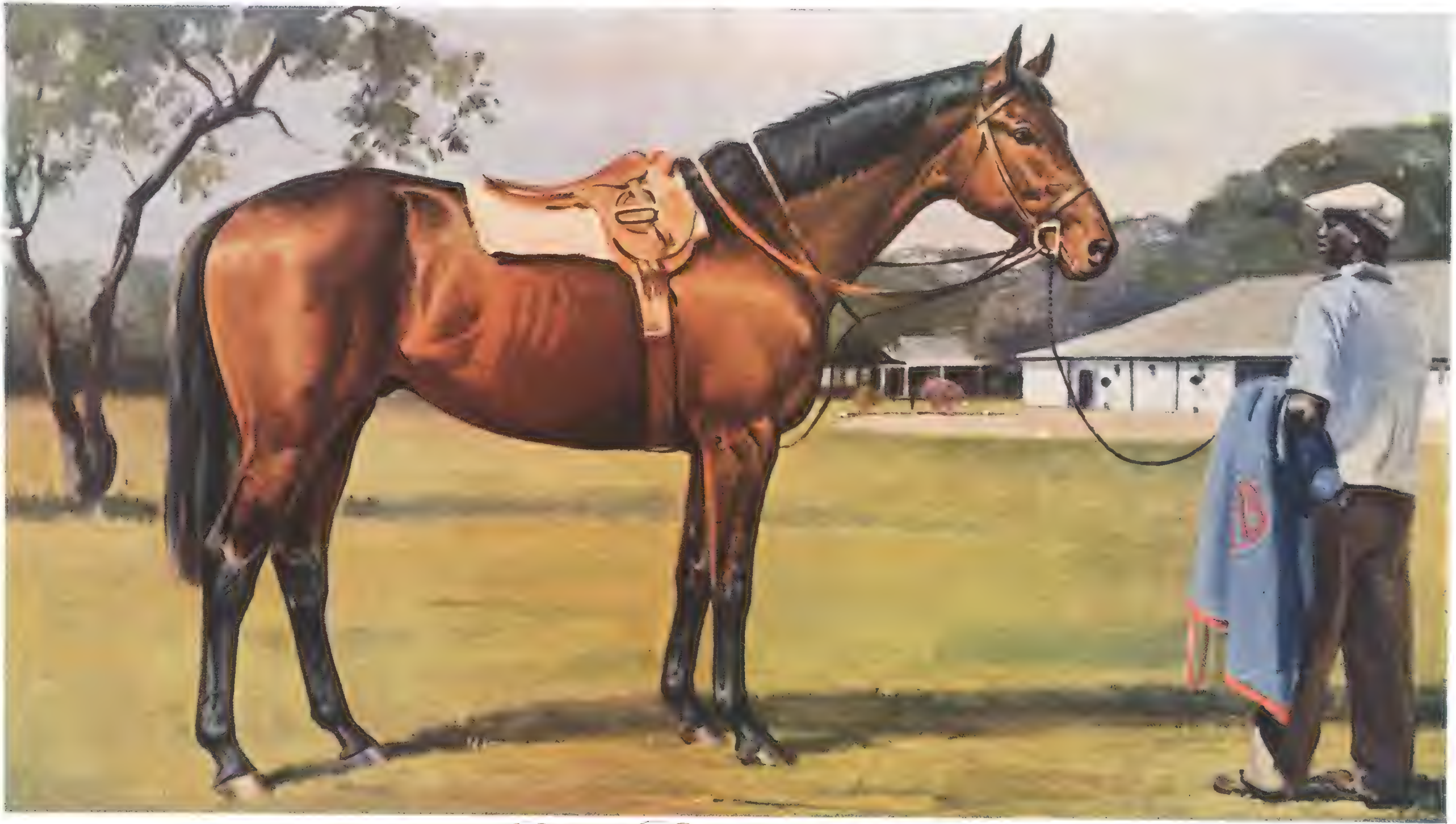


CIRCUS FAMILY



INVENTORY

These paintings by Marcel Vertès, reproduced in Chicago, are part of a collection called The Stronger Sex, *recently published by Hyperion Press of New York, Inc.*



Cottesmore

Six years old, Cottesmore is easily the outstanding steeplechaser in the United States. He won the Delaware Park (maiden race, 2 miles), the Sir Wooster (allowance race, 2 miles), the North American (2 miles), and the Saratoga (2½ miles) Steeplechase Handicaps in 1939.

In 1940 he won the Meadow Brook (2½ miles), North American and Beverwyck (2 miles), Grand National (3 miles), the Temple Gwathmey Memorial (2½ miles) Steeplechase Handicaps. English-bred, by Herverswood out of Ruddy Dawn, his owner is G. H. Bostwick, Westbury, L. I.

No. 7 [illegible] AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

Farewell to Gasoline

Trains, boats, tractors, buses, trucks are fast adopting oil-burning Diesels while automobiles wait only for peace

by PERRIN STRYKER and F. I. LIBBEY

• ARTICLE •

This is the second time that the Diesel has nearly won a war for Germany. Way back in 1939 when Hitler took his Blitzkrieg machine out of the garage and sent it roaring into Poland, a lot of people who should have known better were going around saying that the Nazi war machine would run out of gas six months after the British had clamped down their blockade. What the experts overlooked, among other things, was the fact that Germany's new mechanized legions were largely powered with Diesel engines. This not-so-secret weapon was the same one, you will recall, which made it possible for the Kaiser's U-boats to come within an estimated six weeks of winning the war in 1917. Not that Hitler's U-boats and Diesel-powered pocket battleships haven't been some inconvenience to England's navy in the present war. But the lightweight Diesel, which has about as much in common with the submarine Diesel as have a locomotive and a midget racing car, has been a double-barrelled blessing to Germany's current hell-on-wheels. For example, it gave the Nazi panzerwagons twice the cruising range of the gasoline-powered French tanks, and at the same time, being an oil burner, it has saved precious gasoline for Goering's Luftwaffe. Obviously the Diesel will bear looking into on the part of any nation that intends to trade punches with Der Fuehrer.

You don't have to be a brilliant strategist to grasp the fact that being able to run a tank twice as far on a gallon of fuel is a decisive advantage on a battlefield where filling stations are few and the service not up to California standards. In addition, the use of non-explosive fuel eliminates one of the tank's most inconvenient features—the possibility that the crew will be done to a turn by a lucky hit near the gas tank.

As for Diesel warplanes, that's a different story. The Diesel plane is no dream. We have had them here, and oil-burning German Junkers flying boats were commuting between Africa and South America on regular schedules before the current war began. Since then, their great cruising range has made them a natural for long distance patrol duty over the Baltic, and our Navy and Coast Guard are said to be interested. But as yet the Diesel aircraft engine is still too muscle-bound to make a good fighter. In diving, turning or climbing, a war plane's engines have to stand the off-and-on strain of overloads and over-speeds. A gasoline engine can take this punishment, but the Diesel, inherently most efficient at the speed for which it is designed, cannot yet do so without great and hence risky—loss of power. That's not saying you positively won't hear anything about Diesel planes in the present air war. Hitler is reported to have something like 2,000 Junkers Diesel bombers all tuned up and ready to hop off. Still, it's a pretty safe assumption that they won't be used unless and until the Nazis are badly pinched for gasoline.

Meanwhile, outside the war zone the new lightweight Diesel has been pushing its pampered cousin, the gasoline engine, further and further away from the center of the stage. Compared to Uranium 235 or even to such work-a-day wonders as television and air conditioning, the Diesel may sound humdrum, but is nevertheless well on the way toward revolutionizing our motorized world. Bus companies, railroads, truck operators, farmers, contractors and even motorboat owners have been switching to Diesel like converts to a new economic theory. Low cost, of course, is the main attraction. A gallon of Diesel fuel costs them only from six to nine cents compared to fifteen to twenty cents for the same amount of gasoline, and they get about twice as much power (or miles) per gallon. A lot of states are already beginning to spoil this picture with higher taxes on Diesel fuel, but Diesel power is still a front-page bargain.

Then there's the safety angle. Compared to a Diesel, a gasoline motor is a complicated, unreliable mechanism for committing suicide. The Diesel burns non-explosive fuel oil (not crude oil as you may have read in some newspaper story), and you could hold lighted matches over a tankful of it all day long without suffering anything worse than burnt fingers. Moreover, its exhaust fumes are no more deadly than the smoke from the wood fire in your Grandmother's bedroom. Though they sometimes smell to high heaven, they contain no insidious carbon monoxide. In one town the City Fathers refused to believe this and forbade Diesel trucks to use a local tunnel. It took chemists days to get them to stop believing their noses.

Finally, you can't have carburetor and ignition trouble with a Diesel simply because it hasn't any carburetor or any ignition system. The business of feeding the engine is handled by a beautiful gadget, the fuel injector, which might be described as an incredibly precise flit gun. And the business of igniting the fuel is taken care of without any gadget at all. The fuel oil is merely sprayed into the cylinders where it explodes spontaneously in red-hot air. And we mean red-hot, because when a Diesel's pistons rise on the up-stroke they compress the air in their cylinders to a pressure of more than five hundred pounds per square inch. And just in case you flunked physics, that's enough pressure to raise the temperature of air to about 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is where iron starts to glow. There has been a lot of talk about the modern high-compression automobile engine, but the Diesel

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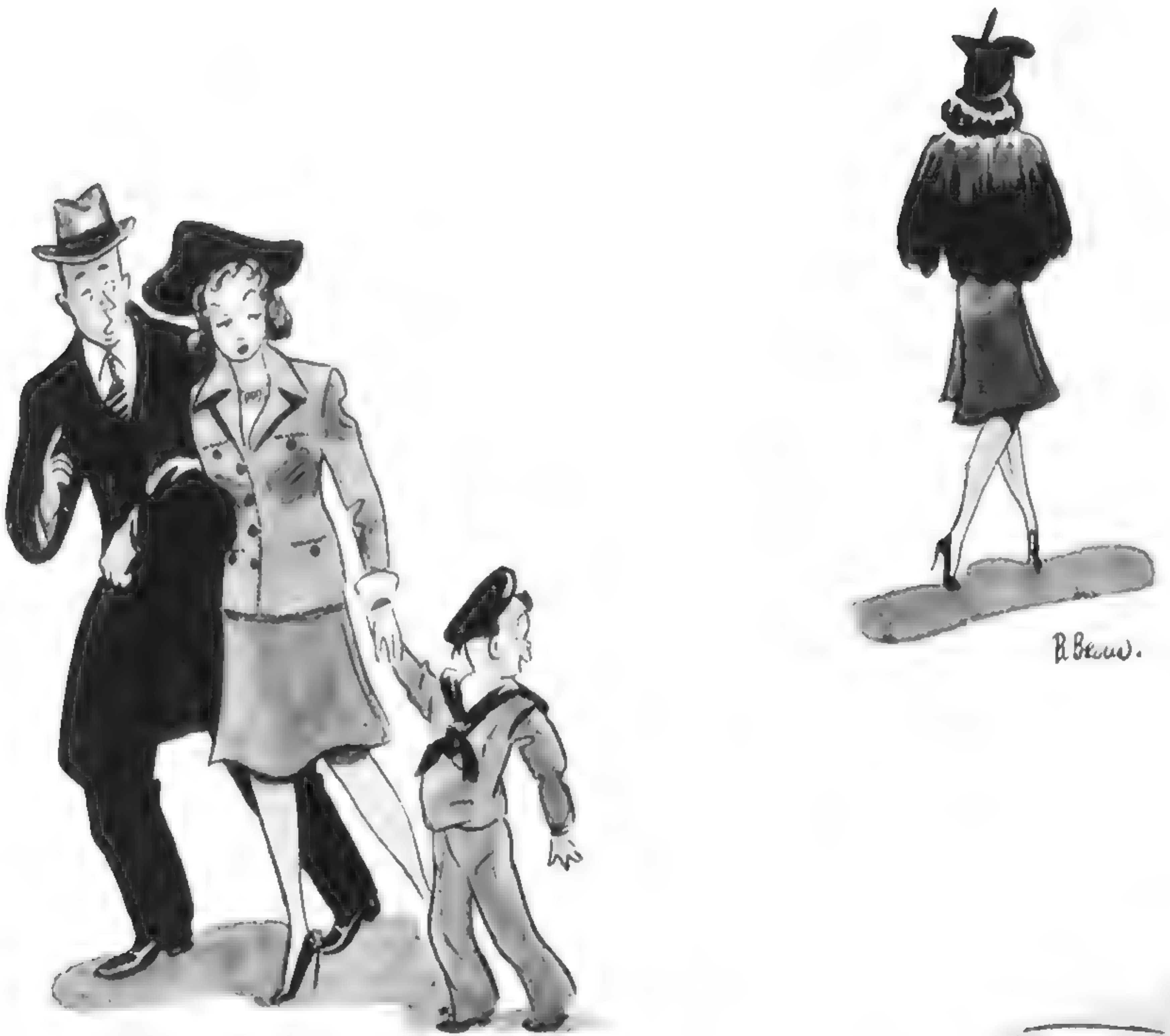
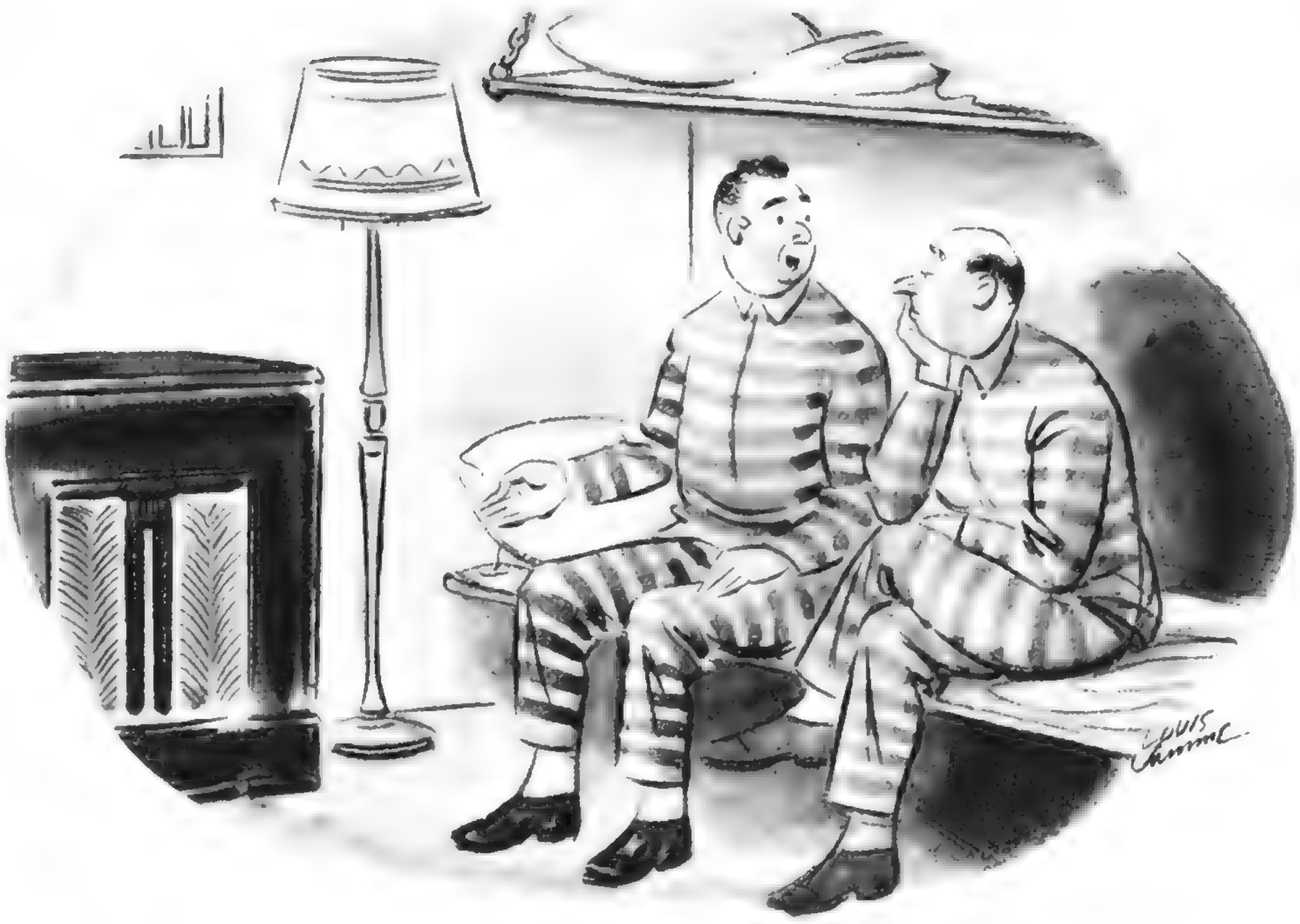
Bob Galliwan

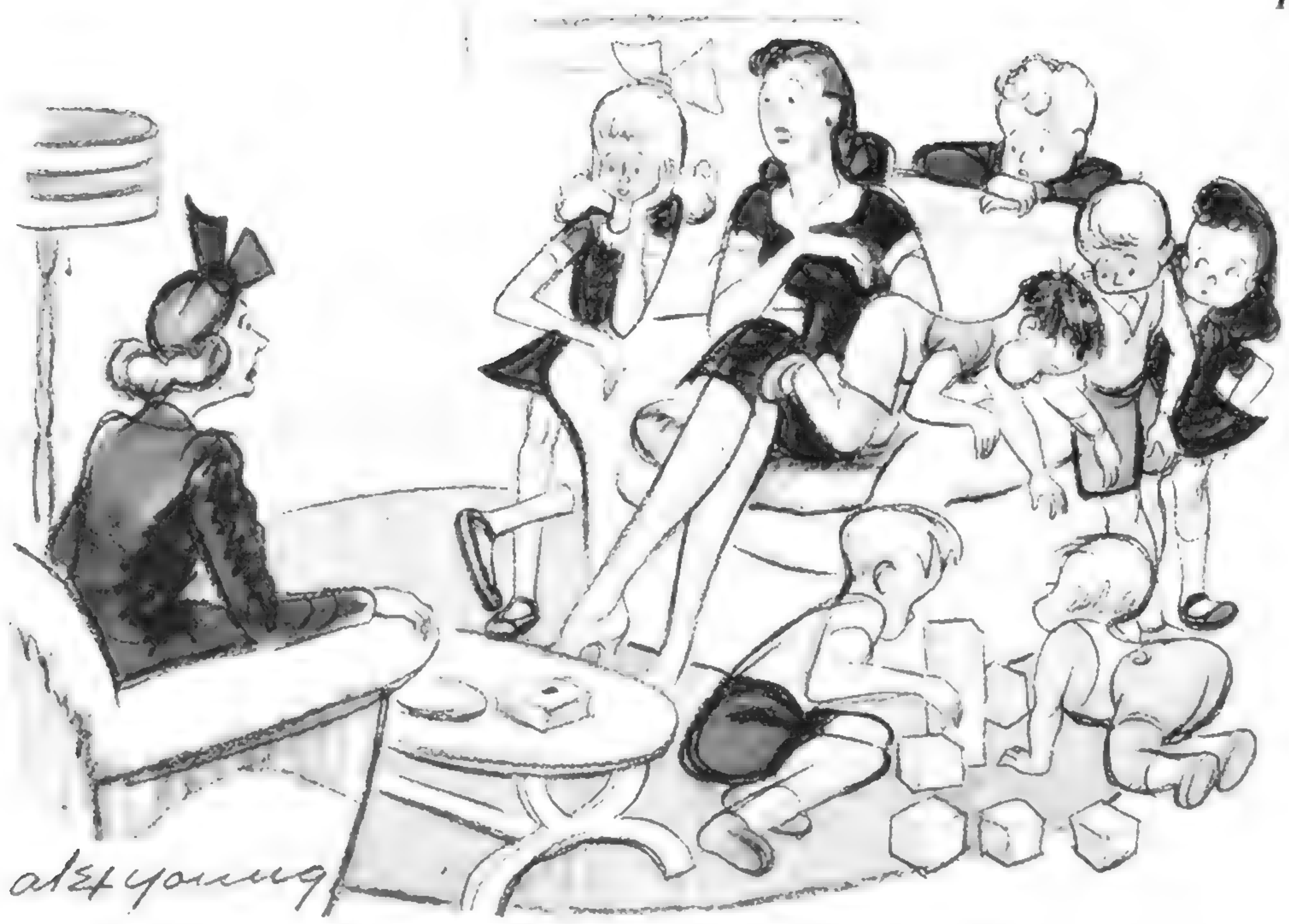
"Good news, Mrs. Howard! Sylvia is giving up the tap dancing career"



"Maybe we shouldn't have bought him that sailor suit!"



"Their 90-day free trial offer fitted into my plans perfectly"



"At first we tried to keep a budget"

Publicity Is Like Perfume

Tommy Harmon's blocking ace reveals the private life of the perennial All-American may be a bed of thorns

by FOREST EVASHEVSKI

• ARTICLE •

"I'M TOM HARMON. We'll probably be seeing a lot of each other from now on." This simple introduction was the beginning of what later developed into an almost unique friendship between a star halfback and his blocking mate. Little then did I realize what great trials and what great glories were to come in the next four years to this freshman sitting beside me in the Michigan freshman dressing room.

Although I had never heard of Tom Harmon before that moment I was nevertheless instantly interested in him. My first impression was that he was too spindly to have much of a chance for the Wolverine frosh eleven, and I even wondered dimly why he had come out for the team at all. When he went up to the scales to weigh in, however, I was astonished when he registered one hundred and ninety. As he stepped off, he apparently noticed my surprise, for he said: "Yeh, I've got a good pair of pins under me."

He wasted those words, I realized five minutes later when I saw him running up and down the field, with photographers and reporters clustering everywhere he pranced. With fifty other freshman candidates I spent the remainder of the afternoon watching Tom Harmon strut his stuff for the benefit of the clicking cameras. Fed up with it at last, I turned to one of the other boys on the squad and asked, "Why all the excitement?"

"Why," he explained, "he was the highest scoring high school halfback in the country last year. Don't you think we're lucky to be on the same squad?"

"Yeah," I mumbled, wondering whether it was possible that there could be any other freshman football players in the world except this one named Harmon.

By the following afternoon all of us were well stocked with Tom's renown, either by the morning papers or by direct word of mouth from the hero himself. As we assembled on the field again, an entirely different atmosphere prevailed from that of the previous afternoon. Familiarity too often breeds contempt, and this may account for the absence of any hero-worshipping sighs issuing from the chests of those Wolverine freshmen. Instead of the sighs of the day before, there were such sardonic taunts as "May I have your autograph, Mr. Harmon?" "May I touch your uniform?"

All this came as a bewildering shock to Tom, and as a result he instantly became confused and reserved. But when the boys saw this—that they had him on the run—they poured it on all the stronger. When Tom taped his pants at the thighs to prevent unnecessary friction, twenty other would-be All-Americans did the same . . . mockingly. All this mimicry was done in fun, of course; but it carried a deeper sting for Harmon. Still it must be said in justice that he helped bring it on himself.

Freshmen don't come any more self-assured than did Tom. The sophistication which I thought I had acquired at Northwestern High School in Detroit was nothing compared to what Tom had assumed. I resented this assumed superiority of his as much as any of the other players on the squad, and soon he was classified among all of us as just another typical high school hero who had been too loudly acclaimed by the local newspapers. But I was soon to learn that he "had more" than the rest of us then were willing to concede. Tom Harmon differed from the usual high school hero in that he actually *was* as good as he thought he was. It was difficult for the rest of us to swallow that clear fact, but I, along with the others, soon learned that Tom was destined to be a big frog in anybody's puddle, no matter what its size.

Later on and gradually I began to understand my teammate and I found him far above the level at which we had prematurely placed him. Unfortunately for him and all of us, his colossal cockiness too well coated over his finer qualities. As a result of all this, Tom finished his freshman year a misdirected boy who already realized a part of the glory and much of the grief awaiting him ahead in the next three years.

When we began our sophomore year as candidates for the varsity, I found myself rooming with Tom during the pre-season practice period. During those dreaded two weeks, we lived, talked, ate and slept football. Over this stretch, Tom failed to live up to forecasts, which made living with him almost an impossibility. He was obviously suffering from the pressure of too extensive publicity, and was more concerned with trying to make prophets out of ordinary sports reporters than he was with playing football the way he knew how to play it. He was at the crossroads, and no one knew it better than he did. He tried to forget himself, but the newspapers and fans wouldn't allow it. We who were playing with him knew that something had to be done, but we didn't know what. Then something happened for which Tom will probably always be thankful.

At noon one rainy day during that fall, I was walking with Tom past the field house when we ran into Coach Fritz Crisler. The three of us talked over at length a few of the football problems of the moment until Crisler broke up the discussion by asking Tom to walk over to his office with him. I waited for Tom until late that afternoon and walked to practice alone when he failed to come. As I entered the locker room I saw Crisler and Harmon appear from the other entrance. Obviously they had been together all afternoon. We dressed and scampered out onto

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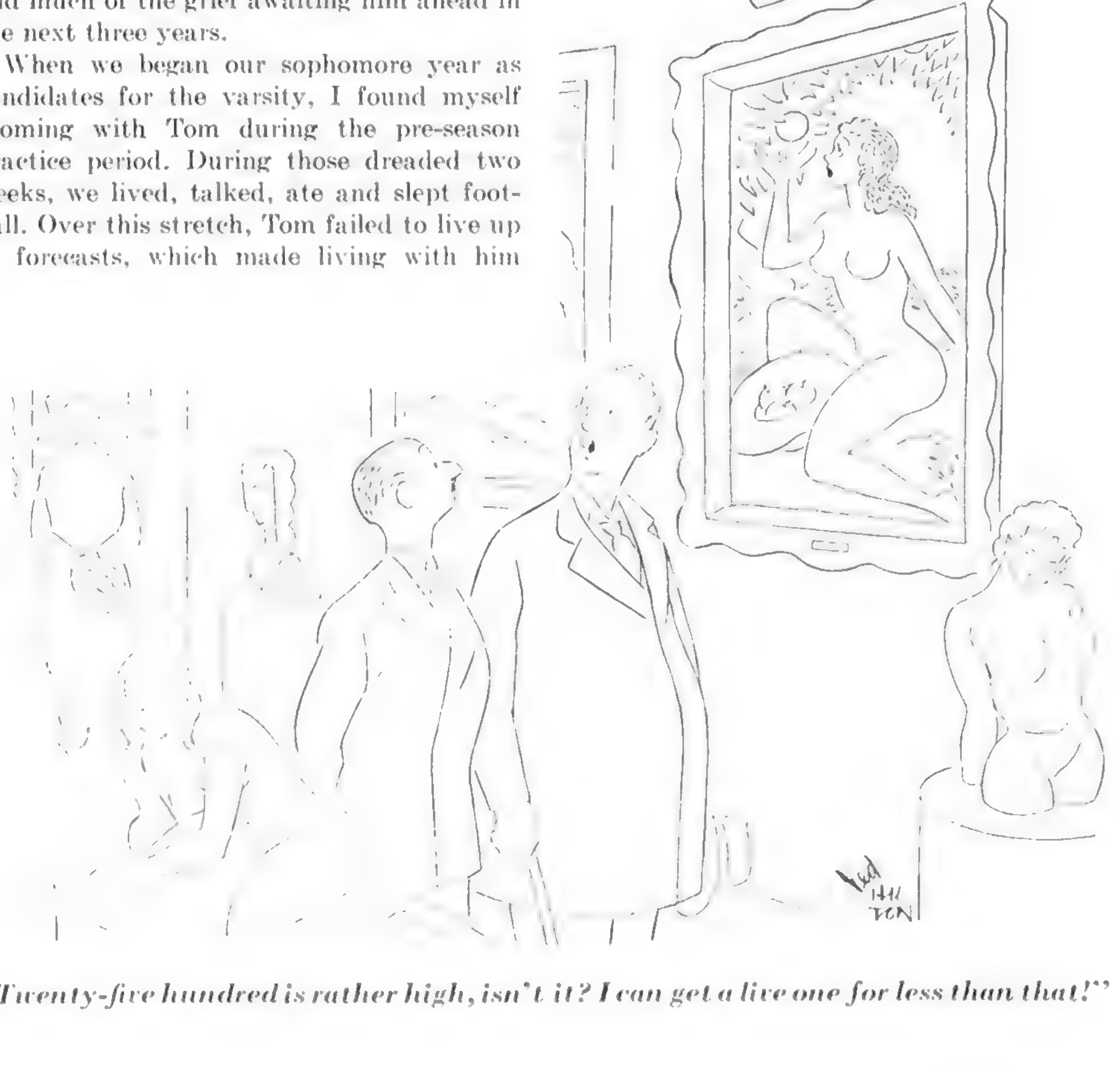

"Twenty-five hundred is rather high, isn't it? I can get a live one for less than that!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Little as you might suspect it from the evidence now current, singing's a subtle complex art

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

The need today is preparedness. The building of bombers and submarines, calculation of muzzle velocities or trajectories, the business of feeding armies in the field are luckily not our worry. But, of the need for preparedness in the field of yodeling we are painfully aware.

For years we have had to endure the wailings and screechings of unprepared dumbbells who found themselves somehow or other hit by an opera house spotlight or gasping in solitary splendor on a recital platform. The best we can print, usually, about these canaries, whom concert managers persist in labeling singers, is: "Has a beautiful voice, but does not know how to sing!"

What do we mean?

The guy on the street is convinced that all you need to be a successful singer is a fine voice. This, in spite of arguments to the contrary, is precisely the same thing as asserting that the owner of a fine Stradivarius is a master violinist or that anyone who can manipulate the keys of a $200,000 organ is a great organist.

It is a fundamental fact that the possessor of a good singing voice has to learn how to produce the tones of its scale. If he does not, he will shortly have trouble. An even scale is the first requirement of singing and yet it is extremely rare. Not a dozen singers before the public today have mastered this rudimentary principle of voice production. And, of those who have, few have either the imagination, audacity, invention, or power to project the meaning of the great songs they breathe through.

They remind you of the aspiring young actor who went to a famous producer for a trial and was rejected. "What was the matter," the producer was asked, "didn't he know anything?"

"Know anything! He doesn't even suspect anything."

Now singing, little as you might gather from the evidence loafing about these days, is a subtle and complex art. When its technique has been completely mastered it is apparently the simplest thing in the world, and for an artist whose craftsmanship has reached the ideal state of automatic response to his mental designs, it is simple. But the road to this beautiful simplicity, as the late W. J. Henderson was fond of reiterating, is long and hard. Young singers today are unwilling to travel this road. They wish some short cut.

Any teacher will tell you that it is impossible to get a bright student to devote time to scales. He wishes to sing arias right away. Not only the would-be singers but their friends and parents, who think they ought to be at the Metropolitan, are to blame. Father and mother clamor to hear Liz or Sam sing arias. They do not wish to hear vocalizes, but *Vissi d'arte* or *Celeste Aida*. If not arias, then at least *None but the Lonely Heart* or *The Erlking*. And so Sam and Liz stumble and fumble through music for which they have not the necessary technique, and the teacher who wants to keep them will offer no objection. He must let them sing first and learn how afterward.

The art of singing is only another of the innumerable victims of our get-rich-quick ambitions. The mad scramble to reach the public ear, to sell the goods to the highest bidder and pocket the profits of a gift from the gods, which should be cherished and employed in the service of the art, is defeating its own purpose. In the long run, the winners in the race are those who are best trained.

No question about it, this is an era of instrumental virtuosity, not of vocal art. We know three or four excellent singers, but none whose technical equipment can be regarded as rivaling that of celebrated violinists and pianists. There was a time when the singer was the only virtuoso, but that was before man had become acquainted with the noises made by a large orchestra.

The opera was then the only species of music offered for general consumption, and singers possessed the only highly developed technique. The public was set agog by the beauty of vocal tone and the uncanny acrobatic stunts of florid experts. A composer who had any notion of succeeding had to set about providing singers with opportunities to display their wares. Singing schools, at first few and timid, increased in number and strength, gradually approaching grand conservatories. And finally appeared that cock of the walk, the male soprano, who became tsar of the virtuoso realm. Before him bowed both dilettanti and masters. He was responsible for the great art of *bel canto*, which for two hundred years gave to Italy its musical glory.

Singers then and in the Handelian era which succeeded it devoted many years to the study of technique. They became complete masters of their art before they subjected themselves to the scrutiny of their public. Singing is not studied now as it was then.

Of course, we demand other things than mere singing: a figure, personality, glamour. And singing itself has changed considerably. For a long time, and until recently, it was something quite different from what it is today. Singing was a particular kind of sound spontaneously evolved to meet the requirements of the kind of music then known. That music was virtually undifferentiated: it demanded not only a standard ideal of tone and management of tone, but a standard style of expression. The physical and mental apparatus suitable to one opera or oratorio aria was applicable with but very

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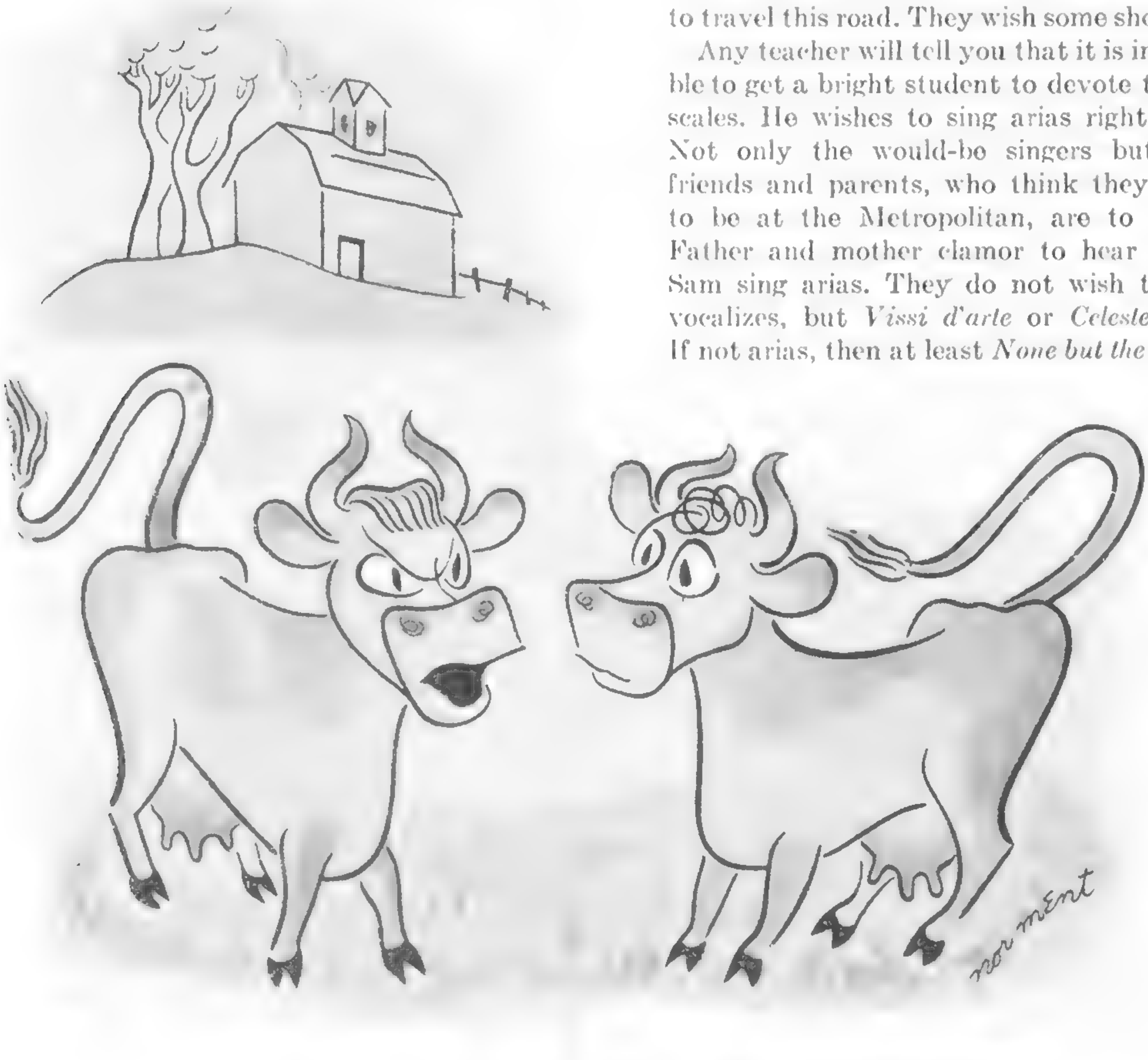
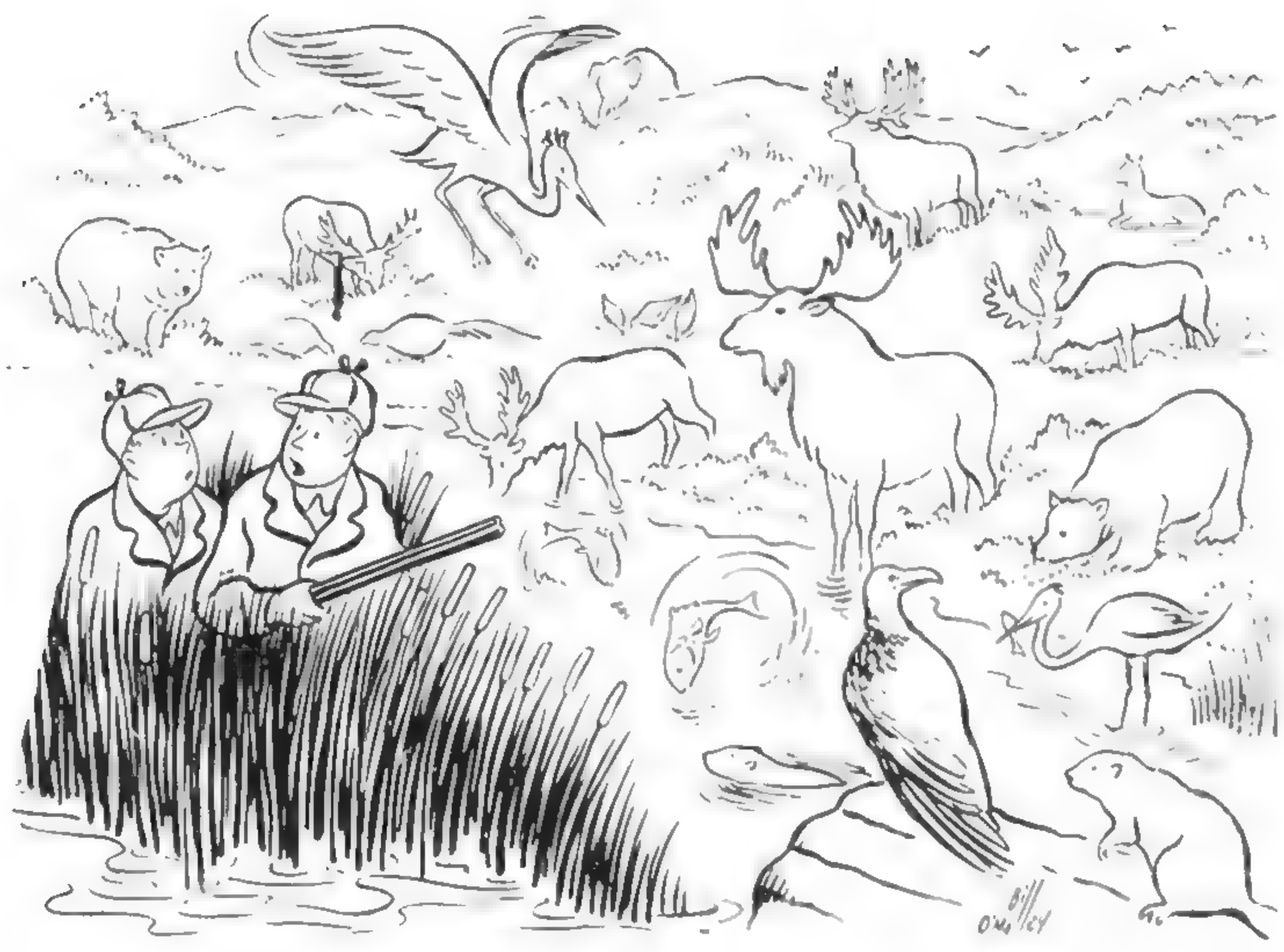
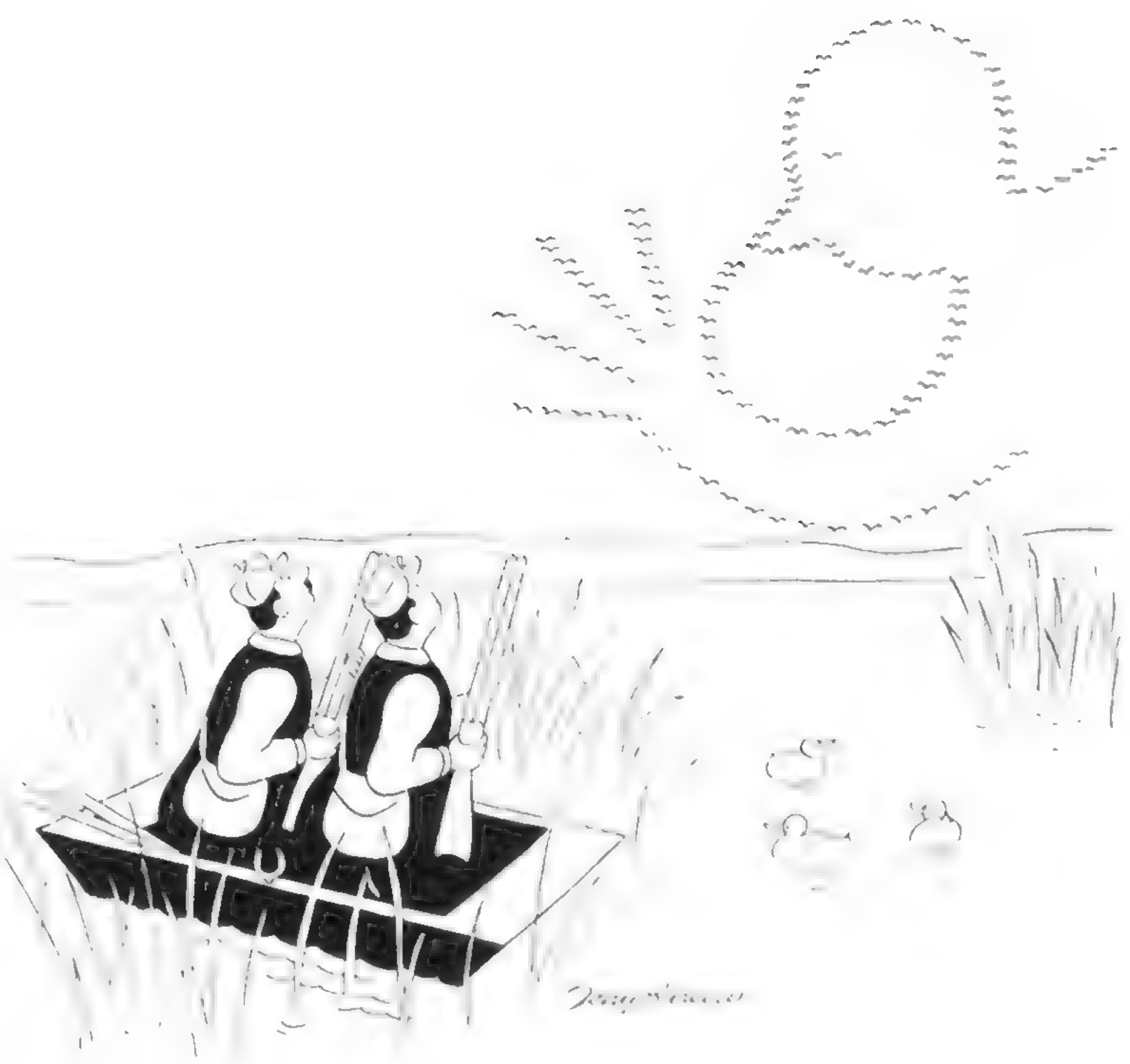
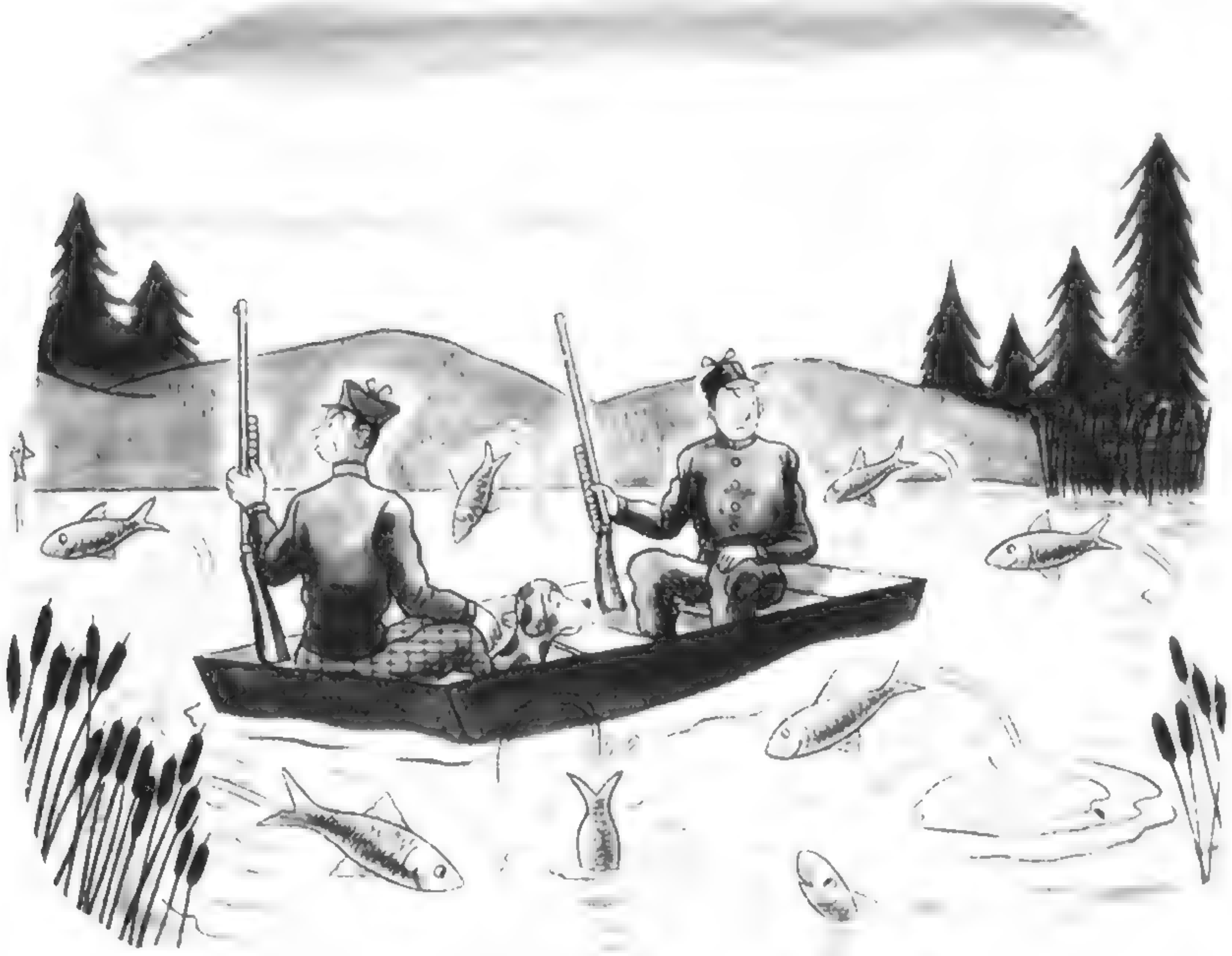


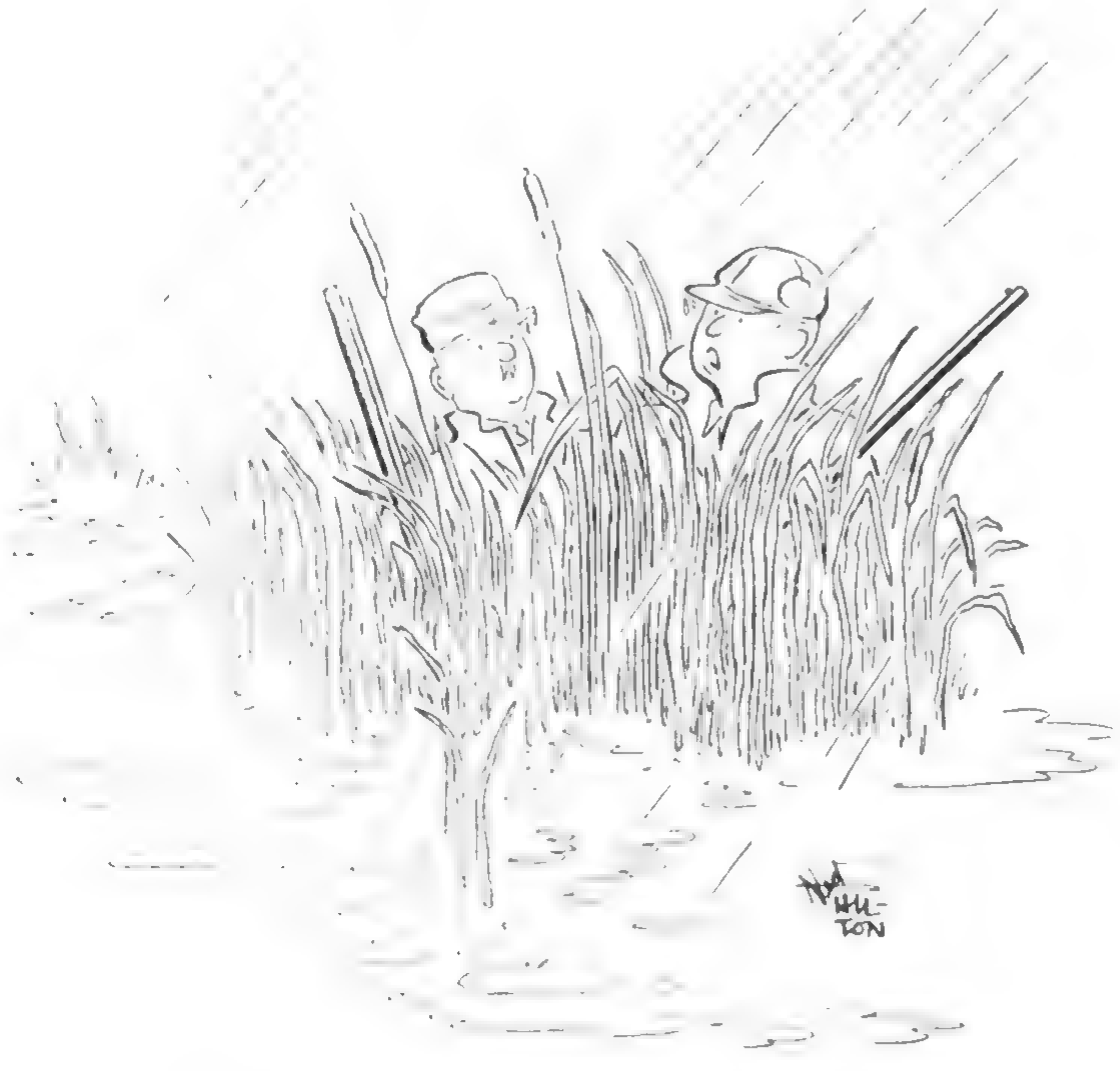
"I don't especially like it either, but it's the only kind of work that I'm fitted for"



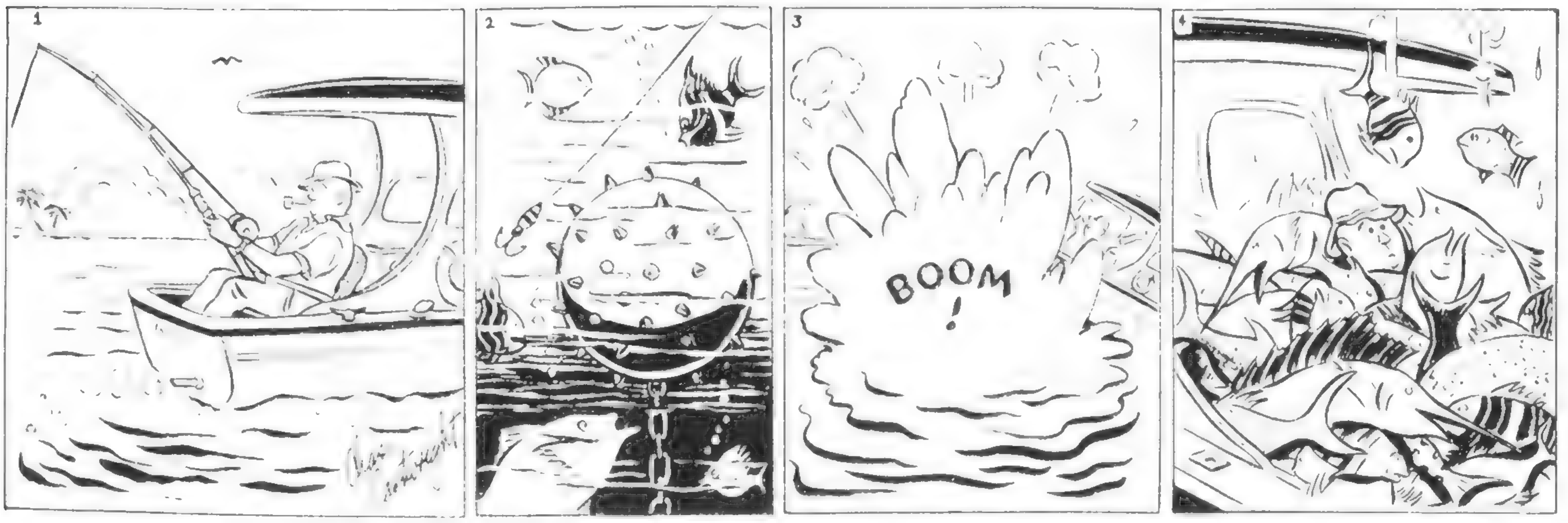
"You're sure that the only season that's open is the duck season?"

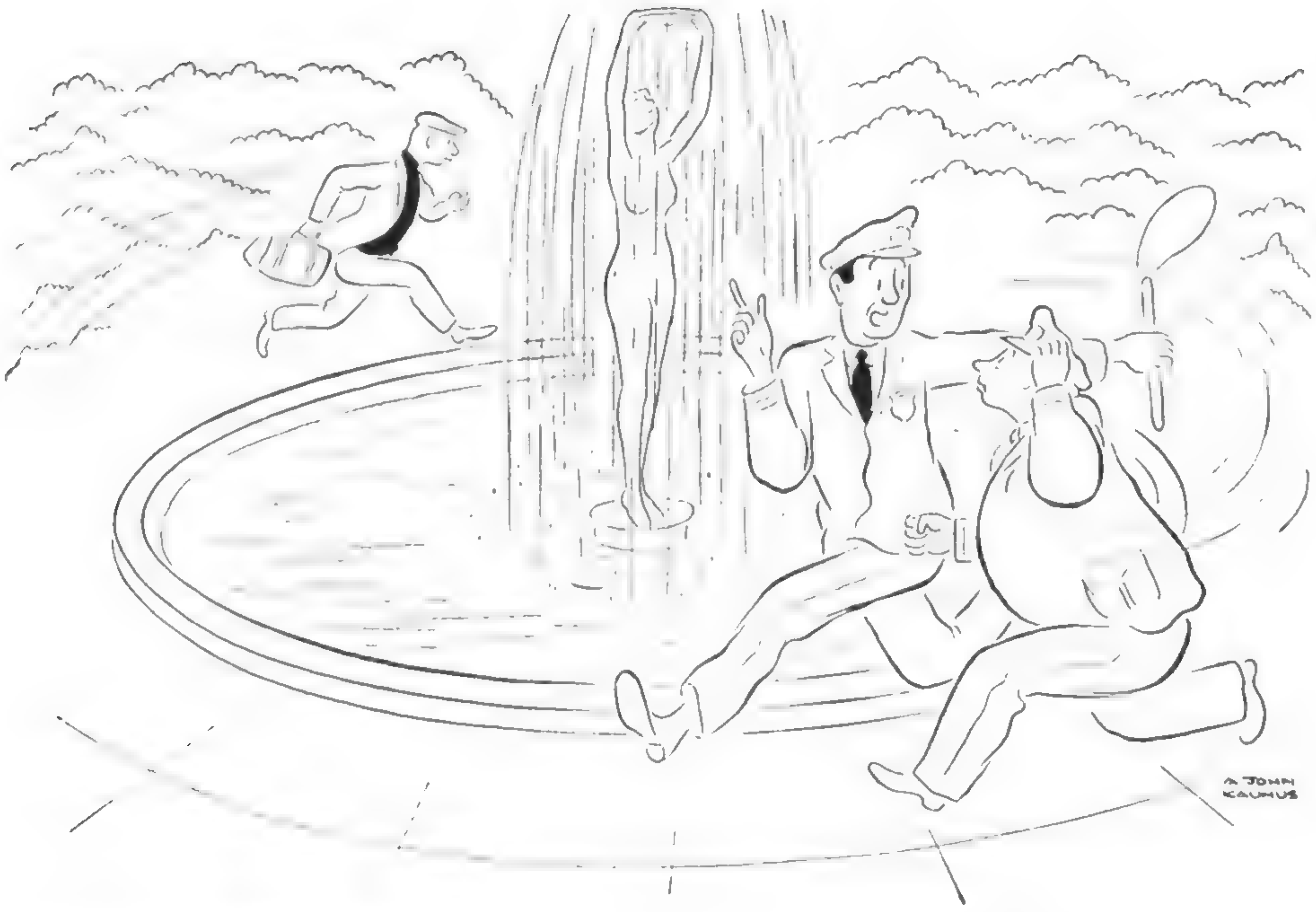




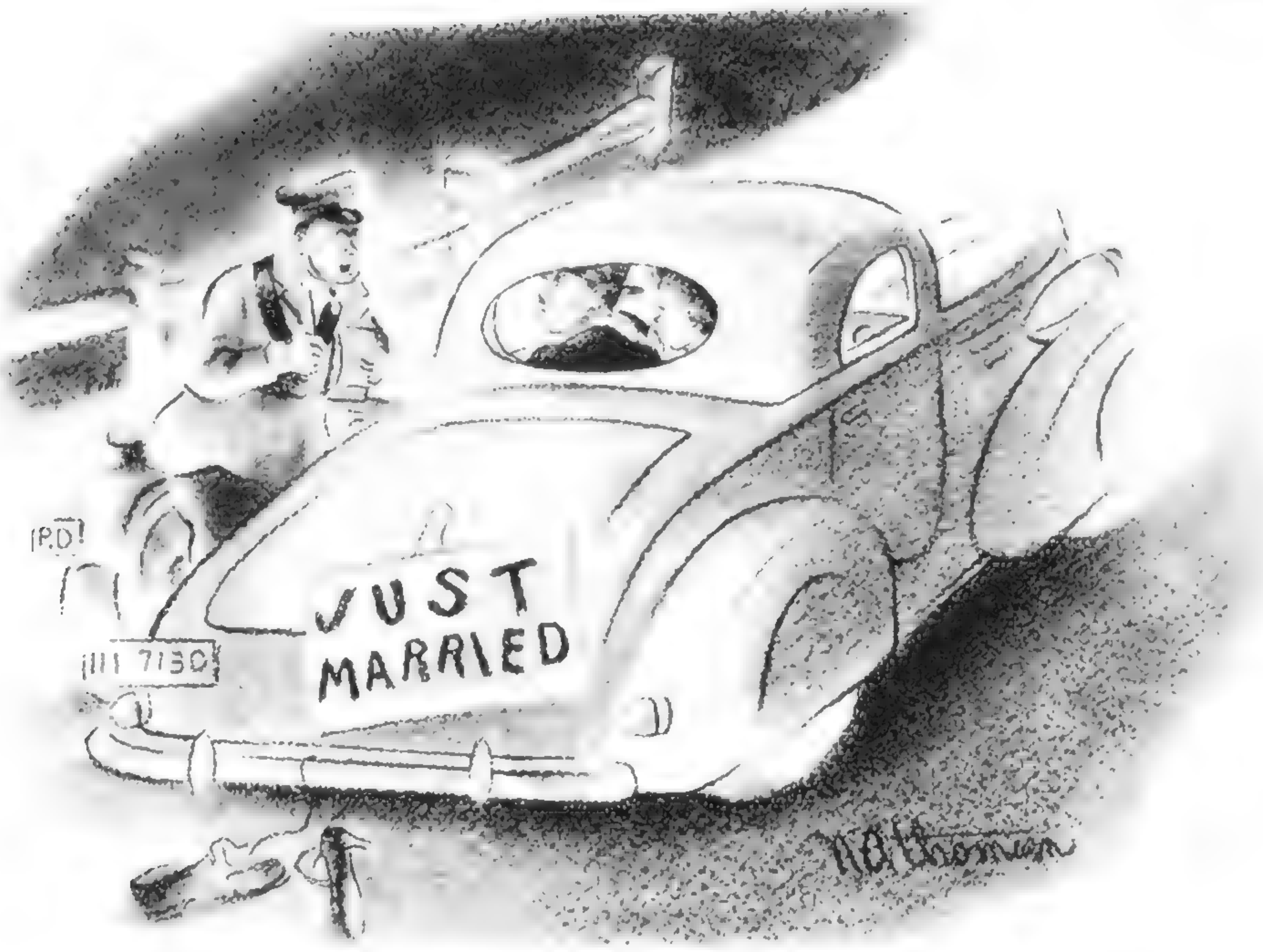


"We've been here so long I've forgotten what we came for"





"Let's take it easy and when he laps us we'll grab him"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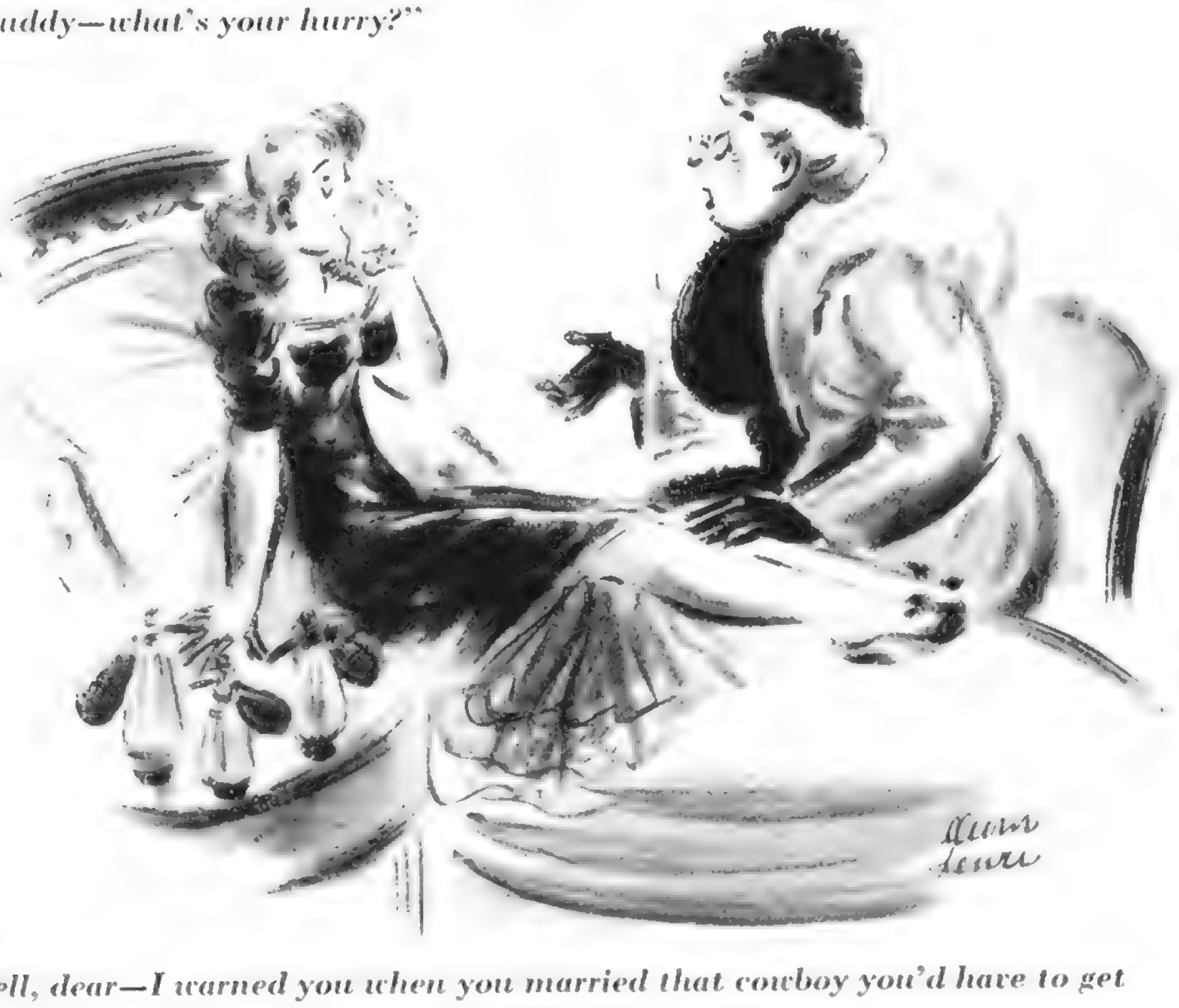
JUST MARRIED

"Awright, Buddy—what's your hurry?"



"Well, dear—I warned you when you married that cowboy you'd have to get used to a man smelling like a horse!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Recommending *Murder for Pleasure* to high-brow detective-story fans, prose by the poet Masefield, the real lowdown on O. K.

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

EVERYONE who lives in Yonkers, N. Y., and all who live elsewhere, should not fail to read John Masefield's little book *In the Mill*, 158 pages. During the year that the future poet-laureate lived in Yonkers, he regarded it as gloriously, romantically beautiful. No, there was no woman in the case; but if you wish to know why he regarded Yonkers as so wildly beautiful, you must buy and read the book. You will thank me for calling your attention to it; for although Masefield is primarily a poet—I still think his *August 1914* the most beautiful poem produced by the first World War—he is a master of limpid and musical prose, as simple and unaffected as it is noble and serene.

Although Masefield devoured many classics, for he loved reading, he did not care for Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, because of the "beastly cruelty to frogs and worms." He never read beyond the first few pages. He called the book a *davender*, a word new to me, but fortunately he translates it; it means a dub.

The only other person I have heard of who hated Izaak Walton was Lord Byron, who also was fond of animals. When he read Walton's description of how one should put the live frog on the hook, telling the fisher to treat him as if he *loved him*, this was too much for Byron who said he wished somebody had stuck a hook in the old prig's belly, or some remark like that.

Masefield read *Trilby* shortly after it came out; and he says that although there have been many best-sellers, he never heard of one that was so universally read and so constantly alluded to in all sorts of ways as *Trilby*. I believe that remained true until the appearance of *Gone With the Wind;* the only best-seller that could compare with *Trilby* in its complete capture of public attention.

He says O. K. meant Orl Korrect. He came near to the origin of the phrase, but even so he did not get it quite right. The two initials, sometimes spelled Okay and sometimes Okeh, have often been declared of unknown origin. But in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for July 19, 1941, there is an interesting and valuable article, *The Evidence on "O. K.,"* which seems to settle a problem that has called out whole libraries of research. The author, whom I congratulate, is Allen Walker Read. He shows that O. K. is almost exactly one hundred years old, and began in the Presidential campaign of 1840; the successful candidate, William Henry Harrison, began his term in March, 1841, only to be promoted to a higher position (let us hope) in about a month.

The O. K. Club was named after Old Kinderhook, the birthplace of Martin Van Buren, near Albany. His supporters hoped they could elect him for a second term. Now here is where John Masefield came near the truth, only the truth was a fabrication. It was asserted that Andrew Jackson had placed his endorsement on some papers by the words O. K., by which he meant *Oll Korrect*.

I advise everyone, who is lucky enough, to get a copy of the *Saturday Review of Literature* for July 19, 1941; for the article is long and full of interest. It is one of the best "finds" ever published in that estimable periodical.

Masefield worked that one year in the mill before he was 21; and although he spent his evenings reading Chaucer, Spenser, Shelley, Keats, and other poets, he was interested in everything; especially in the memorable fight on St. Patrick's Day 1897, between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. He felt that Fitz was very dangerous in a fight, but here is how he described Corbett.

"I had seen both men in New York. I had seen Corbett on Fifth Avenue acknowledging the cheers of his admirers. He was a beautiful creature, a most lovely splendid man, full of speed and charm and cleverness, with the grace of a panther, and such a look of courage and decision. I had seen him box in one of the little primitive peep-show cinemas, into which you dropped a dime before turning the handle which made the film revolve. I suppose that no more wonderful athlete ever breathed."

I remember so well seeing Corbett box in this same machine, called the kinetoscope, forerunner of the motion picture.

One of Masefield's earliest poems to attract universal attention was *The Everlasting Mercy*, where he describes a prize fight. This dramatic poetry greatly shocked a contemporary English poet, Stephen Phillips.

Masefield was a farmer, a deep-water sailor, and a worker in a carpet factory before he became famous. But he seems to have possessed from boyhood one of the most wonderful of all gifts, and also one of the rarest; that of seeing beauty in everything. This is entirely different from the Pollyanna "looking on the bright side" of things. It is a gift not only of immense importance to one's happiness, but of inestimable value to a poet. Vachel Lindsay had it when he looked at the drunken Negroes in the city and saw the Congo. I think this gift is connected in some way with that grace which the poet Vaughan called "high humility." Instead of thinking how dull and hard was the task, Masefield saw beauty in it. When we remember how Dr. Johnson condemned the profession of sailing, his contempt for the drudgery and those who chose it, saying sailors were much worse off than men in prison, because they had less room, worse air (sleeping quarters), much worse food and no liberty at all, it is interesting to see in this little book how Masefield, admitting its disadvantages, especially the rotten food, says:

"Compared with the life at sea the mill life lacked the companionship of the sky and the

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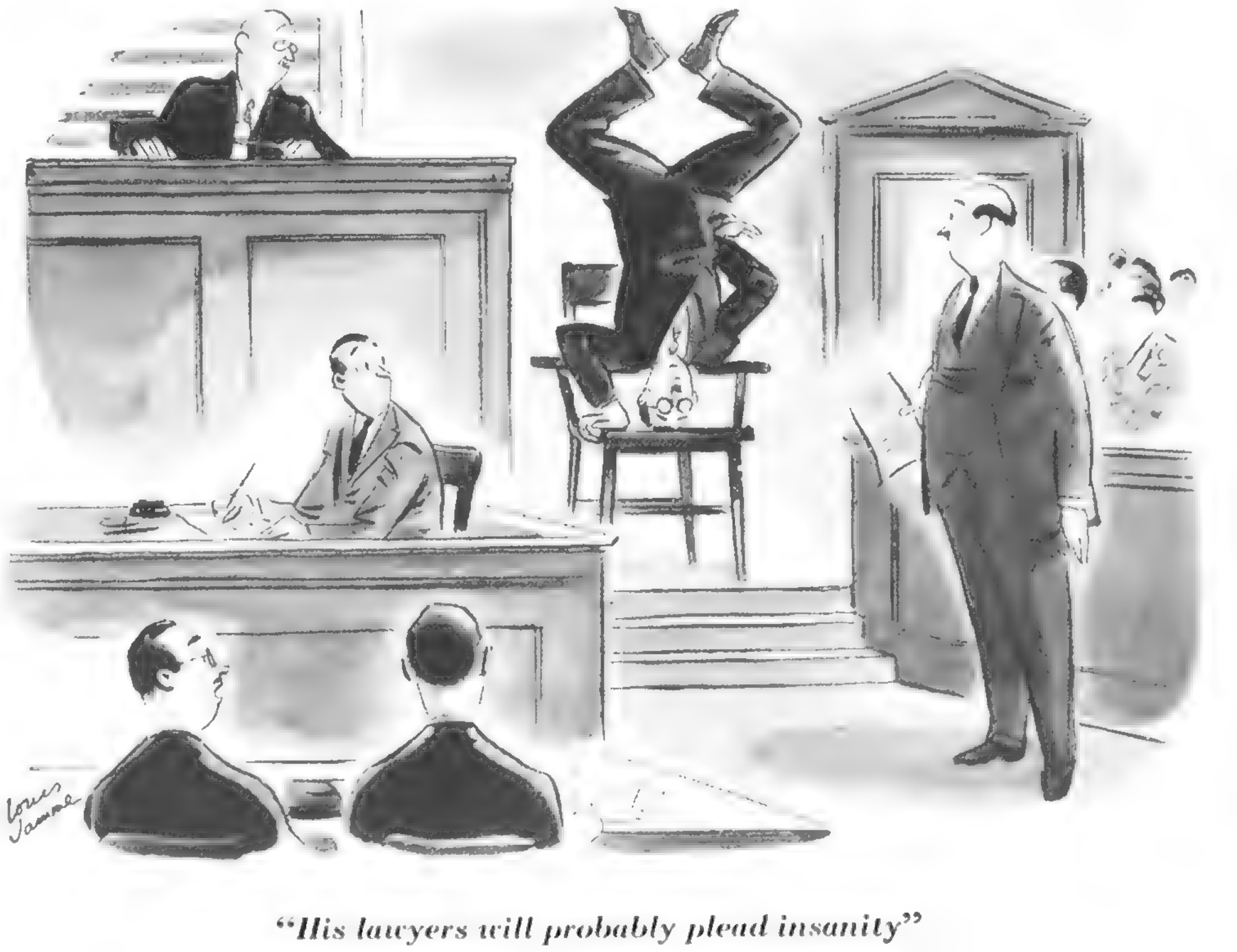

"His lawyers will probably plead insanity"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Plying the dissecting knife to *The Light of Heart* by the young Welsh actor-playwright, Emlyn Williams

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

The Light Of Talent.—The wide critical acceptance of the young Welsh actor-playwright, Mr. Emlyn Williams, as a dramatic author of considerable beam and heft is a source of some puzzled amusement to at least two practitioners of the trade of Aristotle, Beaumarchais and Jack Pulaski. One of the bolsheviks in point is Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, of the *Nation;* the other is your own waterboy, Mr. Nathan. It was these twain who, you may have heard, muttered cynically into their whiskeys last May when fourteen of their colleagues in the New York Drama Critics' Circle loftily sneered them out of countenance by voting the aforesaid Mr. Williams' *The Corn Is Green* the prize foreign play of the year and, by natural implication, at least an approximate gem of the dramatic art.

The reason for the humorous skepticism of the objectionable pair was fourfold. In the first place, the theme of the play, which so profoundly impressed their fourteen brethren, struck them as being essentially of a piece with that of the old Stair and Havlin plays and Essanay and Thanhouser films wherein an Eastern schoolteacher, come to the Far West, found an interest in an uncouth cowboy and educated him into the ways of a scholar and gentleman. In the second place, the play's devices, ranging all the way from the initial hostility of both the community and the pupil toward the teacher to the eventual warm acceptance of her, and including such jalopyan hokum as the singing class, the blackmailing female who says the hero is the father of her impromptu baby, and the old maid with the romantic flutters, only made the pair smile a little broader. In the third place, the writing of the play, so highly esteemed by their colleagues, seemed to them much less the authentically simple writing their colleagues esteemed it to be than a kind of cagily restrained artificiality. And in the fourth place, while they thoroughly agreed that Ethel Barrymore was pretty fine in the leading role, that the rest of the acting company was all right too, and that Herman Shumlin's staging was tip-top, they couldn't see just how all that critically converted the generically negligible manuscript itself into something of a dramatic masterpiece.

I do not recall Mr. Krutch's opinion of Mr. Williams' antecedently produced play, *Night Must Fall*, though it isn't very difficult to guess it. But I do recall that a quorum of the other gentlemen of the Circle seemed to admire it considerably. What it was, you who saw it will recollect, was just another of those London box-office mélanges of perversion, murder and horror, rather better than a number of the others though not nearly so good as such as *Rope's End*, and in its entirety written in greasepaint and not a little melodramatically ham.

These two exhibits are up to the moment Mr. Williams' only revelations in the American market. Two other plays, *Spring 1600* and *He Was Born Gay*, the former a feeble essay in Shakespeareana and the latter an even feebler contribution to stage literature about the overworked Dauphin, have been displayed in London. Announced for local production this season, however, is still another play, *The Light of Heart*, which has already been seen in London and which has been anointed by the English critics as "a real play" (*Star*), "one of the best plays of modern times" (*Sunday Dispatch*), "a great play" (*Sunday Graphic*), and "a distinguished play welded with beautiful firmness" (*Times*). English criticism has further observed of it, "Williams writes like a poet" (*Sunday Express*), "One of the best evenings in the theatre for a very long time" (*Sunday Times*), "Ladies and gentlemen, I commend to you Emlyn Williams; cherish him!" (*News Of The World*), and "magnificent stuff, full of comedy, pathos and passion brilliantly mingled by this young master-playwright" (*Sunday Pictorial*).

What, then, is the nature of this great critical treat in store for us? After a reading of the work in Heinemann book publication, I offer myself to the general enlightenment.

The basic originality of *The Light Of Heart* may be appreciated from its theme, which concerns a once successful actor ruined by overindulgence in the bottle, the vain efforts of his patient, self-sacrificing young daughter to reform him, and his brio end in suicide. Recovering from the initial shock of such novelty, we scrutinize the further originality of romantic approach and treatment. I quote a couple of sample speeches.

The first is placed in the mouth of the old actor who is meditating the glory of the theatre:

"And there's that great empty place over the way, echoing with hammers and hoovers, hoovers and hammers, just a shabby factory. There's this most ordinary day; people are doing their jobs, or doing nothing, rushing about London exchanging all those worn pennies of speech we know so well—'thought it was going to rain, must 'phone up so-and-so, didn't quite catch the name'—over and over again. And in a few hours they'll all be in that factory, waiting for the curtain to go up. And behind that curtain, in the wings, leaning on a grimy drum, a little man in dirty plimsolls will be waiting, too. He hears them all, sitting out there like a lot of magpies—'thought it was going to rain, must 'phone up'—and then the signal. The lights fade, the voices die into sudden silence, the pulse of the world is still . . . and then the drum. And like a cloud shaken from a sack, something spreads through the place from end to end. I

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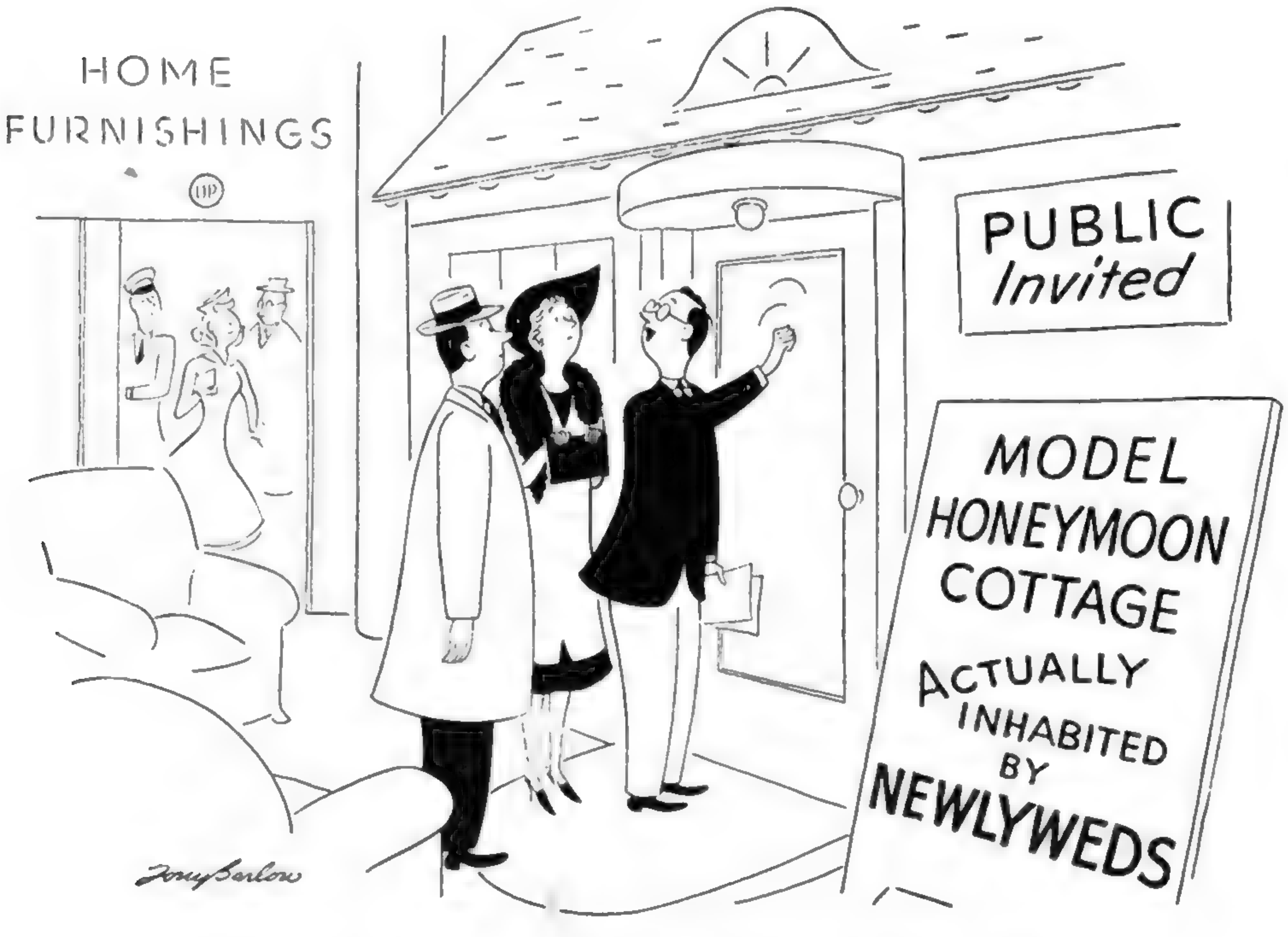
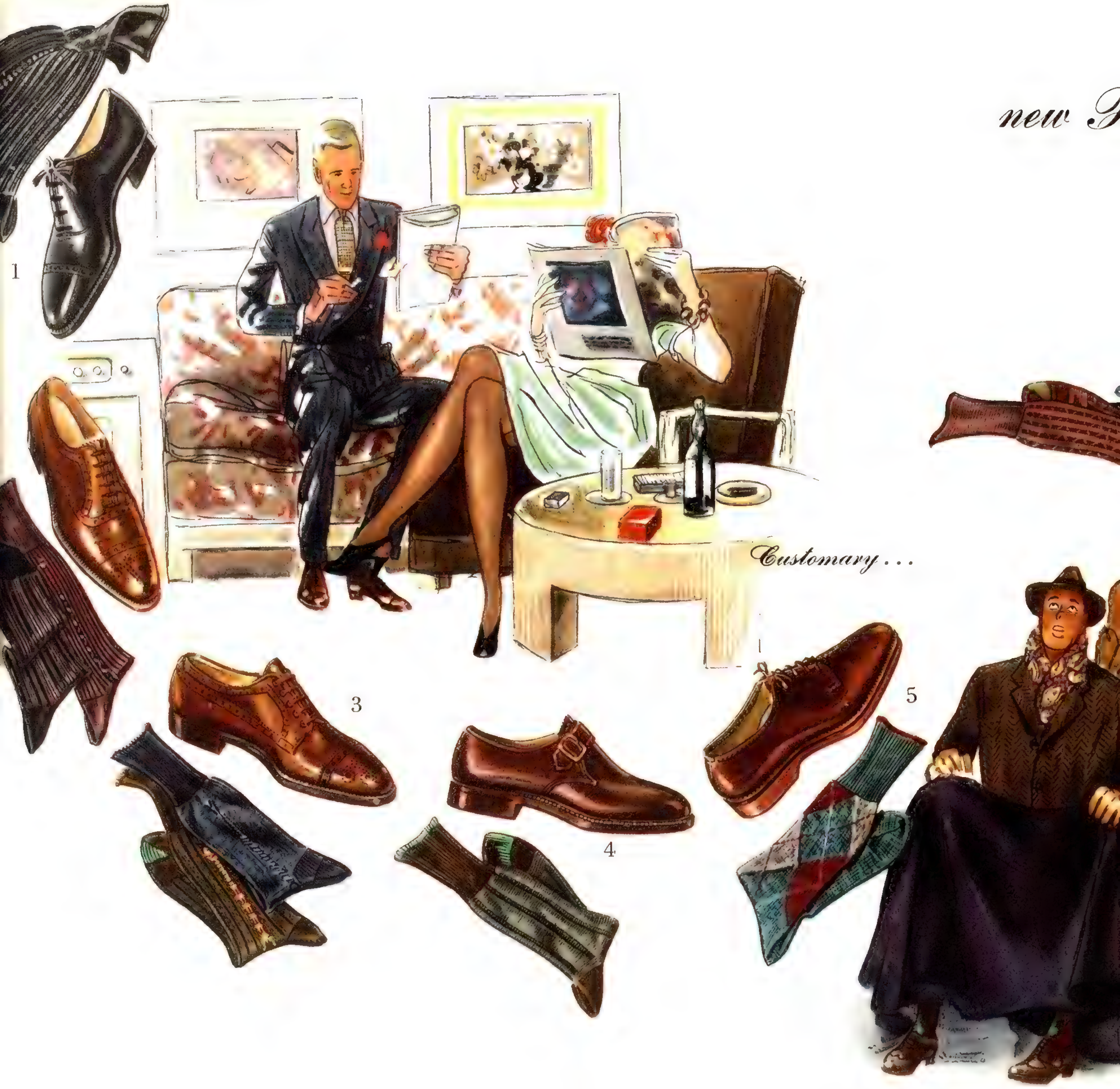

HOME FURNISHINGS
UP
PUBLIC Invited
MODEL HONEYMOON COTTAGE ACTUALLY INHABITED BY NEWLYWEDS
Tony Barlow

"Sometimes it takes them quite a while to answer the door"

new



Customary . . . The man wears a blue pin dot striped worsted suit, Porcelain blue shirt with blue and red stripes and long point collar, maroon and white Macclesfield tie, maroon wool half-hose and brown straight tip shoes with center perforations.

Casual . . . The gridiron fan eyeing the punt is wearing a Brownstone tweed overcoat, Paisley silk muffler, brown snap-brim hat, natural pigskin gloves, diamond patterned socks and brown wing-tip shoes.

Formal . . . The escort has on a single breasted midnight blue dinner jacket with lustrous silk lapels, red carnation, wing collar, midnight blue butterfly tie, stiff bosom piqué shirt, pearl studs, black silk socks and plain toe patent leather evening shoes. The white piqué waistcoat of single breasted model accents the formality of the ensemble.

1 Black calf straight tip in town last. Hose: Black ribbed silk, two-toned grey clocks, black and grey vertical stripes; silk, rayon mixture. For business.

2 Brown calf straight tip with center perforation. Hose: Maroon silk and wool mixture in six by three rib with blue and red clocks, maroon, grey and black striped silk. For business.

3 Brown calf blucher, perforated toe cap, circular top. Hose: Mixed blue lisle, two-toned blue clocks, Brownstone mixture silk and wool with panel rib effect and tan, copper colored clock. For semi-sports.

4 Brown calf monk front with thick leather sole. Hose: Brown and green cross striped wool with wide rib effect. For semi-sports and university.

5 Golden brown calf seamless top with red rubber sole. Hose: Maroon, grey and green Argyle plaid wool. For semi-sports and university.

6 Brown reverse calf straight tip with leather sole. Hose: Maroon and grey wool and cotton with patterned rib effect, blue, rust and tan Argy
wool anklet. For semi-sports.

7 Brown calf wing tip with thick leather sol
Brownstone and tan plaid wool, maroon mixtu
with black, yellow, blue, red and green di
For university and semi-sports.

8 Brown calf Sandan boot, crepe sole. Hos
color wool with small tweed pattern. For

9 Brown calf moccasin with spiked leath
Hose: Tan, light and dark blue wool with
istic design. For golf. With plain sole for sem

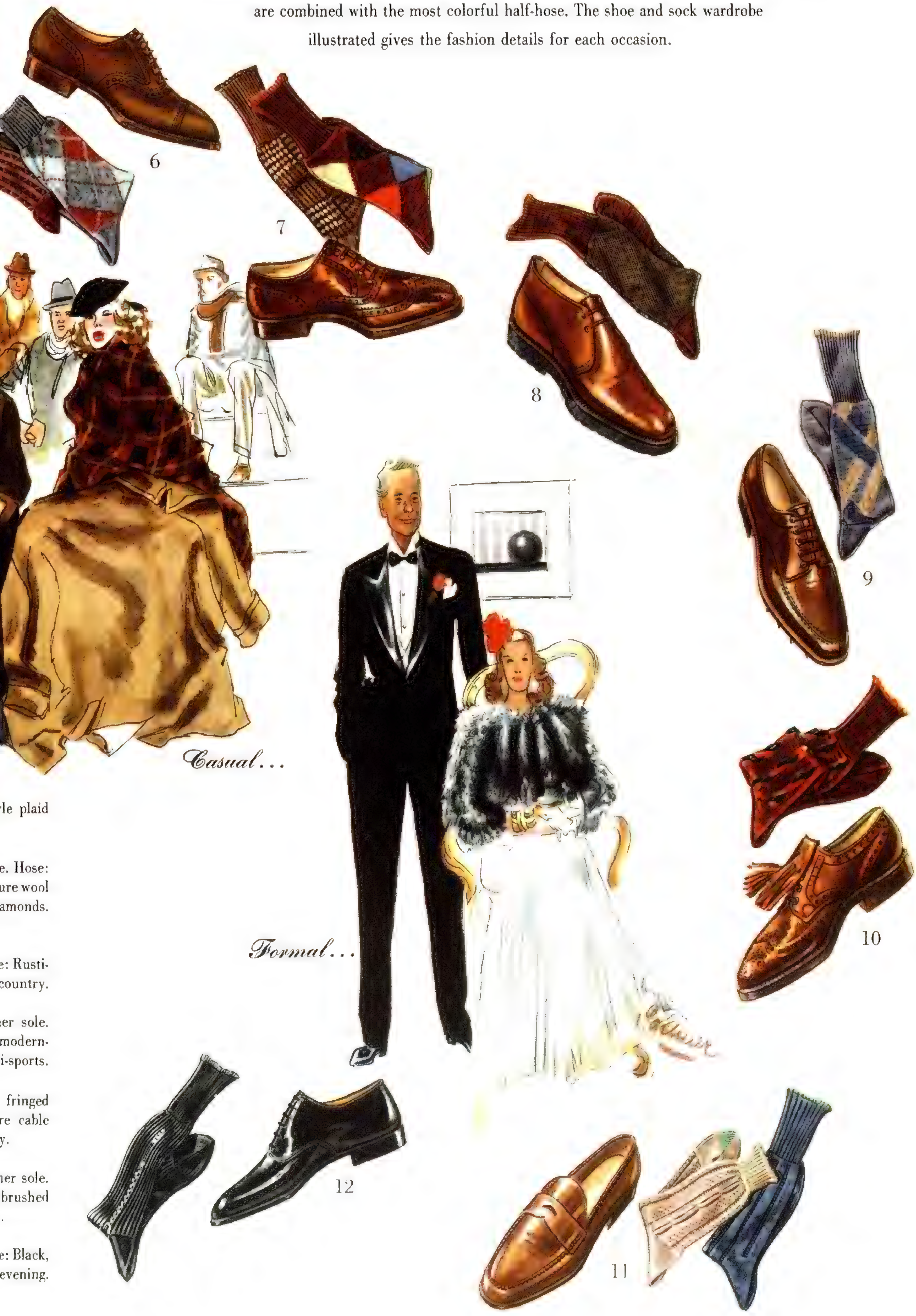
10 Brown calf brogue with blucher front
tongue and thick sole. Hose: Red mixtu
striped wool. For semi-sports and universit

11 Brown calf moccasin slipper with leath
Hose: Tan cable effect wool anklet, blue
wool. For university, semi-sports and resort

12 Black patent leather with plain toe. Hos
ribbed silk with white clocks. For formal

Fashions afoot . . . spied by Esquire

Increasing attention is being paid to the shoes and half-hose men wear for various purposes. Dress-up types rule for business. Sturdier looking footwear, particularly of brown leather with thick soles, is on a rising tide for semi-sports. Country shoes are combined with the most colorful half-hose. The shoe and sock wardrobe illustrated gives the fashion details for each occasion.



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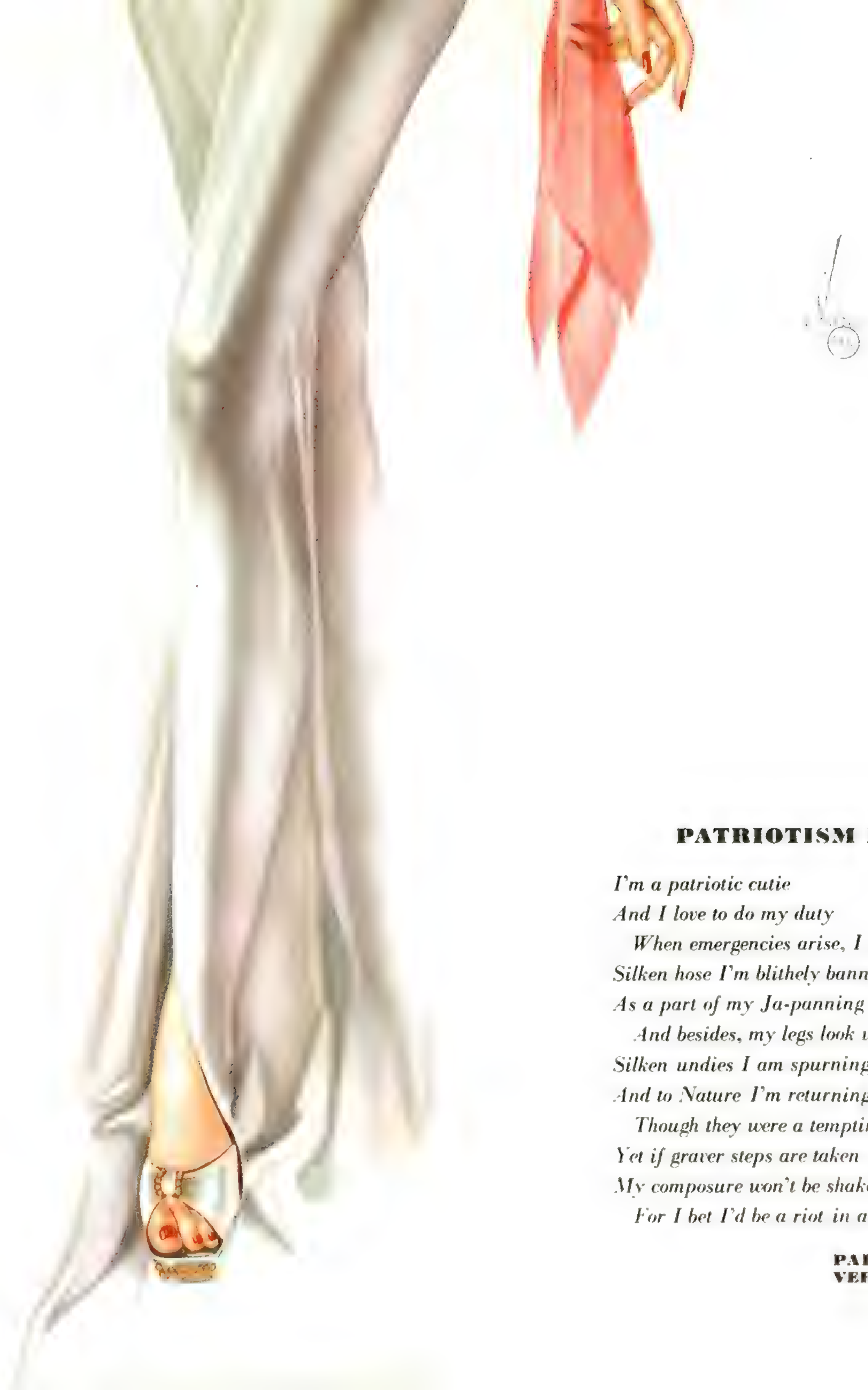

PATRIOTISM MINUS

I'm a patriotic cutie
And I love to do my duty
  When emergencies arise, I never flout 'em;
Silken hose I'm blithely banning
As a part of my Ja-panning
  And besides, my legs look very nice without 'em;
Silken undies I am spurning
And to Nature I'm returning
  Though they were a tempting part of my apparel,
Yet if graver steps are taken
My composure won't be shaken
  For I bet I'd be a riot in a barrel!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

H.P., Hohokus, and Hocus Pocus

Our only hope for defense is to abolish outworn Army and Navy traditions and to set up a strong, independent Air Force

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

They hung Billy Mitchell on a sour apple tree; and fat Hermann Goering sprouted wings. For the things that General Mitchell advocated for a great American air force made the German air force great.

Billy Mitchell developed three theses before becoming a martyr: (1) Modern infantry is only a holding force; (2) The submarine is the only naval vessel that has any attacking force; and (3) Air power is the only weapon that can attack and defend on land, over the sea, and in its own sphere.

Modern fighting, he argued, would owe 20 per cent of its effectiveness to the Navy, 30 per cent to the Army—but 50 per cent to the Air Force.

The only military man who seemed to take this clear-eyed analysis seriously was Hermann the German, whose fat was conveniently concentrated in his middle, instead of his dome.

The French continued to put their trust in *gloire;* the British, in the Navy; and the American Army on the combined forces of you're-in-the-Army-now infantry, Boy Scouts in "jeep" cars, and the Atlantic ocean. Certain senators, even now, think that the ocean is enough; we can defeat the enemy with wave after wave of good salt brine.

The French, now, are little more than a memory. England survived; and thanks to the lesson of Dunkerque, a lesson which cost a terrible and bloody price, is on its wings instead of its back. But we, in this day of trial and judgment, are still inclined to play the old Army game—otherwise known as co-operative Blarney-Stone kissing, or petrified Post Office.

For the simple, bald fact is that the *Luftwaffe* and the R.A.F. are fighting a 1941 war with 1941 tools, and with a unified air force. It is true that the British are fighting with American aircraft of any type they can get, and reports of good performance by American fighters and bombers are beginning to come through. But this shouldn't freeze production yet; we should be sure that our ships are superior to anything Germany can produce.

Our fighting force is still giving readings from the lessons of the past in the Gothic rooms of the Pherolampian Literary Society. It expects to find the answer in the war diary of General Lee, the whiskey of General Grant, or the erudite pages of *The Infantry Journal.*

What has happened to our Air Corps is pretty much what happened to that disembodied character in Mr. Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno.* This character, you remember, "thought he saw a Rattlesnake, that questioned him in Greek: He looked again and found it was the Middle of Next Week."

The Air Corps is not necessarily to blame for this situation. For years the Air Corps has been the stepchild of a tradition-bound Army; the Army had been the stepchild of a congenitally myopic Congress. And now that "the Middle of Next Week" is on us, the Air Corps is heaving away at a high rate, and radiating unbounded optimism.

Now there is no question of the relative sincerity of the Army's tradition-tested approach. But, in the light of the performance given by the British and French tradition-tried armies, over the past two years, there is distinct question of our Army Air Force's imagination and drive. For successful fighting today involves a quality inherently excluded from tradition, and from the disciplinary and seniority regimen of Army life. This is *dynamism*—the desire to find new, more efficient, faster, better ways of doing the things formerly covered by "muddling along," by rationalization of inaction.

I took the proof of this article down to Washington, and submitted it to spokesmen for the Army Air Corps. "It is not quite fair," these men said. "You must take into consideration the gigantic problems we have had to face. For years, Congress has been slicing away at Army appropriations, and whenever we asked for money for Air Corps expansion, critics said: 'There you go—millions of people unemployed, and the Army wants more of the taxpayers' money for weapons of offense.' "

All of which is true. You can't work miracles overnight. You can't design better planes, test them, get rid of the bugs, and then get them into mass production as easily as you can write a *j'accuse* article. Nevertheless, these articles have to be written: the facts have to be put on the table—and have to be kept on the table. For nothing is more dangerous to national security than an uncritical or lethargic confidence in "the people who are in a position to know"—as the good people of France have had occasion to learn.

And be the reasons what they may, the record of our Air Corps is not brilliant.

I asked the officials of the Air Corps for the low-down on the air-versus-liquid-cooled controversy. This running fight in the aircraft industry, as much as anything else, points to the need for an independent air force. The Navy has plumped on the side of air-cooled engines for fighters; the Army is using both liquid-cooled and air-cooled, predominantly the former. It is fairly obvious that both types of engines are needed for a well-rounded-out air arm. I asked about the light fire power of our fighters, the relatively light armor, and other details involved in this philippic. "Don't worry," they said. "Your figures are out of date. We made mistakes, naturally. But they are being corrected. And the planes we are turning out now will open your eyes—they will outperform anything in the world."

"What are they?" I asked. "And what will they do?" "Obviously," they said, "we can't release this information. These are military secrets. The enemy would certainly like to know what we are doing—and how many planes we are producing. It would help them in timing their moves."

Now all of this makes sense. It's sound military logic. But, somehow, I couldn't help thinking of General Weygand's justification

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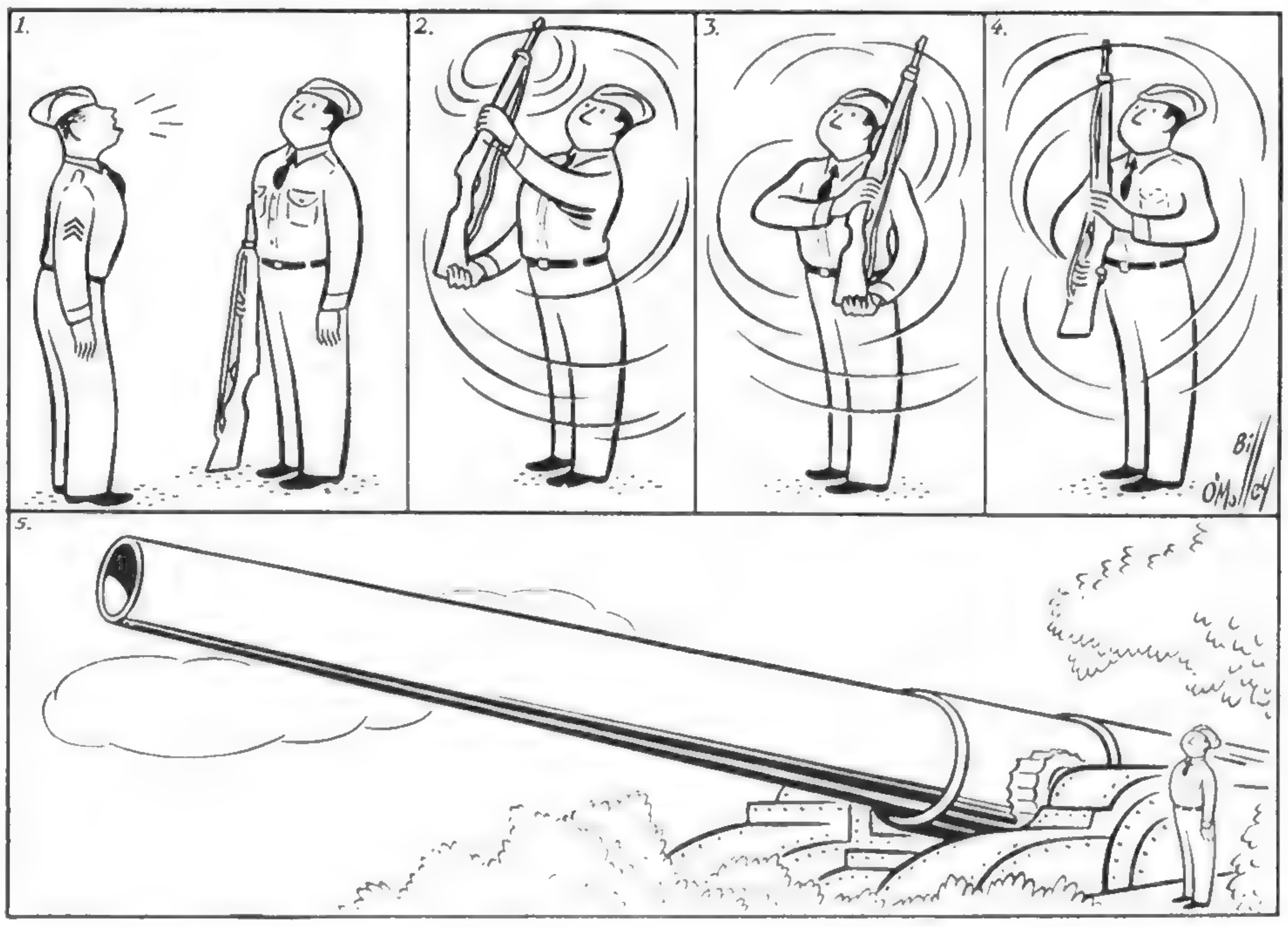


Widespread collars on shirts give the impression of building you up at the shoulders. They are, therefore, accredited for making you look taller.

Hats with tapered crowns and medium-width brim should be on your list. They tend to give you a lift. Excessively wide brims and low crowns, on the other hand produce a squatty effect.

Vertical lines should be of prime consideration as yo select clothes. Long roll lapels on single or double breaste jackets seem to add inches to your height. Medium lengt jackets are best. Cuffless trousers tend to add to th length of the legs. Narrow trousers are recommended t enhance this general effect. Striped fabrics for business suit mark the up-and-down lines and are, therefore, desirabl

Fabrics of sports jackets should not be disregarded i general build-up. Thick and fuzzy types give you expansive-looking physique. Designs are best if th on the small side. Herringbones are commendab cause they enhance the perpendicular lines. Very plaids are among the "don'ts."

Topcoats and overcoats should be chosen with the same sober care. As in the case of jackets, squared shoulders and long roll lapels are preferred. Peaked lapels stress lines of elongation. Knee-length coats make your legs look long, if not Lincolnesque.

TALLER SHORTS

how to select clothes that heighten your appearance

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

wearables

Men below normal stature can profit by tested devices which create the illusion of greater height. If you are in this shorter-than-average group, you would do well to concentrate on fashions that accentuate tall lines and, naturally, avoid wearing things that subtract from your stature.

Moderate widths of the sole extensions of shoes give a good base to the ensemble. Some shoes are specially constructed so that they actually add an inch or more to your stature. Consider all these points for your new lift in life.

Esquire on the Record

Running the gamut of the current discs including such esoterica as six card tricks and a screen test

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

THE season is with us. Music-stricken oafs are again rushing from one celebrity concert to another, applauding bouquets, rapturous effusions, curtsies, too obvious sharing of the glory with piccolo player and accompanist—in short, the ageless circus stunt with the public as Bottom and the celebrity in the role of Titania.

In symphony halls there are again witless discussions as to whether this or that brand of tonal jelly tastes better, whether Mr. Hindemith is more arid and monotonous than Mr. Stravinsky, whether Stokowski's tails are more suggestively streamlined than Koussevitzky's. Printers are busy reprinting last season's programs. Pedants excitedly compile lists of compositions with the dot-dot-dot-dash motive.

Conservatories of music are once more at their dreary business of grinding out geniuses. Public school music supervisors demonstrate for still another winter how little they know their subject. Park Avenue dowagers suspect the *New Opera* is not really new. Soap-box orators debate whether *Tristan* will persist without Madame Flagstad . . . whether she is in a concentration camp or about to burst forth in Berlin.

In the midst of all this, my equilibrium remains the same. It is unbalanced only by the regular arrival of large and bulky packages of discs which have been thrown, for convenience, into the following bins:

FOR THE COLLECTION

Bach: Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring and *Gigue* from *Fifth French Suite*. Played by Dame Myra Hess. Columbia 4084-M. Dame Hess has recorded her arrangement of the Bach Chorale before, but this performance, only recently arrived from London, is surpassing. It is filled with a spiritual, contemplative mood, a grave and beautiful dignity, a restraint, that remind one of Fra Angelico's angels dancing and singing. The *Gigue* from *Bach's Fifth French Suite* on the reverse side is also in the best taste, and an abiding reminder of the art of the greatest living woman pianist.

Charpentier: "Depuis le jour" from *Louise* and *Debussy:* Air de Lia from *L'Enfant Prodigue*. Sung by Dorothy Maynor. Victor 17698. There have been rumors that our colored nightingale has not lived up to her earliest promises. Undoubtedly, she has not always been at her best nor sung as she sang that first afternoon at the Berkshire Music Shed. But in her re-recording of the air from *Louise* (she recorded it unsuccessfully with Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra), she has achieved a masterpiece. Except for a few "tight" tones, her production is perfect and, what is more, she achieves an intensity of feeling, an unerring rightness of conception, and a beauty of tone that rank her interpretation alongside the most gifted of her predecessors.

Debussy: Symphonic Fragments from *Le Martyre de San Sebastien*. Played by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under the direction of Piero Coppola. Victor M677. "Discipline must be sought in freedom, and not in the formulas of a decayed philosophy, which is of no value except to the weak," wrote Debussy. In this incidental music to a miracle play of Gabriele d'Annunzio, a product of his later, most mature style, he illustrates his statement. Those who have a Debussy collection will not be without this album.

Frescobaldi: Toccata. Transcribed for orchestra by Hans Kindler. The National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Kindler. Victor 17632. A full-throated transcription of great music from the days when men were men, better recorded than most of the discs that have come out of the DAR's boomy Constitution Hall. The execution is not the most polished, but it is full of good, lusty sound. Victor describes the music for its salesmen as "playing around the keyboard going nowhere in particular, but throwing together a mess of notes to sound nice."

Mozart: Symphony No. 39, in E flat (K543). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia Album 456. Here is almost perfection in Mozart playing and recording. Every detail is crystal-clear, and the vibrant, spontaneous freshness is exhilarating. This, the first of Mozart's last three, is quite different from the intense drama of the *G Minor* or the flaming architecture of the *Jupiter*. It has its own texture, its own harmonic essence, its own truth. And Sir Thomas lets every phrase fall into place naturally. He never nudges or buttonholes you with a "Just listen to this!" The music has room to expand—to exhale its sweetness. It should be taken as one takes in the scent of a rose, not in rapid, short breaths, but in a deep, full inhalation of perfect, blended pleasure.

Verdi: Preludes to Acts I and III of *La Traviata*. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor 18080. Whatever reservations might conceivably be made about Mr. Toscanini's conducting of Brahms or Tschiakowsky or Sibelius, none can dispute his mastery of Rossini and Verdi. Here he sings in honest, deep-felt accents, and the music speaks from the heart. It is a more brilliant recording than his older performance with the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York. Speaking of *Traviata* reminds me of Muzio. If you would hear the greatest of all recorded operatic tragediennes, order Columbia 9106-M on which the incomparable Claudia sings "Addio del Passato" from *La Traviata* and "Pace, Pace Mio Dio" from *La Forza del Destino*.

Wagner: Prelude and Liebestod from *Tristan*

Continued on page 173

GEORGE WOLFE
100
17

"Now your only problem is to get a girl to look at that etching!"

Olivia's Last Stand

Some day, when the real truth about Olivia De Havilland is written, your correspondent will contribute a word

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

One day Olivia De Havilland finished work in *They Died with Their Boots On*, with Errol Flynn, at eleven in the morning, and had the afternoon off.

Mr. Flynn had just finished saying good-bye to her as he started off for one of his wars. The thought of Mr. Flynn going out to cut down the Indians, or the pirates, or whoever he is sore at this time, without first saying good-bye to Miss De Havilland is as unthinkable as the thought of Miss De Havilland waving her lace handkerchief at some private.

During her term in Hollywood, she has divided her time about equally between appearing in pictures in which she is part of the cast, and those in which Mr. Flynn and a lot of bloodthirsty extras are the cast, and she is a mural called Womanhood, sometimes in Technicolor and sometimes in black-and-white.

Her primary function in this case is to give a feeling of reality to the otherwise incredible gyrations of Mr. Flynn and his sword, decapitating the rank and file of the opposition. He is carving his way back to Olivia, an objective clearly worth all the trouble: something the audience, which saw Olivia in the first reel, can get its teeth into. If at first it is puzzled as to just what Mr. Flynn thinks is so attractive in the jungle, when it is plain that Olivia is a pushover right at home, all is forgiven when he starts hewing his way back to one of the most beautiful Hollywood actresses of all time, up to the present day.

But what about our heroine, in the interim? True, an occasional flash has shown us Miss De Havilland sitting at home in the parlor quietly weeping into her beer; but these are just occasional flashes. How about the rest of the time? Someday when the real truth about Hollywood is written, certain things may be exposed, and ruthlessly. When such a time comes, I may be able to put in a word or two myself.

At home in the parlor, quietly weeping into her beer!

That's what Flynn thinks.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of which I am speaking, Miss De Havilland said good-bye to Flynn. At eleven-one Flynn was out of sight and his "faithful" girl friend turned to me.

"Let's go eat," she said, looking at me "innocently."

I glanced in the direction in which Flynn had disappeared. "Doesn't he come back today?" I said.

"No," she said: "I can take the whole afternoon."

"You mean he doesn't come back until tomorrow?" I said.

Miss De Havilland looked at me with a certain expression which I shall not attempt to describe. "He never comes back," she said. "Where'll we have lunch?"

"Anyplace," I said. We started out of the sound stage, which was hot. "What's his part in the picture?" I asked.

"I thought you knew," she said. We were at the door, and went out into the bright California sunshine. Back of the Warner Brothers lot the Santa Monica hills rose in misty, pastel splendor. She took a deep breath. "What a day!"

"What's Flynn's part?" I asked again.

"General Custer," she said. A bit archly, I thought.

Olivia never looked lovelier.

"What'll we do now?" she said.

I ate a leg of my last soft-shelled crab. We were in a restaurant in Beverly Hills which has soft-shelled crabs, in season. Soft-shelled crabs are hard to find in California, since they have to be shipped in from the East. These were my first in two years, and I love soft-shelled crabs to the exclusion of all other food. In reasonable quantities. The people on the Coast do not like them, nor do they like any other seafood. They go in for lettuce, other leaves and various herbs, nuts, and soft fruits, eating fish, when they eat them at all, only because they have read that fish are brain food.

"What'll we do?" Olivia said. "Shall we go to the beach, or what?"

"It'll be hot at the beach," I said.

"Well," she said, "Esquire expects us to do something."

I nodded. "Esquire expects every man to do his duty."

"Like Errol," she said. She glanced at her wrist watch. "They've probably got him by this time."

"I hope so," I said, glancing around the restaurant.

"It's only a movie," she said. She said, "Shall we go to the beach?"

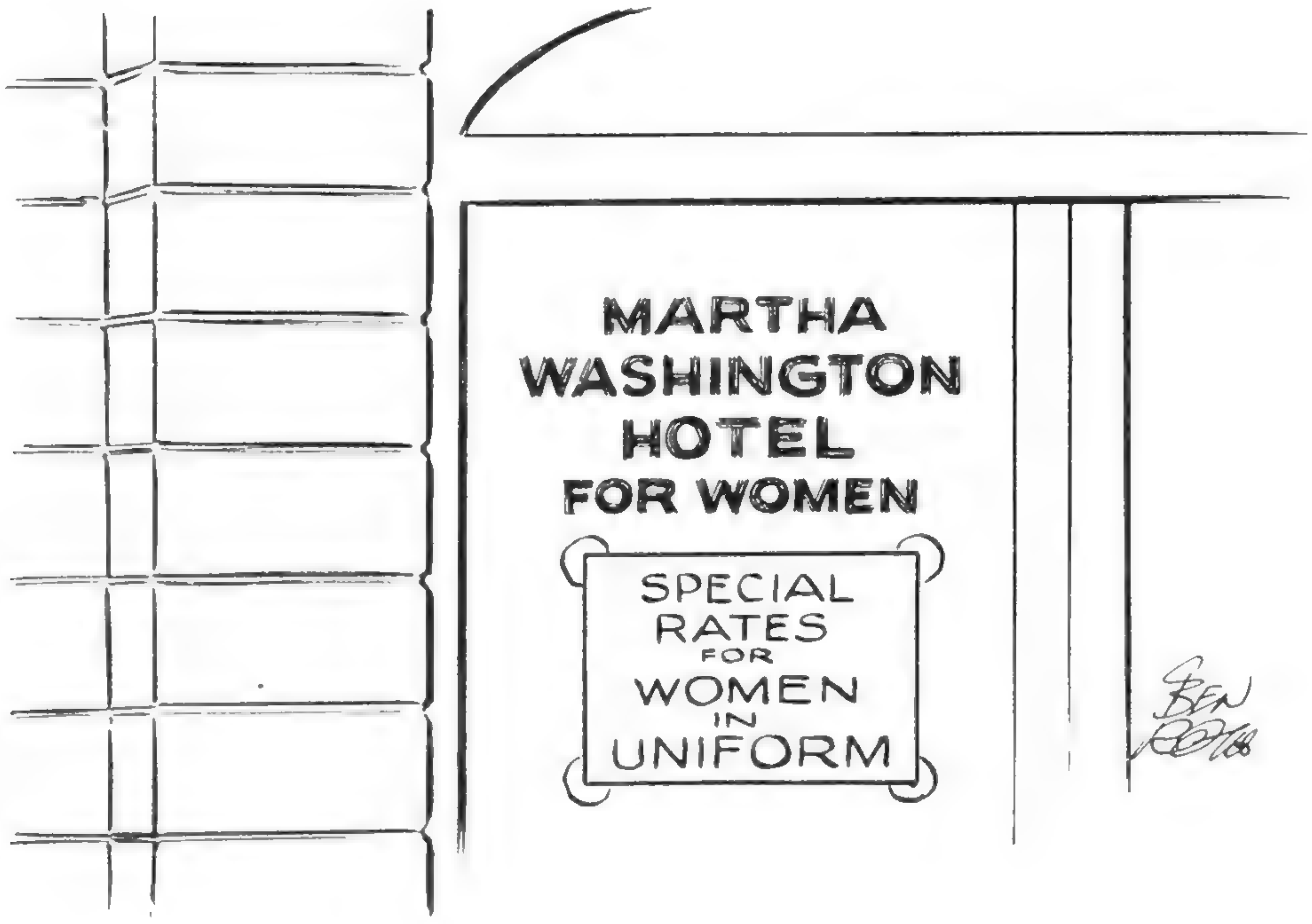
"No," I said.

"Then what?"

"What I would really like to do," I said, "I hate to mention."

We sat there a minute. It seemed rather warm in the place. I picked up the last crab leg and ate it, slowly. I used to get all the soft-shelled crabs I wanted, in Chicago, but in Hollywood you ask a butcher—they don't have fish markets, just small fish counters in the butcher shops—for a soft-shelled crab and he thinks you're nuts. Or a waiter; he doesn't know what you're talking about. Anybody who really loves seafood puts soft-shelled crabs at the top of the list. But they don't love seafood on the Coast, except in San Francisco, which is not part of the Coast but is a part of New York or New Orleans on detached and lonely service. Lettuce, avocados, celery salt, orange juice. The seafood smells too much like fish, for southern California. Only San Francisco. It is my ambition to live in

Continued in center of page 16


MARTHA WASHINGTON HOTEL FOR WOMEN
SPECIAL RATES FOR WOMEN IN UNIFORM
BEN ROTH

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Hurrell Photograph

SIGRID GURIE
Hurrell Photograph

Wine Lovers Go Native

Wine-snobs, suckled on old world vintages, have suddenly learned to drink American—and like it

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

℞

IT MAY seem drastic to a kitten to be pressured into first contact with a saucer of milk which isn't Mamma's. But it works. And now by similar action of the hand of Fate, palate-proud connoisseurs, suckled on the vintages of the Old World, have had their snobbish noses pushed into the unguessed riches of America's wines—with resultant licking of chops in amazed discovery.

"Why," they demand, "weren't we informed of the existence of such remarkableness? These sound and surprisingly satisfactory Clarets and Burgundies of American make. These refreshingly delightful Chablis, Moselle, and Rhine creations from California, Ohio, and the Finger Lakes region of upstate New York. These native Sauternes, both sweet and dry—markedly different in character from the Sauternes of France and offering a greater range of uses: you don't have to wait till the dessert course to begin your enjoyment of them. Really, if we had ever dreamed that this country was producing wines of such eminent respectability, we would have had no hesitancy in making their acquaintance. As it was, we always supposed they came from the other side of the tracks."

Anyhow, the erstwhile snooters are deigning regularly. You might imagine that enology—technical term for the Art of Winemaking—had been developed to its present high point within our shores for *their* special benefit and that the joys it purveys were much too good for the common people.

Ease of thus going native is by virtue of a vast and multifarious wine industry which happened to be on hand when the so-so-superior soppers of imports from Bordeaux, Beaune, and Rheims suddenly found themselves bereft of supplies. Just happened! That is to say, a casual coast-to-coast affair of a hundred million gallons a year—or will be *this* year, judging by present consumer pace.

To anyone caught in a rainstorm the sight of a big, expertly run hotel looming ahead is mighty welcome; and when caught in a drought it is comforting to be confronted with a legion of substantial wineries stocked with swelldom. All together these wineries represent an investment of $150,000,000, and the vineyards that supply them, another $250,000,000. The present thirster didn't put up this money; it was dug up and tossed into the picture by wine believers willing to bank on the ultimate sagacity of the American palate. And the latter has requited their faith by trebling in eight years the gallonage intaken.

As for employment, the industry, not counting wholesalers and retailers, provides jobs for 156,000 people, paying them $5,800,000 annually. Other beneficiaries are:

15,000 American farmers, receiving for grapes	$16,000,000
Glass industry, for bottles	15,000,000
Cooperage industry, for barrels, vats, etc.	750,000
Printers and lithographers, for labels	1,600,000
Cork and closure suppliers	4,000,000
Fuel, power, transportation (railroads, steamships, trucks)	33,500,000
State and Federal governments, in taxes	28,000,000

A cheerful state of affairs indeed. Yet I know of no other important national industry which has taken so many beatings, over such a stretch of years. Looking back historically, we get the impression that wine-makers on this continent which Leif Ericson christened Vineland the Good have had to contend with every conceivable species of discouragement and heartbreak. In fact, for the first couple of centuries the job of getting wine out of America made the trick of getting blood out of a stone seem a cinch.

It was maddeningly tantalizing. The colonists found grapes, grapes, grapes growing everywhere in festooned profusion, even climbing up to the tops of the tallest trees of the virgin forest. But they were wild, New World grapes with an unfamiliar taste. An early governor of the Virginia settlement, Lord De La Warr (you're acquainted with the grape named indirectly after him), made a plea in 1616 that these "naturall vines" be "planted, dressed and ordered by skilled vinearoons" so that a civilized grape, suitable for wine, might be evolved from them. Unfortunately this idea man promptly died, but his stockholders in England felt he'd said something and, elaborating on his hunch, they sent over a bevy of French vine-dressers who brought along a collection of France's best grape varieties. By way of emphasis the Colonial Assembly in Jamestown passed an act compelling every householder to plant ten cuttings and learn the art of dressing a vineyard, either by instruction or by observation. There was to be wine or else.

At this point a pretty thorough massacre by the Indians (1622) sort of interfered with the grapes and their cultivators. Even so, the Assembly still hugged the wine ambition, decreeing that for every four men in the colony there had to be a garden, part of which was to consist of vines. Results, however, were so meager and disappointing that by 1660 a bounty of 10,000 pounds of tobacco was offered to any colonist who could oblige with "two tunne" (large casks of about 250 gallons each) of drinkable wine. But neither laws nor inducements brought about the desired miracle. European grape species just wouldn't thrive and the possibilities of our wild Americans weren't as yet understood.

That same story was repeated, with variations, in one region after another. French Huguenots in the Carolinas and Georgia tried

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"I wish you'd learn to be more punctual, dear—you're three drinks late again!"

Man the Kitchenette

Wine and food go hand in hand and native wines have a hearty handclasp when used in cooking

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

℞

Food and wine are sweethearts. At least they are inseparable companions. You don't have to be a gourmet or a food columnist to know that wine is the only beverage fit to accompany a fine meal—coffee being an intermediary between dessert and cigar—and that some of the sun-kissed, earth-conceived heavenly liquid finds its way into many of your dishes. Not much though, because what is really required in a dish is the vinous aftertaste and not the alcohol, most of which evaporates. But then cooking itself is an evaporating process, and the more you cook, the less you get. Foods like rice excepted!

To make things simple, the wine you select to serve with your meal also can serve to moisten your food. You don't need a separate, special cooking wine, and you don't have to worry that the pots and pans will use up the bottle, leaving you nothing. A drop or two, a dash, a wineglassful sometimes, is all that you use.

Don't be as lavish, and bent on reducing things to their essence, as the chef of the Prince de Soubise, a famous Russian epicure of the eighteenth century, who, intending to give a party, asked for his chef de cuisine's marketing list. The first two articles on the program were fifty hams and twelve cases of Bordeaux wine.

"Bertrand," said the prince, "I think you are much too extravagant. Fifty hams! A dozen cases of Bordeaux! Do you intend to feed a whole regiment?"

"Only one ham will come to the table and the kind of wine I ask for won't be served in glasses at all. I need the stuff for my sauces," answered the chef.

"Bertrand, you are robbing me," said the prince.

"Your Grace," exclaimed the temperamental artist indignantly, "I could put those fifty hams and dozen cases of wine in a flask not bigger than my thumb!" History says that the prince smiled and the list was approved.

This was an anecdote involving French wine, and another more prodigal epoch; both of them are in the past now. Princes begin to figure only in fairy tales, and French wines are hard to get. But don't feel sorry for the loss—particularly in cooking, American wines are better than French or other European wines, because in Europe they used the very light kinds, with little body, bouquet or alcoholic content. As a rule they used the so-called coachman's wine, the *petit vin* or *vin ordinaire* in cooking. The American *vin ordinaire* is better and stronger than the French.

My enthusiasm is pure and heartfelt for American wines. I have always striven to become an integral part of any country where I happen to live or even to visit; I want to be a native. Imitating the British Secret Service, I use and become familiar with the products of the new country and not merely with the customs, because this is the only way one can get into the very spirit of the land and nation. In France I used French wines; in Switzerland Swiss wines; in Austria, Austrian wines; whiskey in England, and rum in Haiti. In America I drink and cook with American wines. And at the inconspicuous end of the paragraph I dare to admit that the fact of smaller American prices is also a consideration.

But let a higher authority speak: H. G. Wells, who fairly saturated himself with native wines during his last visit to this country, said that the best wines in the world are the Americans, and that he simply can't understand why we snub them.

The answer is obvious. Anything imported from a foreign land appeals to the childish snobbishness found in even the best of us. Although it is true that at one time the American public had perfectly good reason to turn up its nose at its native wine.

The first months of repeal brought a short-lived hysteria to the American vintners, and some of them, wishing to get rich overnight, dumped un-aged, poor quality, unhandled wines on the thirsty market. As we all know, the reaction was tragic. Wine drinkers smiled sarcastically at the mere mention of American wines and paid the high prices for the imported ones. Those confusion-born quick beverages soon disappeared from the market. Today the majority of American wines are excellent and some of them are superb.

But you don't have to cook with wine if you don't want to; don't let me persuade you. I only want to point out that cooking with wine glamourizes a dish. It's like makeup for a woman. The French, who are, after all, our betters in the art of gastronomy, literally used wine in cooking instead of water. Almost all fish sauces contain wine (or should); many stews are cooked with it; much game; chicken generally is prepared with white wines; desserts have heavier wines or liqueur, or a combination of liqueurs. There are thousands of recipes that do not mention wine in the title or in the text, and yet wine is used, since at least a few drops are necessary if justice is to be done to the dish.

A culinary anecdote recounts that at the battle of Marengo, Napoleon's chef had only a chicken and a bottle of wine to work with. So he cooked the chicken in the wine to the emperor's perfect satisfaction, thus creating Chicken à la Marengo. Through the years, and in kitchens at home, the simple battlefield-dish became a complicated one. Today the fowl is sautéd in oil, moistened with brandy and white wine, with pounded tomatoes, mushrooms, olives, truffles, garlic, fried eggs, and crawfish added to it.

Of course, the French cooked with wine

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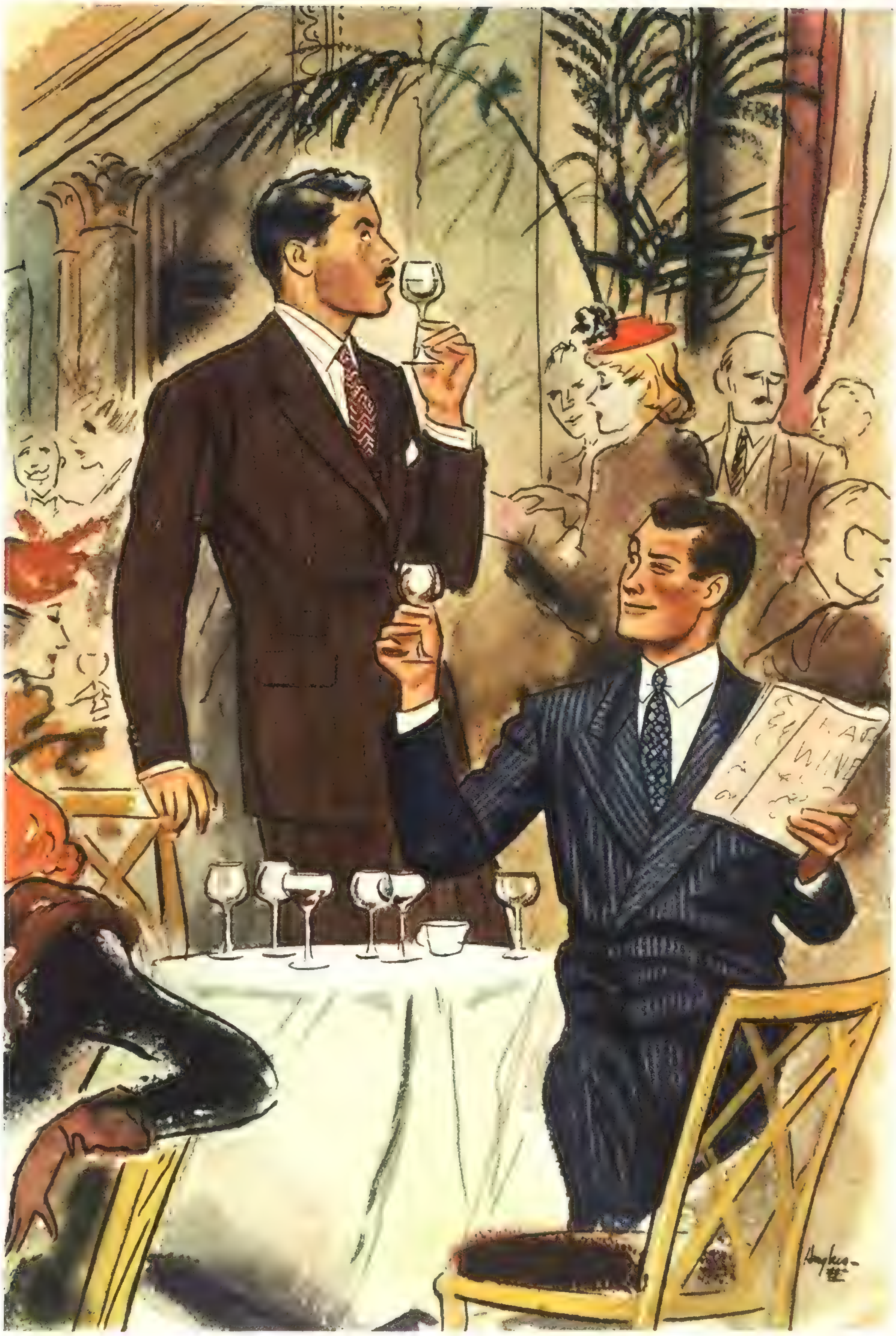
"Stop telling him to sit down so you can see the floor show, Henry—he is the floor show!"



in good taste

All is not work for the fashion staff. One of the not-hard-to-take events on their schedule is the participation in a ritual known as wine tasting. It usually takes place at a given hotel, late in the afternoon, when connoisseurs gather for the express purpose of sampling the choicest wines. This year the emphasis is on American products. The two tasters sketched here are as up on their fashions as they are on wines. The serious taster at the left is wearing a Brownstone Cheviot suit with maroon and dark brown stripes. The two-button single breasted jacket with small change pocket is an innovation of this fall. Combined with this suit are the brown and white striped broadcloth shirt with attached collar and maroon and white Macclesfield tie. The taster who seems to be enjoying his "work" wears an Air Blue worsted suit with fine group stripes. His white broadcloth shirt with pinned collar and white warp blue Macclesfield tie harmonize well with this suit. At this point in the game the only objects under the table are his maroon lisle half-hose and dark brown town last shoes.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Vineland the Bountiful

ESQUIRE'S WINE MAP OF AMERICA

WASHINGTON On Puget Sound around Seattle and Tacoma, and central state near Yakima.
OREGON In Willamette and Hood River Valleys.
CALIFORNIA Sonoma-Mendocino; Napa-Solano; Alameda-Contra Costa; Santa Clara; Santa Cruz; Lodi; Fresno-San Joaquin Valley; Southern California.
MISSOURI Area around Hermann and Augusta.
MICHIGAN S.W. cor. of the state, Kalamazoo to Benton Harbor.
NEW YORK Finger Lakes district and small area along the Hudson.
OHIO Sandusky region, Lake Islands and small area N. E. of Cincinnati.
NEW JERSEY Centering around Egg Harbor.
VIRGINIA Fifty-mile circle around Charlottesville.
NORTH CAROLINA In the central and coastal area of state, running East from Aberdeen.

Red, White and American

Our wines are coming of age and acquiring a flavor of their own, and despite fifth-column snobbery, they've made new friends

by MARK ASHLEY

• ARTICLE •

"I AM consoled," Dr. Johnson once said to a friend, "for not having lived ninety years back, or at any period till the present, by this one glass of your ancestral wine." And this should remind us, by indirection, that the subject of wines, in this country, attracts more phonies than any other single province, with the notable exceptions of sex and art.

We have no tradition for wine-drinking, just as we have no tradition (in the French or Chinese sense) for fine dining. This is a simple sociological fact, neither praiseworthy nor blameworthy. It is as patently clear as the fact that, in summer, Balinese women go naked from the waist up, and American women from the waist down.

Nevertheless, we breed in every generation a group of psychopathic saps who subsist in glory by reason of their adroitness in the abracadabra of another country. We have our Raymond Duncans, who wear togas and sandals, and pretend to be Greeks; we have countless old fogies who want to be yogis; and we have our wine babblers.

The wine babblers belabor the dynamic American public for its lack of wine tradition, and cast their eyes heavenward, in the direction of Occupied France. The fact that all our fine wines are new and young, and that the traditions are yet a-borning, offend these gastronomical monarchists, who "pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new, and declare it crude and mean, for Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine."

Foregathering, each month, at Barmecidal feasts, they give each other moral encouragement and acid indigestion.

It does not seem overfair to criticize people for a display of fraternal and social instincts, but this one point seems in order: if you breathe, like to breathe, and are accustomed to breathing, you don't meet with a group once a month to boast about it.

Now the fact of the matter is that distinctions in flavor among the dry, natural wines are exceedingly subtle. They are perceived only by people who have a natural or acquired love for wines, and have been tasting them daily and comparatively over a period much longer than that called for in human gestation.

If you drink the so-called "great" wines as seldom as most of our self-appointed cognoscenti do, you will be about as conscious of the distinctions as the average southern belle is of the differences between the music of Bach and Bax, Bax and Bloch, Bloch and Bartok.

So much for our wine fifth-columnists; and even this is assuming that when they buy a bottle of wine bearing a given French label, they get and taste the wine historically associated with that label. The French wine trade, it must be remembered, is replete with Lavals, and Darlans—and your so-called "Clos de Vougeot, 1923" may very well have been grown in Algiers, or the Argentine, or both, while France was busy falling.

On the other hand, in defiance of all tradition and authority, American wines are coming of age. They are acquiring their own character and integrity, their own type names and place names. And, despite all barrages of snobbery, the consumption of American wines has steadily increased. In 1940, approximately eighty-six million gallons of domestic wine were consumed in this country—which is considerably more than a full gallon to each adult kidney.

Wine, as every schoolboy knows, is a complex living thing, like tradition, treason, and sperm. It doesn't lend itself to the conveyor belt, mass production, or Senatorial committees. You can't make a good wine by advertising, bond issues, or legislation.

Five things are required; and most of these, like geniuses, either exist or don't—you can't turn them out with either love or money.

These are: (1) Specialized soil; (2) the proper type, or sub-species of grape; (3) the proper general climate; (4) the proper specific climatic conditions, such as the exact number of hours of sunlight, and the proper proportion of rain for the given vintage year (variations in these factors account for the differences in the flavor and quality of wines of different years); and (5) the skill, knowledge, and integrity of the vintner.

It is not a hard matter to import or develop expert vintners, nor to cultivate the proper grape for each type of wine desired (although a vine takes at least four years to mature). But to find the chemically correct soil for a given wine, and to find it ideally mated with the correct climatic conditions, is another thing. It is a long, hard, arduous, expensive search—and one that has been complicated in times past by the fact that the bulk of the potentially-consuming public didn't give a damn, anyway.

Vintners, for a long while, grew grapes where it was economically most convenient; and they cultivated whatever type of grape was most profitable. What came out, then, was wines so unrelated to the conditions for making wines of the given designations that the bottled products were like the roast you get in a vegetarian restaurant—where vegetarian pot roast means spinach chopped up with buckwheat; and "roast beef" is a fancy name for eggplant.

All of this, thank Silenus, belongs to the past. American wines are now coming of age. As a result, we are getting now a substantial, solid, honest group of domestic

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"I'll have your check for you in a few moments, sir —our auditor is figuring it up now"

I Had to Be Lucky

Our first professional pilot wonders why he ever emerged alive from those flying coffins known as airplanes in former days

by WALTER R. BROOKINS

• ARTICLE •

When I see the sleek transcontinental transports and great multimotored Clipper ships, safely bearing their precious cargoes over land and sea, I am proud to recall my part in making flying an ordinary part of our daily lives.

With that feeling of exultation, however, comes a ghostly array of faces; my daredevil comrades of the pioneer days.

Then I realize how lucky I am to have come through it all in perfect physical condition, after taking the chances it was necessary to take in the crude experimental crates of those early days.

I have no tears to shed, nor sighs to sigh over the lost romance of youth. Three times I was picked up for dead and the number of close calls that I had left no further desire for thrills.

I was the first civilian pupil of the Wright brothers and my almost unbelievable luck held from the first day I ever set foot in a plane. It was my initial instruction flight at Montgomery, Alabama in December of 1909 and Orville Wright was the pilot and instructor.

Perhaps a little awed by the strangeness of it all, but not in the least worried or frightened, I confidently climbed into the uncomfortable seat at Orville's right and turned my cap backward while the thirty horsepower motor behind us chugged slowly, turning the gears and chains of the twin propellers.

Suddenly, as Orville pressed hard on the foot throttle, the motor roared with full power and he raised his hand for the mechanics to turn loose. My neck snapped as their holds were released and we lunged forward.

Slowly, we commenced to slide our skids down the monorail. Orville, with both hands clutching the controls, watched anxiously as we hurtled at twenty miles an hour toward the end of the long single track.

Just as the end disappeared from sight, Orville pulled on the elevating plane lever. Lurching, staggering, our skids dipping until it seemed as if we were almost sliding them along the ground, we slowly rose into the air.

At the fearsome, giddy altitude of seventy-five feet, I released the tight grip which I had unconsciously taken on the edge of the seat and began to enjoy the glorious panorama. My wildest dreams had come true. I was flying, one of the few men in the world to be in the air. But it was not for long. Near disaster was at hand.

In the construction of their early planes, the Wrights had used a little piece of ordinary bathtub chain to control the warping of the wings, which ran from the bottom of the right control lever across a piece of tin on the leading edge of the lower wing to the rear beam.

Constant use had rubbed the soft metal of this little chain to knife-like thinness and since it had worn on the under side from its contact with the tin, no one had noticed it.

As we roared along in the quiet air, we suddenly hit a little gust which dipped one wing far down. Automatically, Orville's hand closed on the little lever which controlled the wing warp and he gave it a sharp tug. The strain was too much. With a little "ping," the chain parted and the loose end went flying back, dangerously close to the whirling blades of the left propeller.

Freed of any control, the dipping wing went lower and although I didn't realize it, we commenced to slip. Orville's face was stony, as he coolly pushed the nose of the old Wright down and crablike, we slid toward a green field beneath us.

"Hold tight," he shouted warningly, just as our skids raced over the grass tops, which most fortunately had proved to be a meadow and not a field of growing grain.

With a thumping that jarred my spine, we bounced over the uneven ground and came to a rocking rest with our forward planes just touching the top of a thick barbed wire fence. Another ten feet and we should have been inextricably entangled, badly injured and the plane a total wreck. It was a narrow escape.

The broken chain was, of course, a valuable lesson. In future construction, the Wrights used a bicycle chain in that particular control, which had more than the needed strength.

After all, that's practically a history of the development of aviation. Despite long years of study and experiments by the Wrights and others who had preceded them, little was known about engineering or aerodynamics. It was mostly done by trial and error.

If an airplane flew, it flew and the only way to find out was to fly it. When a structural weakness developed, it was the prayer of every pilot that he could get down quickly enough and in fair health to tell about it and correct the fault. Every pilot was a test pilot in those days, a title now proudly born by only a very few experts.

Under the talented instruction of Orville Wright, I piled up the awe-inspiring time of two hours and forty minutes in the air at Montgomery. With what now seems like a pathetically short period of air hours, Orville apparently decided that I had learned all he could teach me and the rest must come with experience. He abruptly packed up and went back to Dayton, leaving me in full charge of the Wright Flying School.

Me, with less than three hours in the air and only a pair of solo flights under my belt!

It was most fortunate that I was full of self-confidence and didn't realize how little I actually knew. I was one of the few men in the world who had mastered the air. It never occurred to me for one instant that I wasn't one of the most finished aviators in the universe. Several times in the near future, I

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"We used to have a place with beautiful high ceilings"

Jiminy

Christmas!

Jiminy is hardly the word. Even those Hollywords like stupendous, terrific, magnificent, extravagant . . . yes, even colossal . . . fall thud when they bump up against this biggest of big bonanzas, this long-huzza'd, hoorayed and hallelujah'd ESQUIRE CHRISTMAS ANNUAL for 1941!

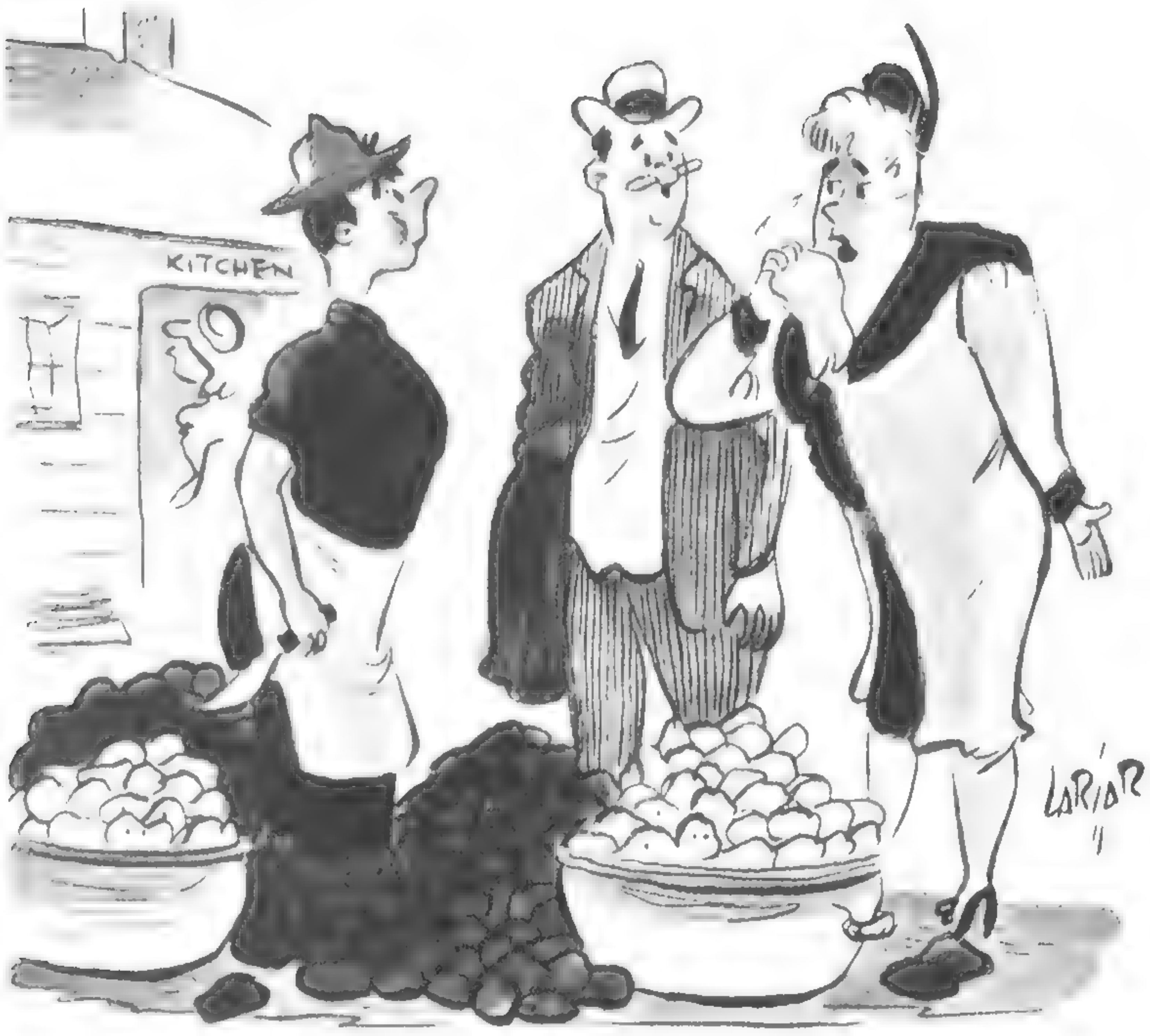
So let's just call it "   " . . . with the same speechless wonder you'll experience when you see this magazine miracle that promises to be the biggest and best ever published in our fabulous history of creating Christmas sensations!

For just a glimpse at the gargantua you'll see hitting the newsstands about November 14, look at the jottings we found on the editorial room floor the other day, where Esquire's confreres have been conferring . . .

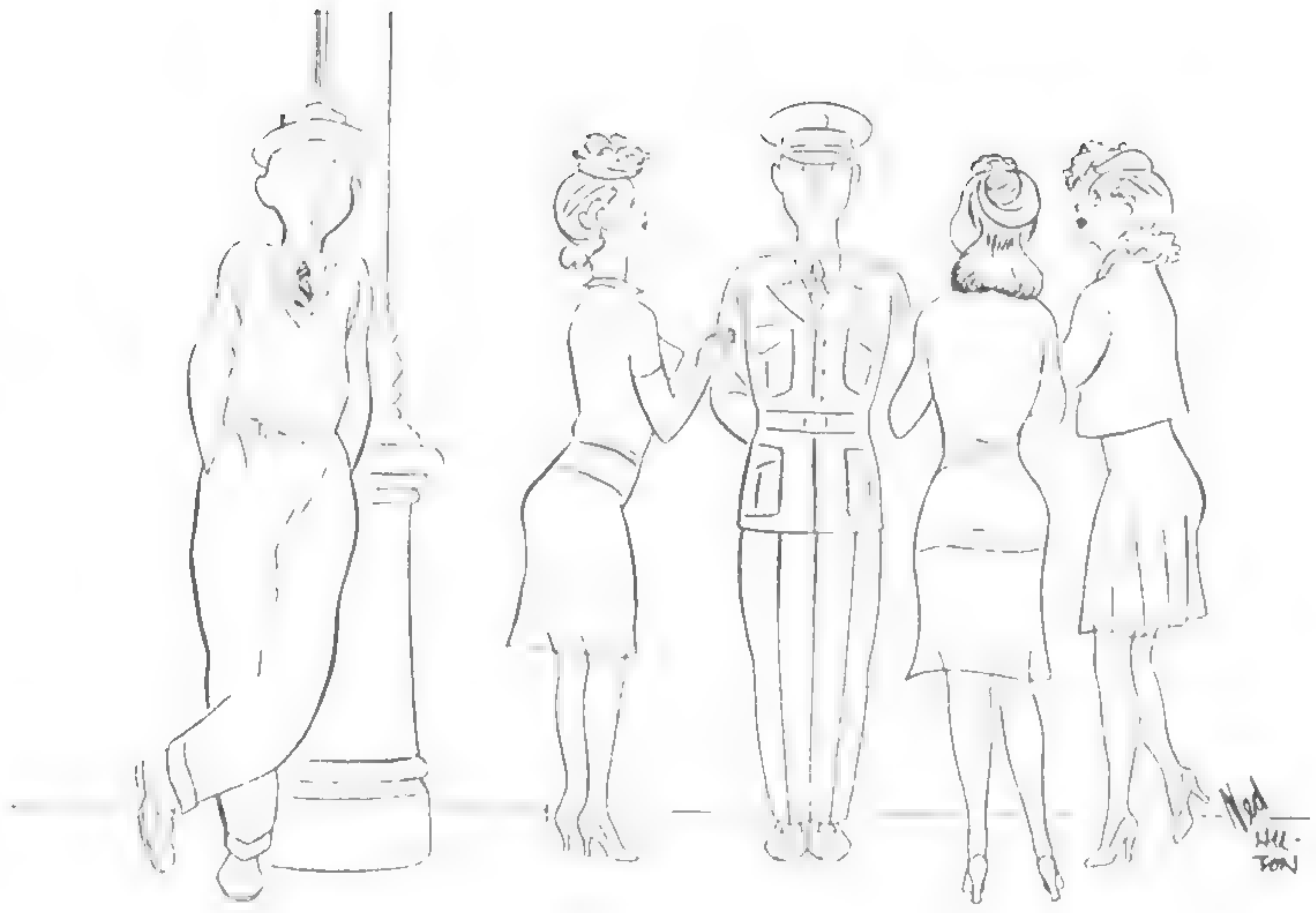
1941 ESQUIRE CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

308 pages, beating even last year's record of 292
5 luxurious papers, innumerable colors, special printing
The Petty Girl Revue of 1941: full-color pages reproducing the year's beauteous Pettys
A quadruple gatefold in color, opening out to reveal a four-page surprise mural by the famous American fine artist, John Steuart Curry
plus a double-page, full-color Hurrell photograph . . . even more cartoons than last year . . . a quadruple gatefold plus a two-page spread of Christmas gift suggestions in color . . . an eight-page portfolio of modern Christmas prints . . . special Petty and Varga gatefolds . . .

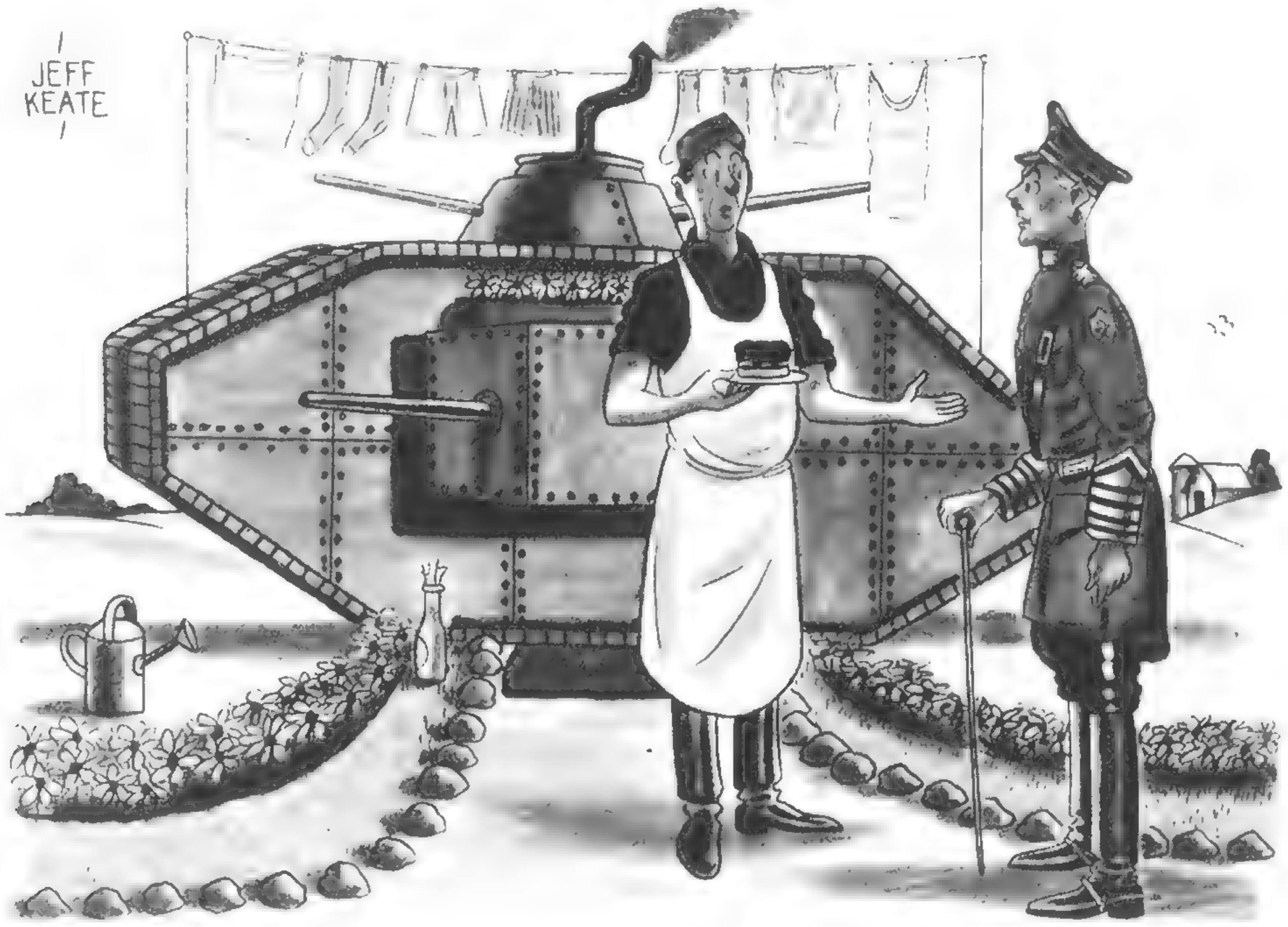
So you see, when we say this year's Christmas issue will be a record-breaker, that it'll knock your eye out, we say it without reservation. But if you remember *last* year . . . when the entire printing sold out within four short days, leaving not a single copy to be had for love nor money . . . *you* won't be without reservation. Get a dealer to reserve your copy of the 1941 Esquire Christmas Annual, the folding money magazine that sells for a silver coin, *today.*


KITCHEN
LARIAR

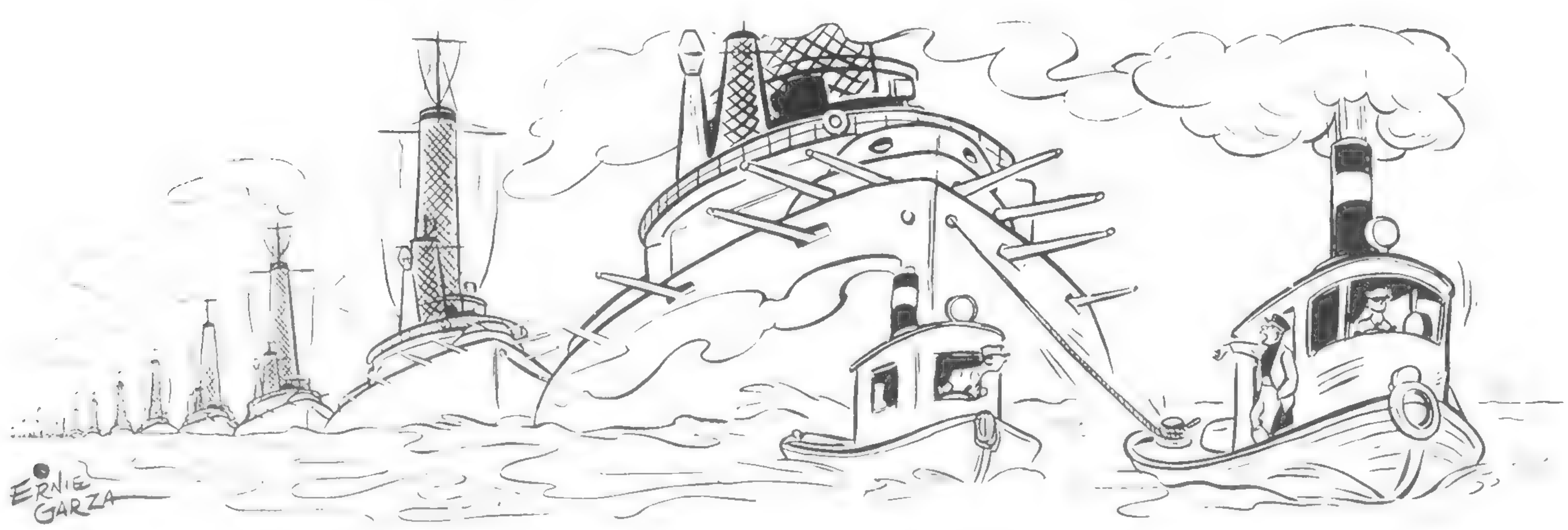
"Oh, Albert—I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier!"



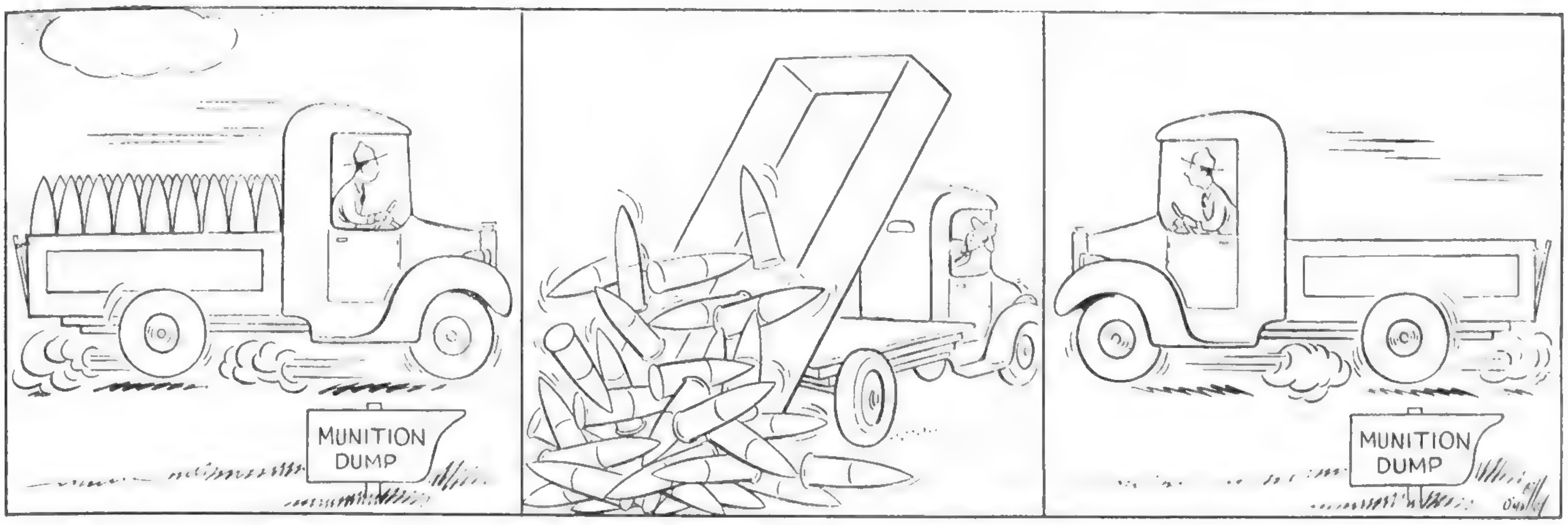
"Sometimes I almost wish I'd been 1-A"

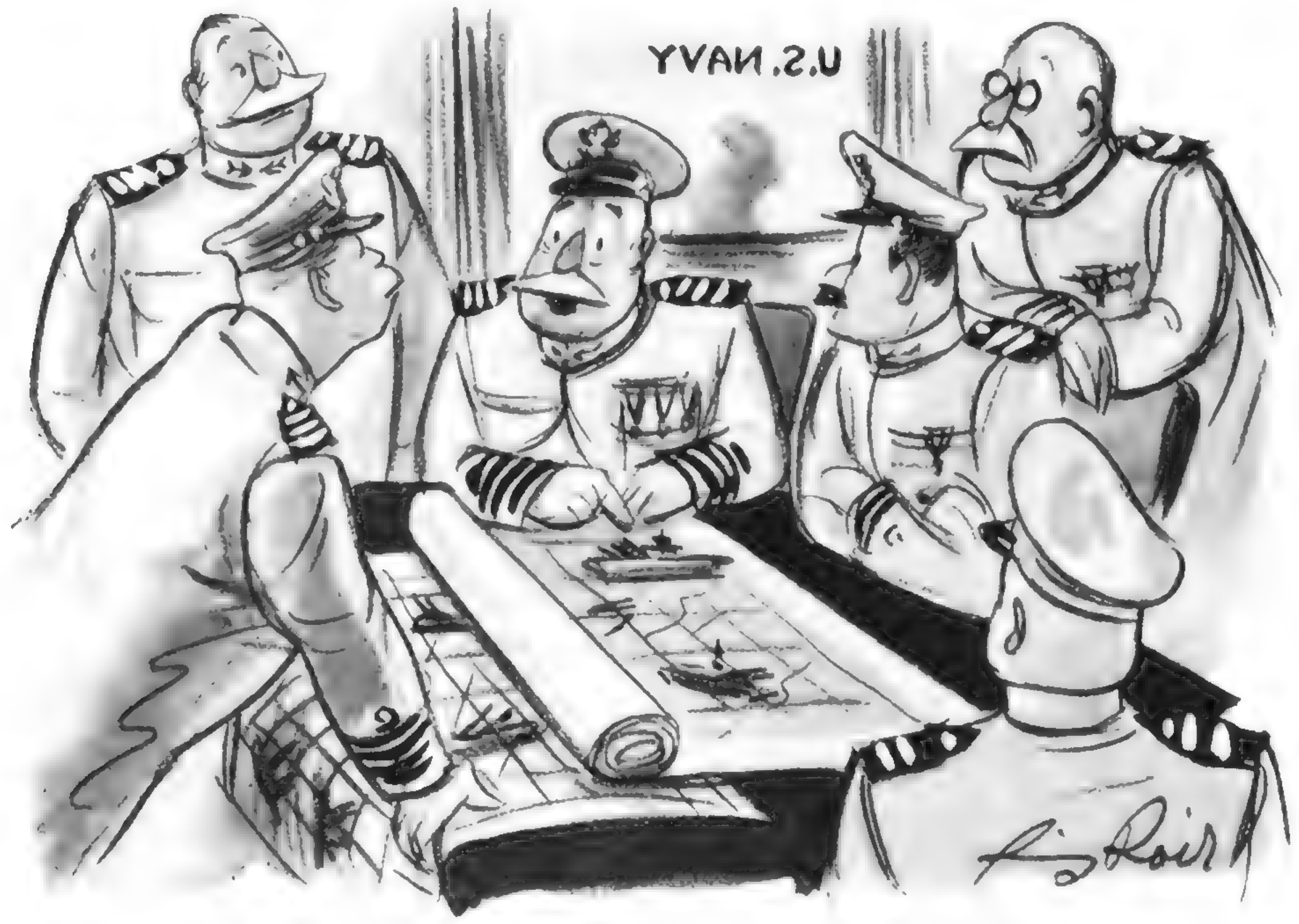


"There wasn't much to do, sir, so we set up light housekeeping, sir . . ."

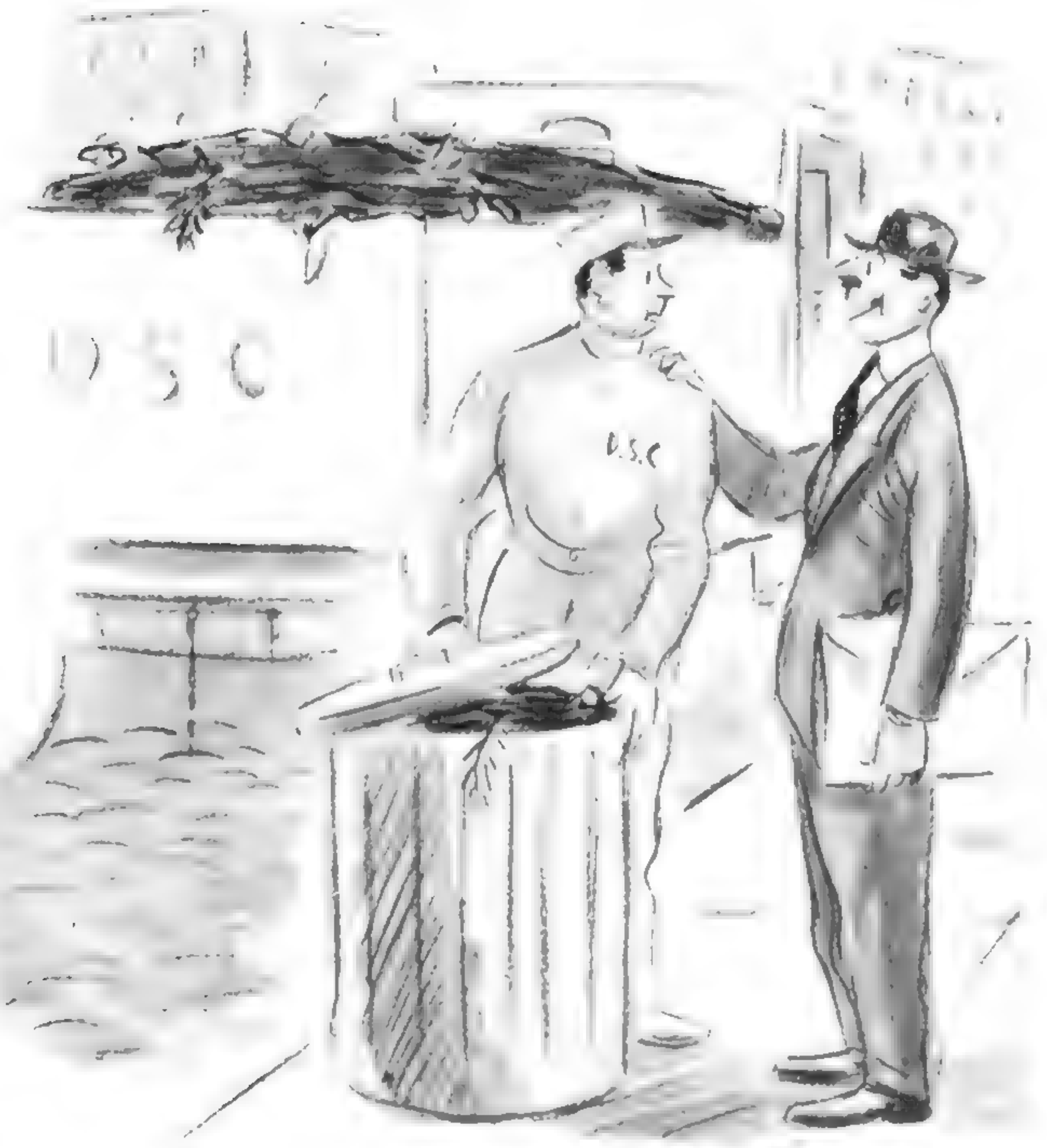

ERNIE GARZA

"They rejected the whole batch!"

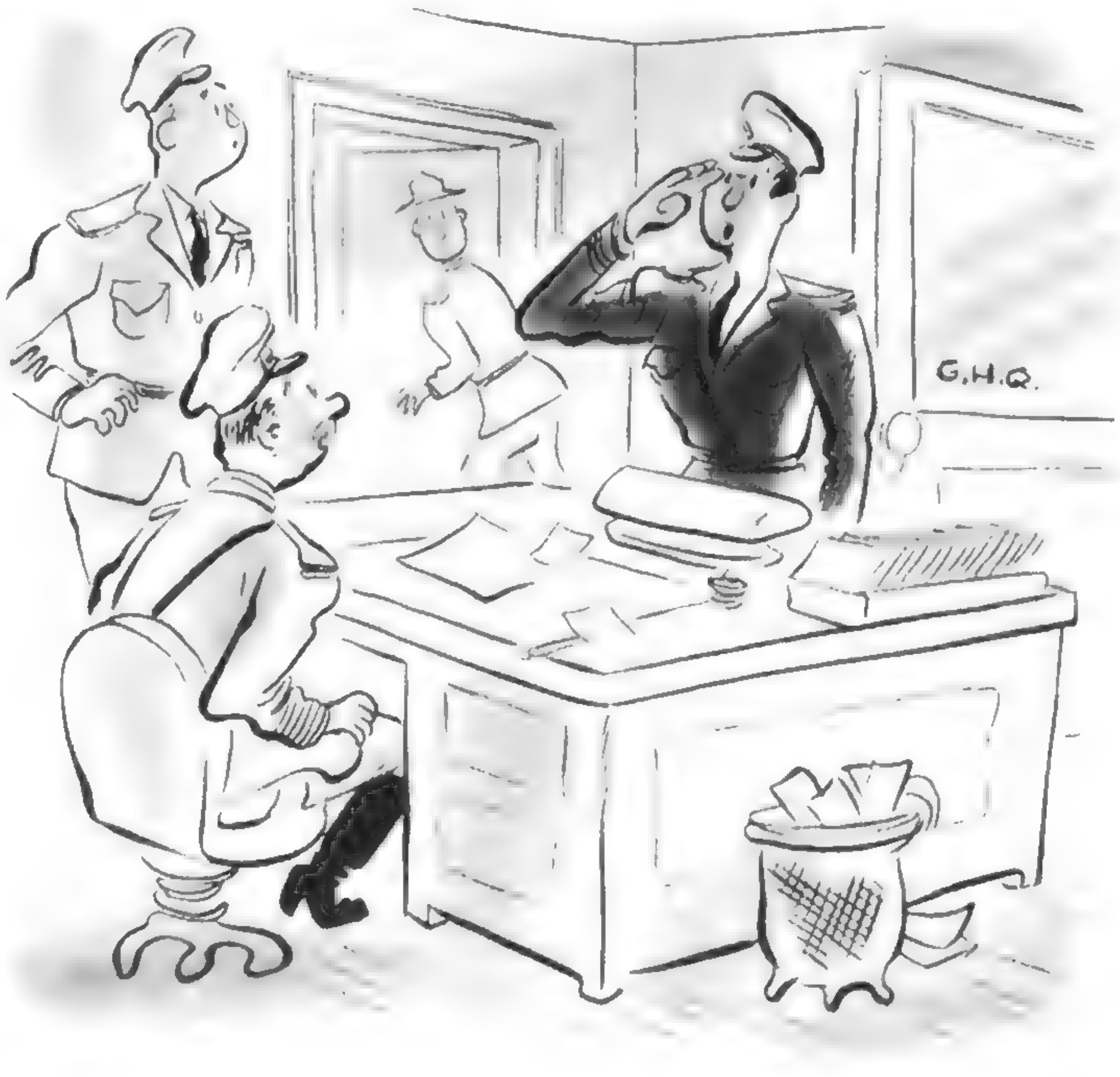

MUNITION DUMP
MUNITION DUMP



"About the new 45-thousand-ton battleship, gentlemen—my wife thinks it would be nice if we called it the 'Sea Nymph'"



"The department just wants to assure you that you needn't worry, Kendall—your job will be waiting for you when your year's service is over!"



"Motorized Battalion D just phoned in from a traffic court in Erie, Pennsylvania!"

Wine Lovers Go Native

Continued from page 99

their best with friend *Vitis Vinifera* (family name of all the Old World's grapes) but got nowhere. John Winthrop, governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, planted a vineyard on "Governor's Garden," an island in Boston Harbor. Neither that endeavor, however, nor plantings by colonists in what is now the state of Maine, yielded anything to boast about. Nor did the efforts of the settlers of Rhode Island whom His Gay Majesty Charles II, in granting them a charter, expressly enjoined to diligence in growing grapes. In New York the first English governor, Sir Richard Nicolls, offered the incentive of a monopoly of the grape and wine trade to one Paul Richards who established a vineyard on Long Island, but the monopolist never accomplished much, though by the time of the War of Independence there were a few small vineyards on and around Manhattan. Thomas Jefferson, who had visited the classic "slopes" of Burgundy in the role of inquiring agriculturist, attempted to emulate their wonders on the slopes of his Monticello, only to confess at last that it was no go. But the most calamitous failure was that of a group of Napoleon's officers who, after Waterloo, came to America as refugees and were given by act of Congress four townships on the Tombigbee River in Alabama where, with a group of several hundred fellow-exiles, they laid out a Utopia of the grape and the olive. All concerned agreed that the soil and climate in that region were exactly like those of France—all concerned except the grape and the olive.

Meanwhile in Spain's colony of California—climatic wonderland—out-and-out success was scored. Franciscan padres with centuries of experience behind them as vineyardists and winemakers, had planted vines around their missions, first at San Diego in 1769 and then successively at other points along the coast up to San Francisco. Turning thumbs down on the wild native grapes (*Vitis Labrusca*) that were abundant there, they used a special grape which they had brought along either in the form of seeds or cuttings, probably via Mexico. Today we call it the Mission. Horticultural researchers delving into its botany detect a family likeness to the Valdepeñas grape which since time out of mind has been the staple of the wine industry of south central Spain—District No. 3 in prestige, outranked only by Jerez (Sherry) and Malaga. If the Mission *is* of Valdepeñas ancestry (and some arguers challenge this, declaring ancient Sicily to be the home address) it has developed an American personality of its own. In any case it was a good grape to start with, for it is robust, rich in sugar, and it produces a wine which is an easy keeper.

But the stellar accomplishment of the Mission was in proving that *Vitis Vinifera* could thrive in California soil of different kinds, in diverse localities, and that the weather which California's skies handed it was beneficial to its constitution and temperament. In consequence, after California lost its Spanish accent and became a state of the Union (1850), there ensued a large scale immigration of grapes of one breed and another from the Old World.

Prime mover in this transplantation was a certain bouncingly energetic gentleman by the name of Agoston Haraszthy de Mokesa (over here they broke him down to "Count Haraszthy") who had left his native Hungary for our land of opportunity and had begun activity in Wisconsin in 1840, founding Sauk City and Baraboo and inaugurating the raising of hops for beer's sake in that state. Covered wagon-wheeling toward the sunset with the Forty-Niners, he decided that the best gold lay in grapes and set out in the Sonoma Valley California's first large truly professional vineyard. It was planted with imported species, principally the White Muscat of Alexandria—a grape which Southern Europe had put to wide use since its adoption from North Africa. Many people also credit him with the introduction of the Zinfandel, eventual breaker of Mission's nose as the popular red wine grape.

The Count's practical demonstration of what could be done resulted in his being chosen virtual state czar of grape culture, on which he wrote official reports and a book, and then officially toured the wine regions of Europe, returning with nearly a quarter of a million vines and cuttings which included every species his teeming brain could think of. From then on, California was the most variegated grape botanical garden on earth. By 1900 the U. S. Census ascertained that: "The state has such a variety of soil, slope, elevation, temperature and climatic conditions as to reproduce, somewhere within its borders, any wine now manufactured." And production totaled millions of gallons, no slight amount of it going to Europe to be quietly tucked into "wines impossible for America to duplicate, or even approach." The insubordination shown by California Clarets, California Chiantis and so on in walking off with medals and parchments at international expositions was enough to cause startled doctrinaires to wonder what we were coming to—a stampede of sacred cows?

East of the Rockies some mighty worthwhile achievements, not exactly parallel in character, were being chalked up. Here it had been finally recognized that vines of the general European *Vinifera* clan were hopeless misfits because of their susceptibility to pests and diseases from which the native grapes were immune, particularly a pesky little louse called the phylloxera that wrecked roots and leaves. So growers concentrated their American ingenuity on breeding and improving the "primitives," crossing them and mating them with carefully nursed species from abroad.

The outcome was hundreds and hundreds of varieties and subvarieties, each with individual characteristics, and many embodying brand new creations in flavor. A notable "lucky" was the Catawba. In which of the eastern states it was born isn't definitely known; investigators over a hundred years ago trailed it down through Pennsylvania, the District of Columbia, and Maryland. The first record of its career was made when a resident of the District of Columbia, John Adlum, obtained cuttings of this vine from a Mrs. Scholl of nearby Montgomery County, Maryland, in 1823 and passed along his find to Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, gifted grandpappy of the late Speaker of the House. Longworth developed it into the No. 1 grape of America and with it put the Cincinnati region on the map as the most important grape-growing center on the entire continent at that time. His Catawba Champagne, made before the Civil War, was a milestone in liquid history.

Another great American—some insist even greater—of Ohio fame is the Delaware which hit the limelight in 1849 when found growing on two farms along the Scioto River a little to the west of the town of Delaware in the center of the state. In short order this grape became one of the flavor kings of the whole eastern wine industry, with bubbles and without. But for its well-trained presence on these banks, along with the Catawba and other good numbers, New York's Finger Lakes might be just mirror-like vacation spots.

The South's much-prized Scuppernong, which Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists were greeted with the sight of, when they first hopped ashore, is a domesticated primitive of the muscadine sort, still unmarried. Ironically enough, Charlottesville, at the foot of Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, turned out to be an ideal locality for grapes, only they were Scuppernongs, supplying the distinctive character of an ultra-American white wine. Really it was a shame that the author of the Declaration didn't live to see and taste thereof. At any rate, growers and vintners in Virginia and the Carolinas began to strike it right very soon after his death; hence the Piedmont area ranks as an old-timer in the business—incidentally still going lustily and lusciously.

Our friends the Finger Lakes entered upon the scene in Civil War days. They were soil-fortunate, with hills and water that assured the right draughts of moist air. As for grapes, they acquired, besides the Catawba and the Delaware, a supplementary fistful of trumps including the Isabella (discovered in South Carolina in the 18th Century), the Diana (cradled in Massachusetts in 1834), the Elvira (born in Missouri, 1863), the Duchess (test-tube baby, Marlboro, New York, 1868), the delicately sprightly flavored Iona (delivered by Dr. Grant on an island in the Hudson, 1864), the Ives (godfather: Henry Ives, Cincinnati 1840), and the Norton (Virginia foundling, date uncertain)—not to mention the common or garden but far from contemptible Concord (wildling tamed by E. W. Bull of Concord, Mass). Juggling these flavors in their cellars with utmost glory as their objective, the Lakes folks turned out wines whose very fragrance spelled fascination. Champagne was taught a prize-winning fruitiness which the Champagne district of France didn't have in its textbooks. (Pardon me while I pop one, to waft me on to the next paragraph.)

The Elvira, as we have seen, came from Missouri. And so did numerous well-made, decidedly pleasurable wines. In the region around Augusta and Hermann, about 25 and 50 miles directly west of St. Louis, were choice vinelands, blessed with much sun and long seasons that guaranteed well-rounded ripeness, and boasting among other distinctions such white wine grapes as the Missouri Riesling and the Grein Golden—both of them seedlings of American primitives of the South. (Missouri Riesling's mother was a Taylor.) St. Louis itself commands esteem as an important cellar city. One internationally known firm has been operating there in still and sparkling manner since the late 'Fifties and is an eminent outputter today.

No less earnest activity, dating from about the same period, was to be met with on the coast of New Jersey around Egg Harbor, just below what was then a newly organized seaside resort for Philadelphians, called Atlantic City. Egg Harbor Port, made from local grapes, was more widely known than the resort. When in 1870 France's Champagne district was put out of commission by the Franco-Prussian War, a canny Frenchman who had been American agent of one of the leading producers, looked around over here for a right locality for Champagne making and came to the conclusion that this patch of the Jersey coast exactly filled the bill. And soon there was voluminous proof that his pick was a shrewd one.

The ravage of French vineyards by the Prussians was trifling compared to the thoroughgoing havoc wrought in the 'Eighties by the tiny phylloxera louse which indeed blitzed not only *all* of

France's winedom (in vain the French government offered a reward of $60,000 to anyone who could come up with a satisfactory remedy), but also that of *all* Europe, even ocean-isolated Madeira. Proud Château Yquem and Lafite, adored Romanée-Conti in Burgundy, haughty Schloss Johannisberg am Rhine, were riddled beyond salvage, testifying to the fact that the little louse respected no nobility. Had there been no America to draw on, many a meal in Europe would have had no wine to go with it.

America did more than ship wine. It supplied the phylloxera-resistant vines with which Europe's vineyards, from the Rhine to Jerez, were replanted; otherwise there wouldn't be vineyards in any of those regions today. Which means that when you drank imported wines, you were drinking wines which, whether you realized it or not, were products of grafted vines, the life-giving roots of which were 100% Americans.

But it came *our* turn to be louse-bitten, by the nosy, noisy, biggest louse of all, species Pro-hi-bi-tion-ist, specializing in prosperity destruction and the blighting of traditional social amenities.

So we were guilty of enjoying a glass or two of the gracious with our food, were we? Well, they'd clap a law on *that*. So thousands of California farmers were collecting a living from 750 wineries, and the same thing, on a lesser scale, was occurring here and there, all the way to the eastern seaboard? Well, they'd fix *that*. So our wines were steadily rising in quality and prestige with the prospect that presently they'd be competing on a parity with any country's? Well, Satan wasn't going to be allowed the fulfilment of *that* triumph.

The incredible fact is that they *did* it, in their own inimitable way. A scream come true.

Exemption was granted, however, to the "home" wine-maker on the theory that he might be a farmer crushing the fruits of his fields. Accordingly, enormous tonnages of boxed grapes—limited to varieties that could stand the trip and look pretty in the market, regardless of their almost certain unsuitability for wine—were fast freighted to the cities throughout the nation so that Father might dabble in basement messwork, even though the nearest he had ever been to a farm was to buy an ear of corn from a roadside stand.

As for the great, prideful industry that had received its deathstab after more than a century of valiant, respected upclimb, the Drys could rub their slimy hands over the "gratifying spectacle" of thousands of acres of choicest wine grapes which had been plowed under or changed over, if not abandoned, whose owners still had to eat three meals a day and pay taxes. (Fortunately some few of the better wineries were able to operate in low gear in the production of specially permitted Sacramental Wines and retain at least a skeleton staff.) But millions of dollars worth of other wineries were standing idle, their laboratories gathering dust, their huge stout vats and casks going to rot, their Champagne racks loaded with bottles which had received half the hand-twisting and jiggling of the slow clarification process and would never receive the other half. Expert personnel of years and years now jobless. Enology, the Art of Winemaking, hitherto an integral part of American civilization, had almost vanished from our national scene.

At lengthy last it was Happy Days Are Here Again. But mere cheering couldn't summon a slain industry back to life; it literally had to be born again, and the confinement involved plenty of expense.

Today, after eight years, the industry is fulfilling its function so competently, it is hard to realize the magnitude and desolation of the gap that occurred. True, some few once-famous wineries and vineyards are no more. But their absence from the picture is counterbalanced by the addition of great modern organizations embracing all phases of viticulture and viniculture.

And the majority of the top-quality old liners are with us still, doing business at their same old stands, rejuvenated and radiating the wisdom and wealth of their experience.

In Ohio, for example, the revered Cincinnati bouquet bailiwick, especially around Silverton, is still under traditional leadership and booming with progressiveness. At the same time the northern fringe of the state, east and west of Sandusky with that town as its Grape-opolis, is in the thick of a renaissance of Delaware and Catawba enthusiasm. And gourmet nostrils are sniffing toward Ohio's nearby isles in Lake Erie: North Bass, Middle Bass, Kelley's, and Catawba Island—tiny dots yet big in vinous significance and possessed of honored old houses. Table "whites" of the Chablis and Sauterne sorts produced in this cluster are among America's outstanders.

The Finger Lakes have never done better, nor as much of it. On a recent visit to those cavernous hillside cellars—veritable mines of bottles—I noticed cases bound for Porto Rico and Greenland. Champagne cuvées there are larger and grander than anything imaginable in the old days, yet the demand today has brought on a consumers' battle for them. And a like situation is met with at tranquil Egg Harbor, New Jersey: only a few hundred thousand bottles, and countless clamorous mouths o'er the country awaiting their bubble ration. Swamped conservatives in St. Louis, for whom Missouri's vineyards can't purvey sufficiently, are having to go far afield in gathering flavor supplies for the wines now being made.

Charlottesville, Va. came out of Prohibition with hardly a Scuppernong left. Replanting of the grimly torn-up vines has been begun, but it will take years, exact speed depending on intensity of consumers' thirst. Meanwhile busy-winerled Aberdeen, North Carolina, presiding over its own sweet splotch of Scuppernongs which has annexes in Virginia and South Carolina, is doing its lovely best to prevent devotees of this Southern charmer from being drought-stricken.

Versatile Michigan, pressing grapes as diligently in its fruity southwest corner as it presses steel and aluminum in its southeast one, makes much for itself and also serves as a supply source for vintners in other states, who are happy to get a load of its Delawares. The industry is bunched around Benton Harbor and in back of it along the Paw Paw River—Michigan's little Loire.

Illinois does a modest bit, principally in the neighborhood of Nauvoo on the Mississippi, once the green pasture of Joseph Smith and his Mormons (I don't mean an orchestra) and later of French brotherhoodist Etienne Cabet and his Icarians. Now there're Catawbas, Nortons, Iveses, Concords, *et al.*, getting wrapped up in bottles. Iowa is understandably puffing up its chest over what is going in and out of the vats at Council Bluffs on the Missouri.

The bountiful, endlessly resourceful state of Washington, formerly preoccupied with tree and bush fruits, has of late turned some of its energy in the direction of Bacchus's berry with substantial results which threaten to become stupendous when firms founded a few years ago are a few years older. Centers of zeal are to be found from the west front yard of the Cascade Range to the rolling bosom of Yakima County in mid-state. Soil and climate give proper play to the classic foreign varieties of grapes, yet the Eastern Natives are accommodated with equal facility, and there are local "uniques." In addition, Washington and its sister state, Oregon, are traveling fast, furiously, and delectably in the making of fruit wines such as Blackberry, Currant, Loganberry, Apple, Cranberry, and Berry-of-the-goose. You're up to the neck in horticulture when you open a bottle.

America's Europe-plus-improvements, California, producing nearly nine-tenths of the wine we drink, has a roster of vine varieties actually being grown commercially which is as long as a telephone conversation when you're waiting to get into the booth. But doesn't this mean a lot of complications and mental cruelty to the would-be purchaser? Is he expected to burn midnight oil over unpronounceable names?

Nonsense. The selected cast of characters employed in composing any particular wine is the problem of that flavor-dramatist the winemaker himself. He knows his business—or he's soon out of it.

Incidentally, no five nations of

Continued on page 110

1.
2.
BUS
3.
TYLER & CO.
4.
JEFF KEATE
5.

Wine Lovers Go Native

Continued from pages 99-109

the Old World could assemble so amazing a gamut of liquid values as are provided by the vine legion flourishing in California. In consequence, combinations are limitless; each blender dealing his own hand, giving his brand his personal conception of a royal flush. Which is how brand examples of the familiar "types" are arrived at: your California Clarets, your California Burgundies, your California Sauternes, etc. If you stickle at these names, preferring to say, "Dry red table wines of light body," "Dry red table wines of fuller body," why, that's your privilege. But there's convenience in using the familiar nomenclature which everybody understands without gestures or diagrams.

Sensible, too, is the new practice now coming into vogue of designating the use for which the wine is intended, such as "John Doe's California Red Dinner Wine." And regional identification is also apropos, as for example "Napa Valley White Dinner Wine—Richard Roe Wineries." However, much as it gladdens us to see on a label the name of an especially favored region—particularly if it appears in conjunction with the name of a vintner famed for fastidiousness—we must remember that announced region isn't the whole story. For there are large gilt-edged concerns operating in several regions at once who bring their wines from sub-wineries to grand headquarters which constitute their address.

Another comparatively new idea, which some are praising as though it were a new religion and others are pooh-poohing as though it were a gratuitous complication-in-the-neck, is varietal names specifying grape breed—e.g., "Pinot Noir," "Semillon." Which, being interpreted, means that not less than 51% of the fermented juice of grapes of that variety went into what's in the bottle. Tied up with name of maker and name of region, the proposition is supposed to be foolproof. And when the maker is first class, it *is*.

But when apostles of this system toss around intimations that makers who choose to omit mention of sole or principal grape are, by reason of that reticence, less reliable, I beg to differ loudly—citing that in all Europe neither well-known wines nor unknowns have ever, to my knowledge, carried grape names on their labels, with the single exception of Pedro Ximenes of Spain, monickered after the guy reputed to have brought that species to Andalusia into the Sherry fold. I might add that although the late George Saintsbury, universally accepted as the keenest, most enviable wine-reminiscer of our time failed in his *Notes on a Cellar-Book* to make mention of any grape anywhere except that same Pedro, he nevertheless gave a convincing impression of having enjoyed wines and known them.

Generally speaking, grapes for dry wines of California attain greater finesse in the northern regions, notably those in the vicinity of San Francisco: the Sonoma-Mendocino, the Napa-Solano, the Alameda-Contra Costa, and the Santa Clara-San Benito-Santa Cruz districts. All of which may sound like a flock of ear-lullment and nothing more. Each of them in actuality is a not-so-small world of wine marvels, with good-looking scenery draping the glamor estates and establishments. Yet these glades and hillsides possess no corner on the production of fine California table wines; there are ultra examples of the latter made down in the Southern District. Cucamonga, for instance, in San Bernardino County, has plenty to gloat about.

In the hot sunny, flat-bottomed valley of the Fresno district the specialty is dessert wines—Port, Sherry, Muscatel, and the rest. *Their* idea of heaven is an oven. North of this is the Lodi-Sacramento district, rivaling in dessert wine production and with the key town of Lodi (scene of California's colorful Grape Festival every year) able to draw on San Francisco's clump of counties for whatever table-wine grapes it needs to round out its good work.

A stranger might think that a state which has such a drain put upon it by the greediness of the human gullet, wouldn't find time and space for the creation and seemingly infinite processing of Champagne. But California *has* found time—since a long while back. And the places are dens of authentic expertness, a number of them rolling up individual renown as more and more critics sip and smack.

Taking one state with another—West and East—the conviction deepens, after observing what goes on, that wines handled so carefully by their makers are deserving of equally careful treatment by their purchasers whose purpose is enjoyment without a flaw. If I may speak personally, I find that the most satisfactory and also the most economical way of buying wines for my home is by the case. At no heinous cost a carpenter built for me a sturdy wooden cabinet with shelves sixteen inches deep, divided into compartments. This stands in a part of my cellar which is away from the furnace, likewise safe from freezing. Here I keep my bottled food-ennoblers. White table wines, Champagnes and other sparklers lie stacked on the lower shelves where it's coolest. (Prostrate position keeps wines in contact with corks so the latter don't dry out.) Above them recline the still Reds; and above those the Desserts and Vermouths stand erect. Locked doors provide helpful darkness and safety.

If you are an apartment dweller and can't be encumbered with any such lumbering toy, don't worry. Your local retailer is closer to you than mine is to me, and he has a telephone and will service you per bottle.

As for the pedantic question, What wine goes with what? my humble experience is that practically any good wine goes with practically any good dish—with two exceptions: I don't recommend a light, ethereal White with ruddy roast beef or steak; nor, vice-versa, an opulent-bodied Burgundy with delicately fresh fish. (Switched, these combinations would be perfect.)

The temperature question has shed a lot of its awe since wine customs became more widely Americanized. What remains can be summed up in two rules:

1. *All*
Champagnes
Sparkling Burgundies
Carbonateds
Still Whites
Dry Sherries
Vermouths
Apéritif Wines
chilled.

2. All Reds at room temperature. (Or slightly chilled if you prefer.)

Never shake any bottle, especially a Red, lest you disturb possible sediment, which is perfectly normal. Pour slowly, never filling to the brim.

Proper size of glasses may seem a mere nicety but, like most niceties, it matters a lot. For Red or White dinner wines an adequate, 5 oz. or 6 oz. stemmer is essential. Anything smaller, such as a 3 oz. or 4 oz., will mean that your guest won't get a satisfactory amount of wine without so many refills as to look piggish.

For Dessert and Appetizer wines, however, the 3 ouncer or 4 ouncer is right and proper. For Sherry the special inverted-cone style glass is a pleasing touch.

Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy get the most capacious stemmers of all: 5 ouncers, no less.

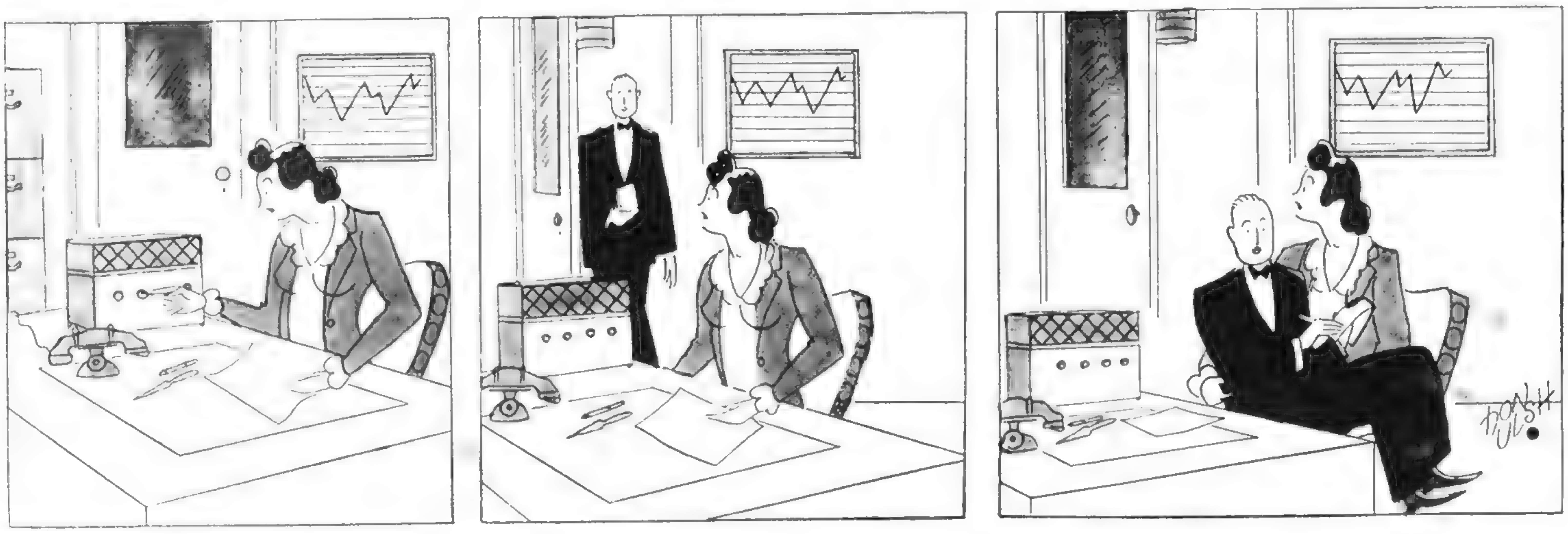
Your Rhine Wine & Seltzer, your Wine & Soda, and your Wine Collins take the conventional 10 oz. or 12 oz. crystal cylinders.

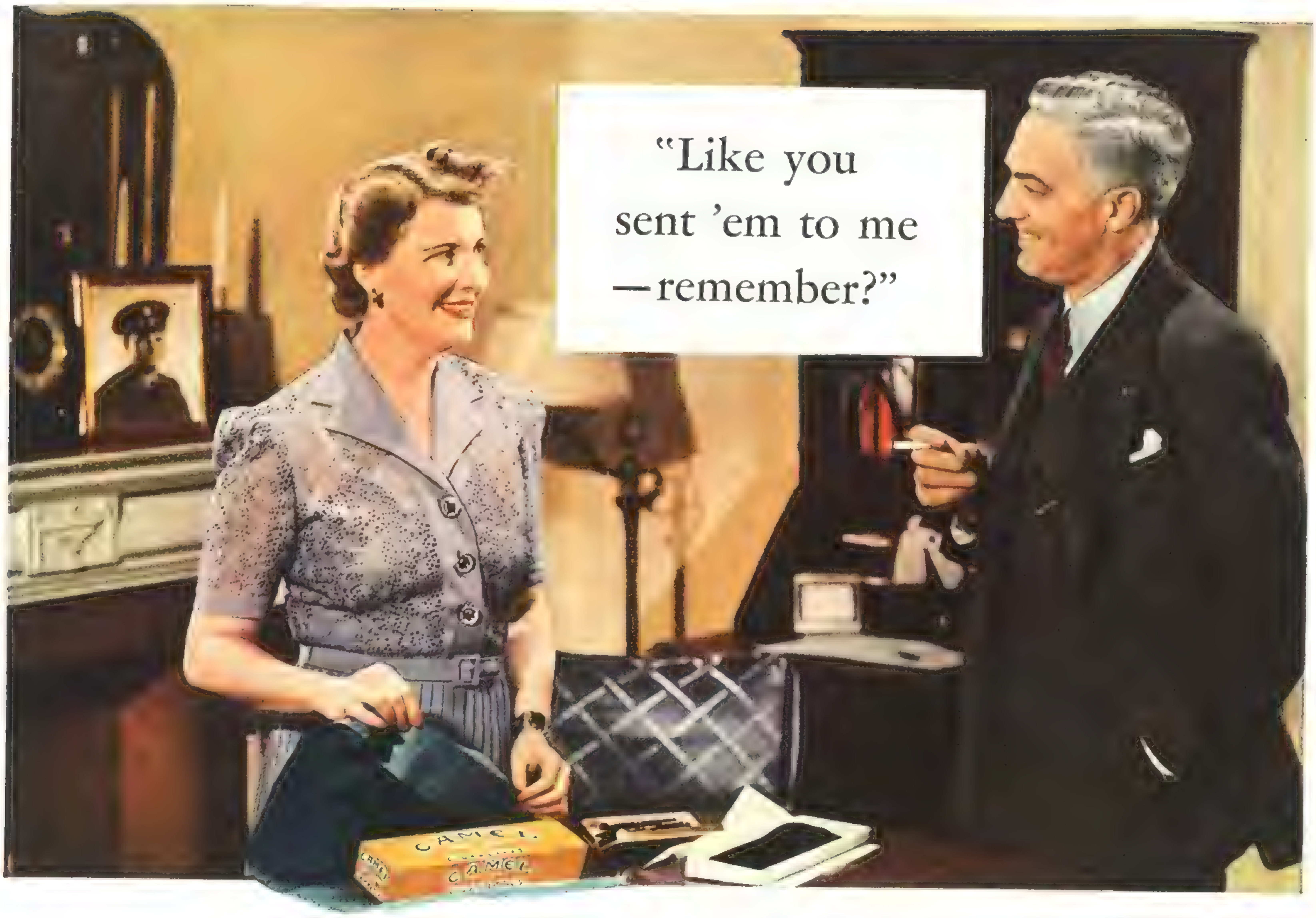
Decanters of Port, Muscatel, Sherry or Madeira are handy and hospitable things to trot out when guests drop in, formally or informally.

Good wines are themselves good company. The more one associates with them, the better one gets to know and appreciate their charms and subtleties of character.

If a business or pleasure trip happens to place you in the vicinity of any one of the many noted wineries which are scattered from seaboard to seaboard, my suggestion is, don't miss the opportunity of a look-see. For that matter, how about our starting right this minute for the Finger Lakes or the Erie Isles or California's Livermore Valley?

What? Can't get away today? Well, then, let's reverse the program and have them send us a bottle of *Vin Américain.* ⧺




"Like you sent 'em to me —remember?"
CAMEL
CAMEL

THEY weren't even engaged then—when he wore the O. D. of Uncle Sam's '17 army with his sergeant's stripes on one sleeve and his heart upon the other.

And as for Junior, now a stalwart in O. D. 1941 model—just a chapter in a story that hadn't even been written.

The years "about face" and "to the rear, march" as he watches her wrap with such care these cigarettes for their son in camp. He recalls the times when he received the same gift from the same hands. The same—even to the name upon the carton.

Camel. Yes, they were first with men in the army then—and they are today. Not only in the Army but in the Navy, the Marines, the Coast Guard...with the millions of others who stand behind them...for Camel is America's favorite.

Why? The answer isn't told in words. But just let match flame and cigarette meet, and that first single puff's enough to start *your* taste telling *you!*

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

SEND HIM A CARTON OF CAMELS. Whether he's in the Army, Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard, when you send him a carton of Camels you'll be sending the cigarette men in the service prefer. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

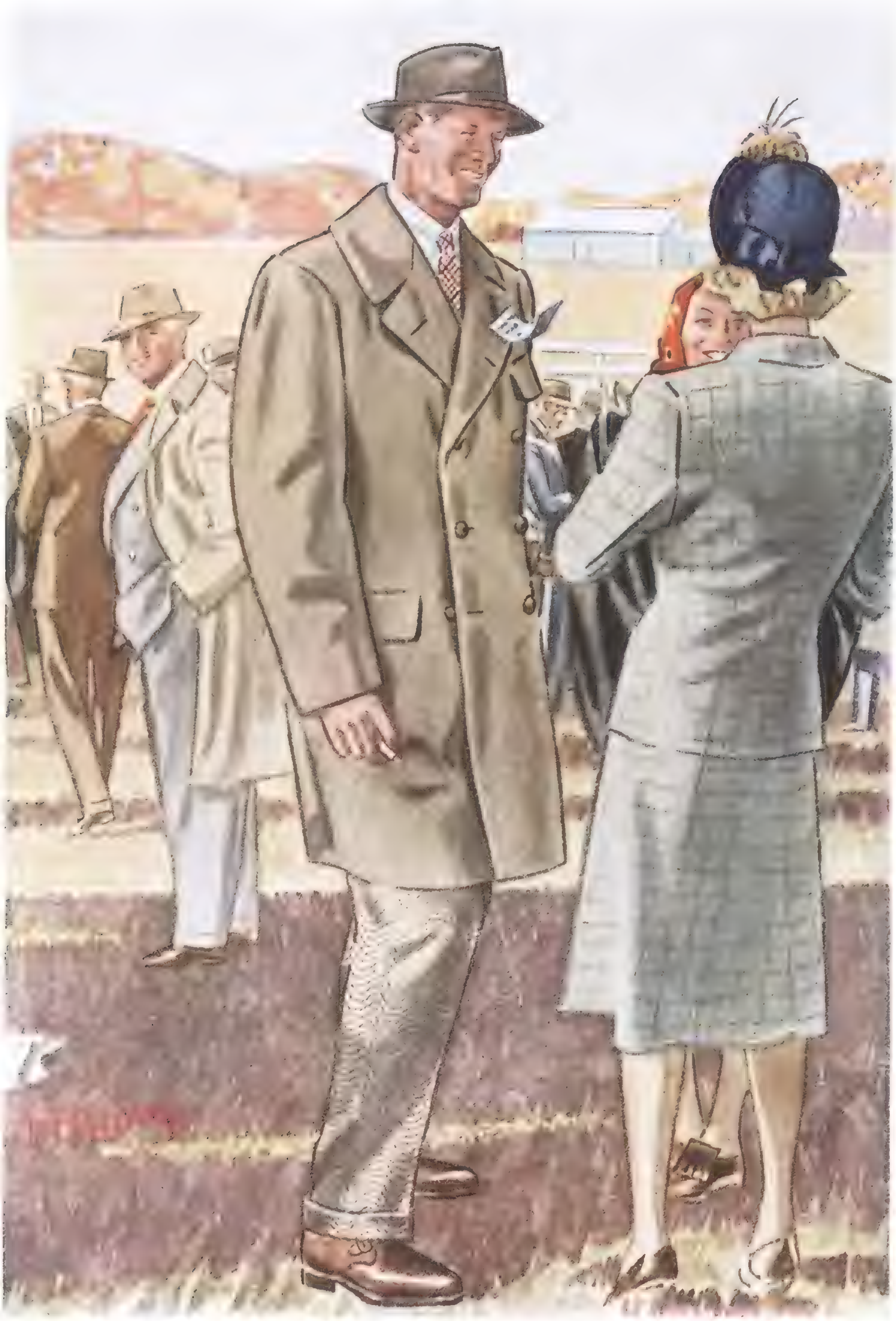
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

• BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

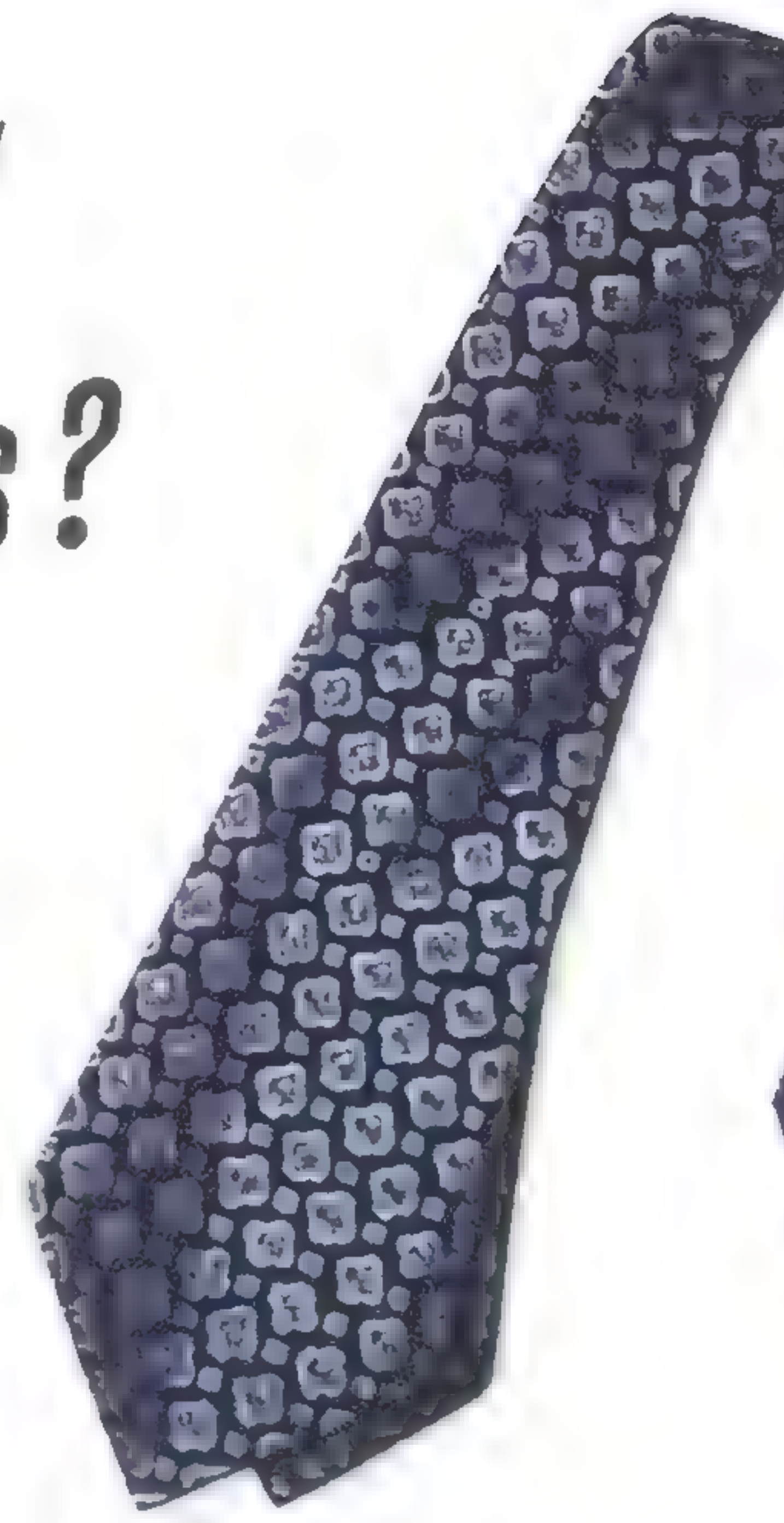


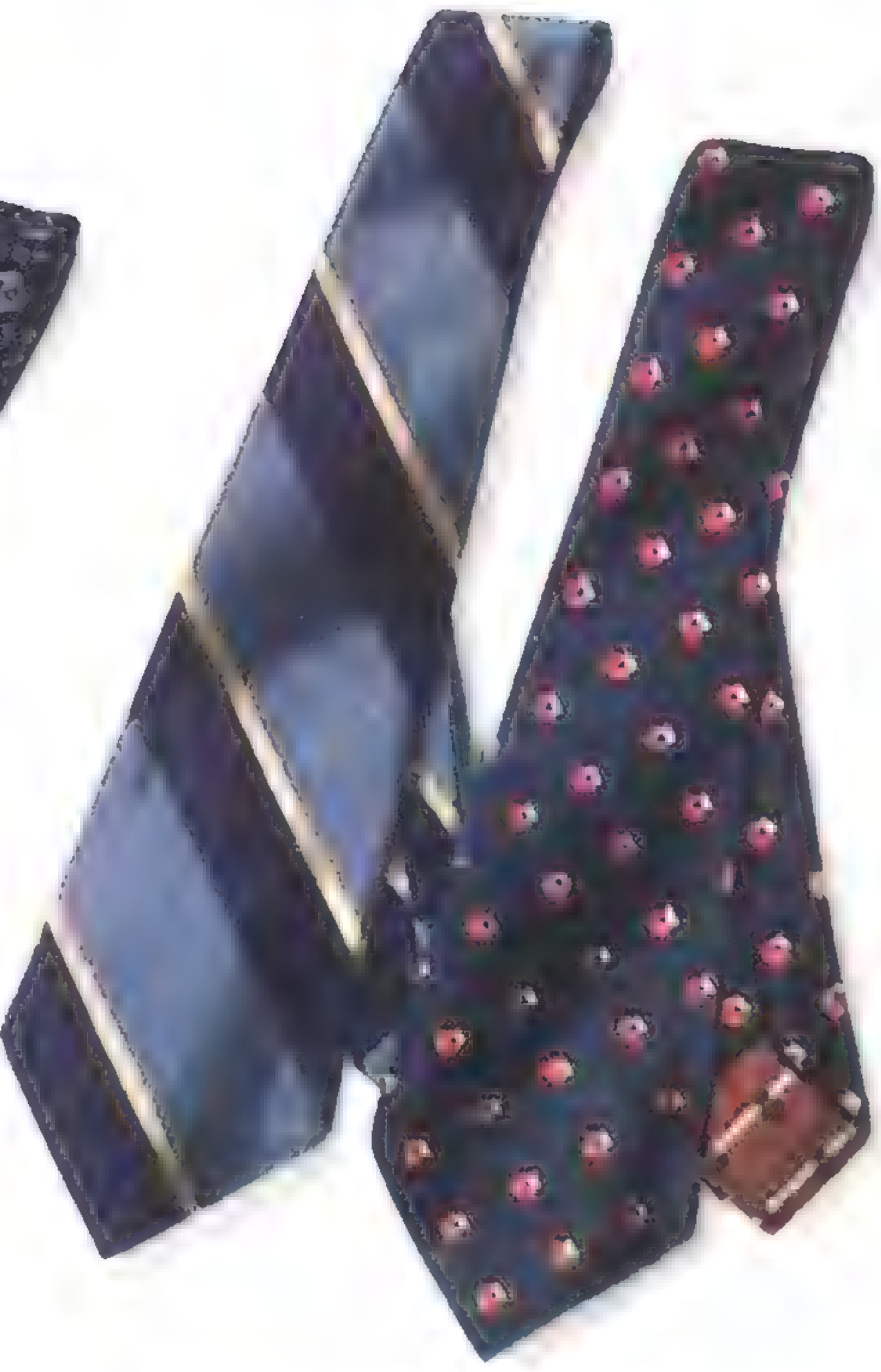
cutting it short

The military influence is still very much in evidence. Note the rise in popularity of the British Warm among civilians. This short length coat of tan fleece, as worn by officers of the Empire's defenders, has been tried and found adequate for country wear here. Its length allows free leg action, and the fleece fabric wards off cold winds. Finished with flap on chest pocket and leather buttons, this type of coat has a definite sports connotation. This follower of jumpers combines it with a Brownstone country felt hat, tan, blue and white striped oxford shirt with pinned collar, bold plaid wool tie and broken herringbone tweed suit of brown and natural shade. The monk-front brown calfskin shoes with straps over the insteps and thick leather soles are among the fashions that have been given added impetus by the military. Because American officers have shown such great enthusiasm for this type of shoe, many civilians are now adopting them for their own wear.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

What do you know about ties?



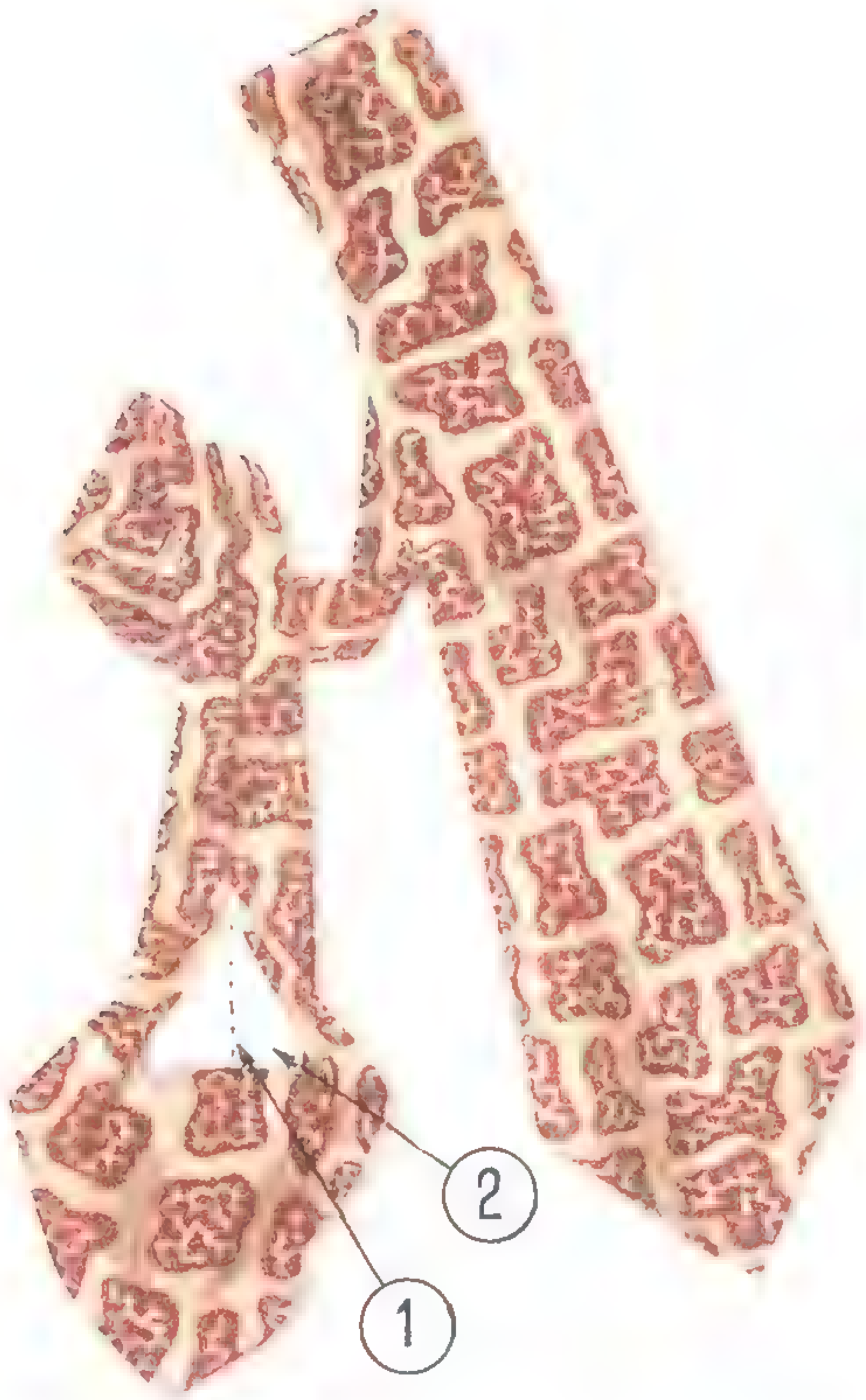


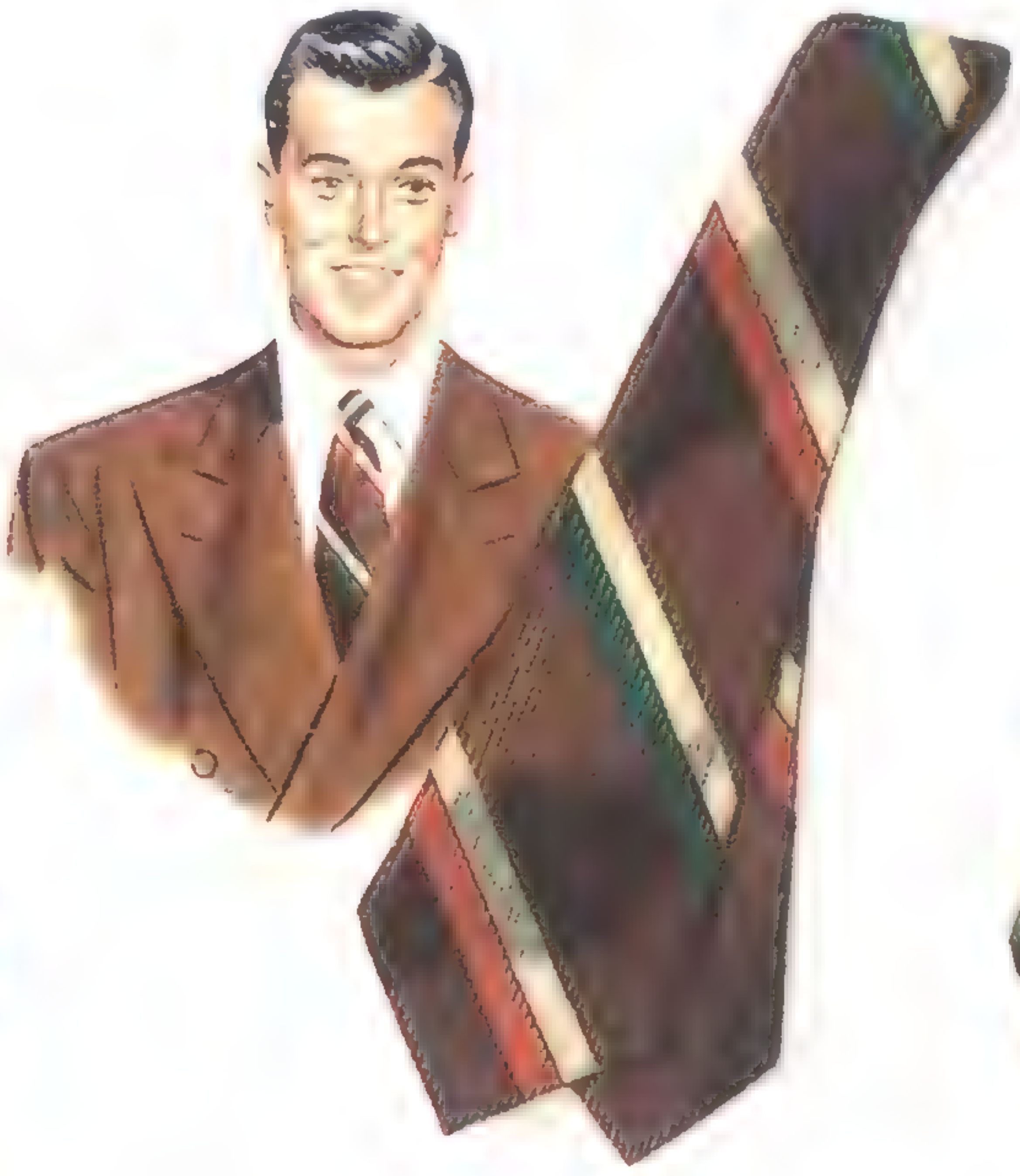
1. What is a "Macclesfield"?

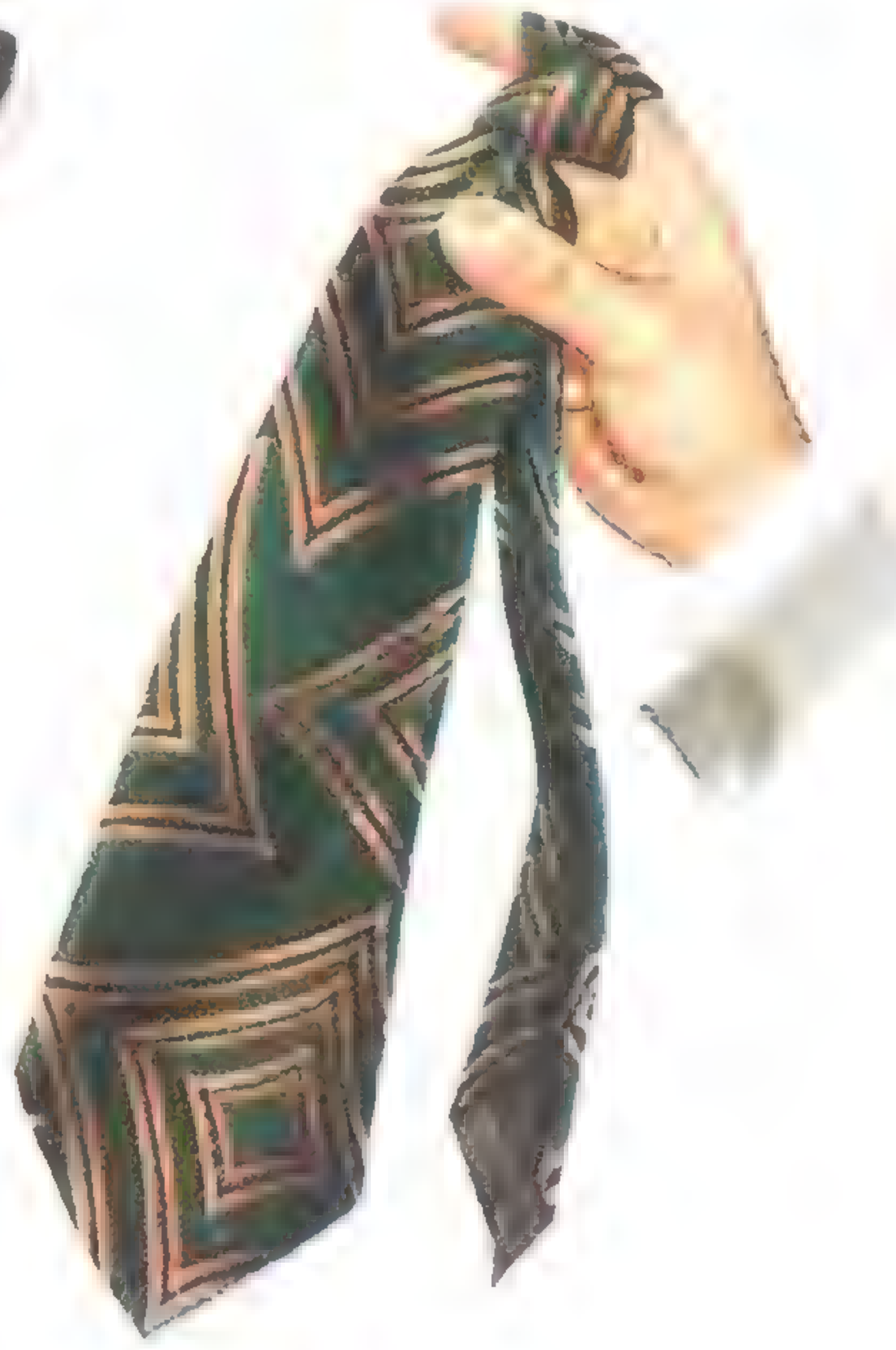
Macclesfield is a type of fabric construction used to produce small, close-together patterns. (The name's the name of an English weaving town.) Above is a new Arrow Macclesfield—one of many fine Arrows priced at $1.

2. What's the longest-wearing fabric?

Usually, twill. Twills have diagonal ribbing, and come in striped and figured patterns. Here are two *Arrow* Twills: Glacier Twill, with a fine rib. Viking, with a broad rib. Both come in a wide variety of colors and designs. A big buy at $1.







3. What makes a tie hold its shape?

Some ties don't! What makes an *Arrow* hold its shape is it's Resilient construction. 1. a slip stitch running the length of the tie to relieve stress and strain; 2. resilient all-wool lining, cut on the opposite bias of the tie itself. This handsome, wrinkle-resistant Arrow Featherway Foulard—$1.

4. What is the ideal knot?

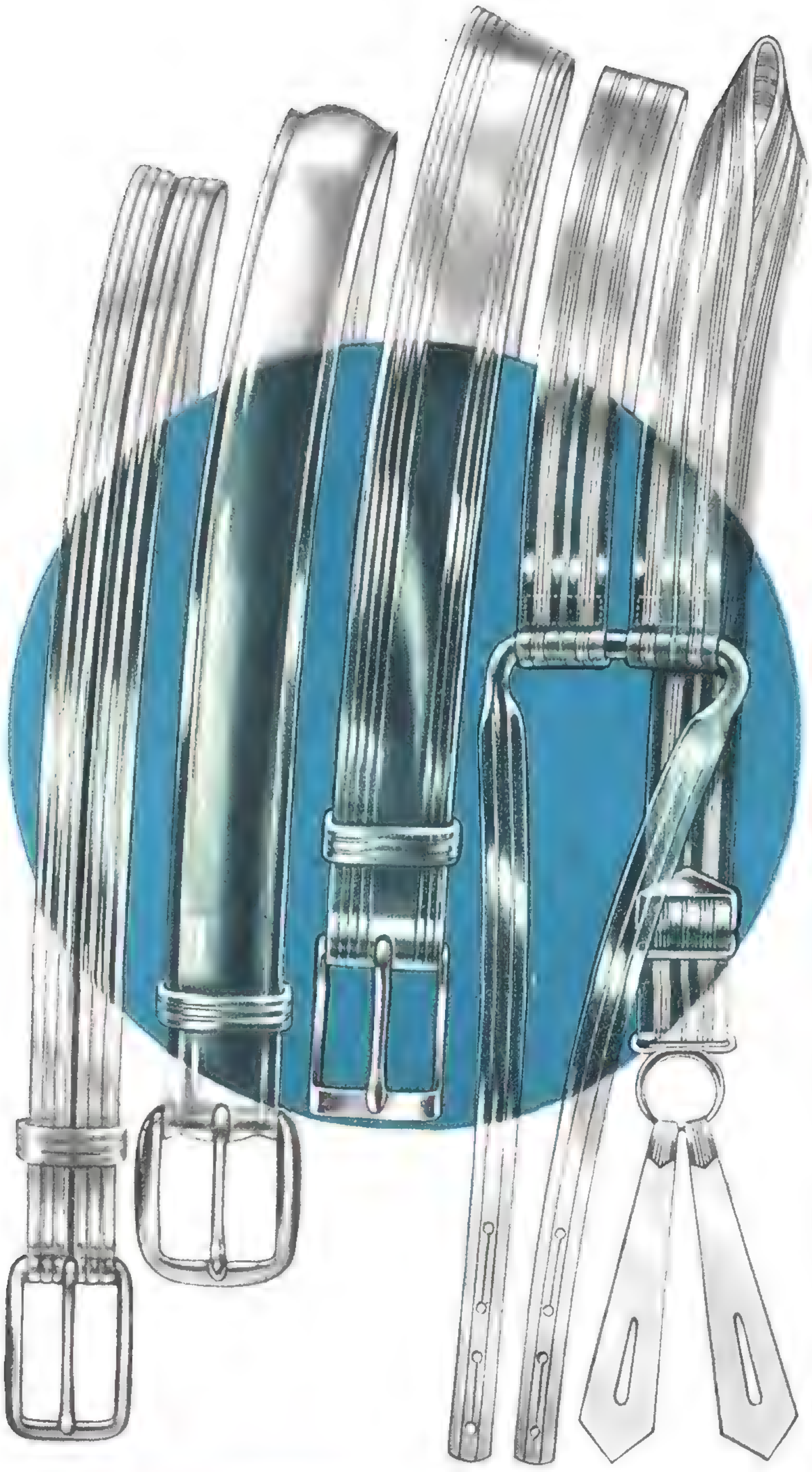
A well-tied knot should be slender (except with widespread collars) with a "dimple" just below the knot. Both ends should be the same length. Arrow Ties are constucted to knot perfectly. Above, a new Arrow Reppador, tied as a tie should be. $1.

5. Can you tell a good fabric?

You can usually tell by the rich, solid feel of the tie. You can be *sure* it's a fine fabric if you see the Arrow label. Feel this Sparkling Satin Arrow Tie at your dealer's, and see how luxurious it is. Yet it's only $1. Get some Arrow Ties today. $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts



The Support of a Nation

PARIS GLAS-TEX

("TRADE MARK) "Made from 'Vinylite' Brand Resins—TM—C & C—C. C. C."

BELTS • PARISWING SUSPENDERS

Sparkling specimens of Paris styling—Glas-Tex Belts and Suspenders. Extruded for crystal clearness from vinylite, the elastic plastic that stretches. For *the* class in "glass" insist on Glas-Tex by Paris—"The Support of a Nation."

Paris Glas-Tex Belts illustrated left to right: Extruded ridged Glas-Tex ¾ inch wide with colored center stripe. $1. Extruded oval shape, 1 inch wide. $1. Extruded wedge shape to taper to a "V" line at your waistline. $1. Glas-Tex PARISWING Suspenders. $1. Twin button holes at back for double adjustment. To shorten snip off lower button holes and attach through those remaining.

A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

LITTLE LESSON IN CONTENTMENT

How fond of you, I am.

Each month my newsdealer hands me my Esquire and I blissfully trudge homeward. Refusing to even peek within its revered pages, but to wait until I am thoroughly comfortably settled at home.

Esky is broad-minded, open, receptive to more ideas than any magazine I know.

I think its readers should be the same. I dislike to see letters in *Sound and Fury* stating 'so-and-so is terrible' 'I don't . . .'. We, as humans, need a little of everything, we should not blindly ignore ideas that are not in agreement with our own.

I prefer Petty to Varga, but Varga has his points. I doubt that it is the direct drawings themselves, but my past associations and experiences that judge my likes or dislikes. So it is with other people and subjects.

Some philosopher said, "Philosophy is not for the masses." I wonder—

Very truly yours,

Manchester, N.H. WM. R. BRYANT

THE FORMULA IS SURE-FIRE

Comes now a word from one of that vast mob of readers who have never paid a dime in their lives to patter through your pages (having and holding dearly a gift subscription), yet who manage to bellyache the longest and loudest over some matter of policy they dislike. Such as Mr. Phelps.

But I am not going to bellyache about Mr. Phelps, despite the fact that a period, commonly known as a dot, is one of the quaintest and nicest little things we have in grammar, not to mention any language on earth. A dot is almost always used to end a sentence. Like that, and this. It gives one food for thought in this war feverish world. Wars may come and go, dictators rise and fall, but almost always a dot will end a sentence. I like such reliable little trifles; one can always lean on such trifles in these times of stress.

I have been puzzling for some months over the problem of cracking Esquire. I've tried the usual channel of course; your Mr. Whistlefeather is quite capable and honest in his job of fifteenth assistant reader. But then, everyone tries that method and it usually fails.

I thought about designing a new garter for men and thus blazing forth in a burst of glory somewhere in the back of the book; or concocting a different drink that would down a man three and four-fifths seconds sooner than any potent potion now known (which feat couldn't help but effect my entry into your pages); I even thought of introducing a new girl but the only model on hand was a local ex-Sunday school teacher, who was slightly deaf and didn't know how to use a telephone.

For months, I say, I have been working on the problem. Then in the September issue I found the key. It has been right there all the time, has been unlocking the magic door month in and month out almost without fail. In fact, as far as we readers know (seeing only the things you print) it probably has never failed.

To crack Esquire, one must write a letter and mention casually the odd number of places where one has left copies.

Be sure to mention the odd copies dropped from a pack-sack or strewn along rocky trails for mountain goats to chew over, while you were boredly assailing Mount Everest.

Off-handedly remark about the copy forgotten that day in 1937 while you were strolling through the catacombs; and then follow up with your visit there in 1940 to find the copy in shreds beneath the feet of an aged skeleton. Of course . . . Petty girls were tacked on the walls around it, the skeleton grinning contentedly.

When you made that dash to the Pole, and had to eat the dogs or die of starvation before you were rescued by a gun-runner on its way to Russia, mention in your next letter to the editor that you left a Varga girl tacked on the Pole. It will add zest if you close with the announcement that as the ship pulled away, Eskimos were seen to be flocking from all directions. (All directions would be south, but that wouldn't detract at all from the yarn.)

Don't ever let go begging the astounding fact that while you were cruising in south Atlantic waters, you chanced to pass a whaling vessel, and . . . no, the crew *wasn't* reading up on Manhattan, nor was the cook fingering through your tasty dishes . . . No indeed. The wily captain had tacked Campbell cartoons on the hull, and whales of all sizes, shapes and colors were converging on the vicinity.

Cap it off with your experiences as war correspondent in London. Recall the night you were present when some of the chappies opened a dud, and lo' there was a copy of good old Esquire, with doodles pencilled on the cover by Adolph himself.

The circulation manager will see to it your letter is printed.

Yours truly,

Bloomington, Ill. BOB TUCKER

DAY IN COURT FOR DON McNEILL

I read with a great deal of interest John R. Tunis' article about Don McNeill which appears in the current issue of Esquire. It is very good—with one exception—his ludicrous statement that the young tennis player comes from the wrong side of the tracks.

First, perhaps I should say that I have known the McNeill family for many years. His sister is one of my closest friends. In fact, I only read the article after she told me about it, laughing over the sentences which contained the absolutely ridiculous statement.

I disagree heartily with Mr. Tunis. It is a foolish misstatement. The McNeills are not wealthy but they are an extremely refined, educated, and genteel family. They are a good middle-class family, the stock from which nearly all our presidents have sprung; the very people who make up the backbone of this nation. It is evidently Mr. Tunis' quaint opinion that the entire middle class comes from the "wrong side of the tracks."

It is not necessary to say that we regard Don McNeill down here with special pride.

He has worked long, tirelessly and hard for his success and we are indeed proud of him.

Very truly yours,
JACQUELINE McGIBONY
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

PLEA FOR PRIVATE LEND-LEASE ACT

I am writing from the capital of Hell's Corner—Dover, where I am stationed—in the nearest hut to the Hun in this part of the world—to ask you whether some kind American would pass a Lease-Lend bill of his/her own and send us your wonderful magazine, the account to be settled soon at the end of this war. I might even pay it personally, as I have every intention of visiting the U. S. A. on business one day. Of course each copy would be acknowledged with what news the censor will allow us to give.

America is doing so much for us, I almost hate writing this, but—

Yours truly,
A. R. PUGH, Lt. Royal Artillery
"Earlham," Moor Park,
Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, Eng.

Continued on page 142

The Office Butterfly

Continued from page 37

which he resorted when he wished even more solitude than he enjoyed at home. He was seen walking out there on the last day of January. On the afternoon of Feb. 5th, last Saturday, his frozen body was found, seated at the desk there."

"Poor old boy!" muttered the nephew. "Hadn't anyone seen him in the meantime?"

"That is the question upon which a quarter of a million dollars hangs. Mrs. Green, a Mansion Avenue resident, saw someone enter the vestibule of the Dick house late at night, Feb. 4th, and come out immediately carrying what seemed to be a roll of newspapers under his arm. She assumed that it was Mr. Kiliaen Dick, but cannot swear to it. As against this hypothesis we have the fact that an accumulation of mail of several days previous was found in the vestibule. Presumably Kiliaen Dick would have taken it with him had he visited the place."

"Not necessarily," began the young man, when Judge Jenks cut him short.

"Bear in mind that the body was found on the 5th. The weight of evidence is that death had occurred three or more days previously. If the surrogate so finds, we have no standing. The money goes to Arthur McCollam."

"Well, Arthur can use it, I expect," said Bennett philosophically. "I had hoped to organize that Matto Grande trip. But that's out, I'm afraid. Anything more, sir?"

"Yes. The document of which I spoke. Personally I pin little hope on it. However it may have some significance for you." He addressed the desk telephone. "Ask Miss Namby to bring me the Kiliaen Dick folder."

The door opened and our factotum entered, bearing a file. Up jumped Bennett Dick with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Miss Ada! You're looking swell. Lunching with me today?"

A phenomenon took place before our eyes. That pinched, parchment countenance cracked thinly to develop a smile. A meager, chary, and reluctant smile, but authentic and undeniable.

"How do you do, Mr. Dick? I should be pleased."

"I've got a new chess problem for you. It's a sticker."

So our youthful nomad had, sometime in the past, treated that ancient office mechanism to meals and found a common interest with her. He would. That is his sort. Specializing in lame dogs and singed cats.

From an assortment of papers Judge Jenks selected the curio which now hangs on our wall.

"See what you can make of that, young man."

Bennett bent over it. "It's in Uncle Kil's hand all right. Another of his queer kinks, I suppose. It wouldn't by any chance be a cipher will, would it, sir?"

"Quite possibly. Even so it has no legal force, being unwitnessed."

"Well, I can't make anything of it." He pushed it aside.

Unnoticed at the moment, Miss Namby thrust forth a hand and clawed the paper within range of her spectacles.

"It was in a drawer of the desk where they found your uncle."

"Were you the one that found him, sir?"

"I was," I put in. "At least, I was there shortly after he was found. The man first on the ground was a shady lawyer named Dan Goring."

"Where does he come in?"

"Representing young McCollam," I explained. "Arthur had telegraphed Kiliaen Dick about Hanson McCollam's death, and, getting a no-delivery report from the local office, called up Goring on long distance. Instead of coming to us as Mr. Dick's legal representatives, Goring took it upon himself to investigate. He wound up at the lake cabin at 2 P.M. of February 5th. It happened that I had been trying to get in touch with Kiliaen Dick and followed the same trail. When I arrived, Goring was burning a newspaper in the grate."

"A most improper procedure," said my partner. "He had no right to disturb any of the deceased's effects."

"He didn't disturb any more of them," I said. "But I was too late to rescue even a fragment of the newspaper. When I called Goring down he said that his feet were chilled and he was lighting some kindling."

"Something was said about the weight of evidence being against us. How is that?" asked Bennett.

"The coroner's opinion, after the inquest which established the cause of death as embolism, set the time as February 3rd, at latest."

"Very convenient, as you will perceive," the Judge pointed out.

"How could he tell?" objected the young man. "The body, you say, was frozen."

"He couldn't," I answered. "But he may have been influenced. Goring is smart. He can see around a bend. He got to the coroner before it occurred to me that he might be fixing up a case for Arthur McCollam."

"Unfortunate. Most unfortunate," said my partner.

"Goring is the lawyer who fixed up that breach of promise suit for Arthur two or three years ago," remarked Bennett.

A surprising interruption occurred. "The sixth word," said Miss Ada Namby without raising her head from the paper over which she was crouched in concentration "appears to be 'referee.'"

"What!" We turned to her. The implication of a legal angle to the document might be important.

"First and fifth letter the same."

Continued on page 116

"Neat-Looking! A Comer!"

AN IMPRESSION GOOD-LOOKING HAIR CREATES!

Keep your Hair a Business and Social Asset with

VITALIS

and the Famous

"60-SECOND WORKOUT"!

50 Seconds to Rub—Just feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresh, natural lustre.

10 Seconds to Comb—and your hair stays neatly in place—with no "patent-leather" look. And what's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair.

Well-groomed hair compliments your self-respect—your pride in your appearance. So keep your hair handsome with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout". And executives you meet will mark you well, thinking: "This man makes a nice impression. He'll get consideration wherever he goes."

A man is proud to be seen with an attractive girl, and she takes pride in a well-groomed escort. So give your appearance the advantage of handsome hair! Get a bottle of Vitalis today. Let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help keep your hair an asset socially and in business!

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Again!
HOLLYWOOD MAKES FASHION NEWS!

For the fall... it's
NAVY BLUES!

JACK OAKIE, starring in Warner Bros.' ship-shape musical hit 'NAVY BLUES', wearing his Resistol Self-Conforming "ENSIGN"

The "ENSIGN" may be obtained in any of these smart Navy Blues 'Sailor Blue' 'Annapolis Blue' 'Fleet Blue'

The *Self Conforming* feature—which Resistol alone can offer—guarantees your getting "The Most Comfortable Hat Made... And The Most Becoming!" And for the fall, there are new colors that everyone will be wearing—new lines that spell that right nonchalance! Do as Hollywood's stars do—look better, feel better in a new Resistol!

The "ENSIGN" is priced at
FIVE DOLLARS
Other styles up to
TWENTY DOLLARS

RESISTOL
Self Conforming hats
Worn by Warner Bros.' Stars *Manufactured by*
THE BYER-ROLNICK CO., Garland, TEXAS
Dealers are invited to write for agency information

The Office Butterfly

Continued from pages 37-115

she pointed out in the manner of a schoolmistress enlightening a dull class. "Second, fourth, and two final letters identical, and one odd. Has anyone an improvement on 'referee' to offer?"

Nobody had. The Judge's eyes began to bulge. He caught up a pencil.

"L-l-look here!" he spluttered. "If that is correct, look at these two words. Here's an f and an e and an r. What could that be but February? And the following word has two f's with an intervening letter. Surely that is 'fifth.' February fifth!" he cried triumphantly.

Miss Namby flattened that exciting hope. "Fifth, quite probably. But the other word has two e's. It cannot possibly be February."

"Damn!" said the Judge.

"I wish that I had seen this before," murmured Miss Namby.

"Nobody has seen it," I said. "As it had rather a private look, I took the liberty of slipping it into my pocket while Goring's back was turned."

"Most improper," said my partner. "Well done."

"How does it help?" inquired our client.

"Until we go further with it I am unable to see any connection with our main difficulty which is double," said the Judge. "First, the coroner's opinion. Second, the fact that the late night visitor to the Dick house left the mail behind. If it were, indeed, Kiliaen Dick, how account for so strange a circumstance?"

"Not so strange, sir," said the nephew. "Uncle Kil hated correspondence. I've known him to come to breakfast day after day and throw all the mail on the floor, unopened, except the New York paper, which he read religiously from end to end and then put aside."

Miss Namby looked up sharply. "Which paper?"

"The *Evening Record*."

"Was any copy of it found among the effects in the cabin?"

"Not by me," I answered.

"Well, newspaper burns," she observed. "Were any copies found in the vestibule of the town house?"

"I don't know that anyone noticed," said the Judge.

Miss Namby distinctly snorted. "If there is nothing further," she said, "I should like to be excused and to take this with me."

Without awaiting permission she went out with the cipher in her hand. Bennett Dick chuckled merrily.

"I have a notion that she doesn't think too highly of my legal advisers," he said.

I had rather that suspicion, myself.

The surrogate's hearing was set for two o'clock. At noon Miss Namby telephoned to say that she was at the City Library and regretted her inability to lunch with Mr. Bennett Dick. She would attend the hearing.

She came into court a little late. There was a spot of color in her cheeks and her eyes were bright and confident as she nodded significantly to Bennett.

"She's got something," he whispered to Judge Jenks. "Better put her on the stand."

With obvious misgivings he called her. Dan Goring made no objections when we offered the manuscript for the court's consideration, with a brief account of where it was found: his case must have seemed to him impregnable. Surrogate Woodman, an indulgent, informal, and mildly sardonic humanist, examined the characters and asked whether they were in a foreign language.

"No, sir," replied Miss Namby. "Are you a cripper?"

"A *what?*"

"A cripper. The late Mr. Kiliaen Dick was one. There is a National Crippers Association. People who solve cryptograms, you know."

"Ah! Quite so. Then this is a cryptogram?"

"Yes, sir."

"And there is a recognized system or method of procedure? Endorsed by the union, perhaps?"

"There is a regular system," answered the witness. "An expert cripper does not work from the printed original. He makes his own copy, with widely spaced letters like these."

"Why is that, Miss Namby?" It was evident that the court was enjoying the exposition.

"To leave room for the experimental letters. One doesn't hit it at the first crack. Not usually."

"I should assume not, indeed." He peered at Kiliaen Dick's transcript. "And you have solved this strange legend?"

"Why, yes. Though it isn't of any importance."

I heard Bennett Dick whistle under his breath and Judge Jenks's disgusted snort.

"No?" asked the court, surprised. "Nevertheless we should be glad to have the benefit of your research."

The witness seemed taken aback. "You want me to translate it?"

"If there is no objection."

"Oh, none at all. None at all," said Goring airily.

"I'm afraid you won't find much meaning in it."

" 'Take care of the words, and the meaning will take care of itself,' " quoted the erudite court. "We are waiting, Miss Namby."

"Very well," said Miss Namby in resigned tones. With precise and expressionless enunciation she read from the paper:

"Uncle—of—punch-drunk—pugilist—uppercuts—referee—in—feverish—fifth—round—plunging—arena—into—turbulent—uproar."

Turbulent uproar would be a conservative description of the courtroom's reaction to the message. Above it Judge Jenks's pained voice made itself heard.

"That will be enough, Miss Namby. You will step down, if you please."

"Well, I *told* you it wasn't important," said she patiently.

Surrogate Woodman's curiosity was not yet appeased. "Just a moment, Miss Namby. The court understands that this cryptogram is in the writing of the deceased. Did he compose it?"

"No, sir. He copied it. I suppose he was all ready to get busy at it when he was stricken."

"What was its source?"

"*New York Evening Record.*"

The surrogate leaned forward. A hush had fallen upon the crowd.

"You have a copy of the issue?"

"I can get one."

"What is the date?"

Dan Goring saw it now, but too late. He was on his feet, clamoring objections. The court imperatively hushed him. The witness's answer was crisp and clear.

"February 4th. He couldn't have got that paper until a day after Mr. Hanson McCollam's death. And he must have been alive to copy it," she pointed out reasonably. "Dead men solve no crips," she snapped in conclusion.

Above the excited buzz of the room the surrogate asked.

"Can you tell us what became of the original from which the deceased made his copy?"

The witness's response might well be characterized as irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. But it produced a paralytic effect upon one person in the room.

"Ask Mr. Goring," she said. "His feet were cold."

Bennett Dick tried to give Miss Namby ten thousand dollars of his inheritance. She would have none of it. They argued it daily and hotly up to the time of his departure on the Paraguayan expedition, and almost came to blows on the pier.

Among other scientific accomplishments the expedition resulted in the discovery of the butterfly which now brightens our staid office walls. Having established it as hitherto unclassified, Bennett had the right, according to scientific usage, of naming it.

Hence Nymphalis adanambia. In local legal circles our Miss Namby is now known as the Office Butterfly.

She does not mind a bit. ⁂

Four Bits a Day in Santarem

Continued from page 59

there are only half a dozen, which outnumbers the German colony by one. Yet, because of jobs on the neighboring Ford rubber plantation all young Santaremers want to speak English and prefer us North Americans to all others. They bow to us respectfully in the *paseo* and greet us, "'Ello, Mr. Jones, how in hell are you?"

But to get back to living on four-bits a day; our hotel fare is simple, well-cooked and bounteous—*farta* we call it in Portuguese. For breakfast there's coffee, freshly roasted and ground at dawn, with milk of the morning hot from Dona Graziella's city dairy, just half a mile away; a substantial, crusty French roll, toasted if you say so, with fine local butter. Fruit is so cheap you can have any of the dozens of kinds in each season for the asking, or blow a nickel and hoard up a whole hundred grapefruit in your room. These were planted for North American consumption on the Ford place four hours away up the Tapajoz River and the Brazilians don't like them, so oranges cost more, because they're sweeter; here everything's sugary, including the beer.

After your continental breakfast at 8 A.M. although you may get up on a black demitasse at sunrise, you can clap on a light bushel basket beach hat made at Lago Grande, and for a stroll along the most beautiful and actively peopled white sand beach—this in the dry season, June to January. In the wet half of the year you can fish right out of your bedroom window.

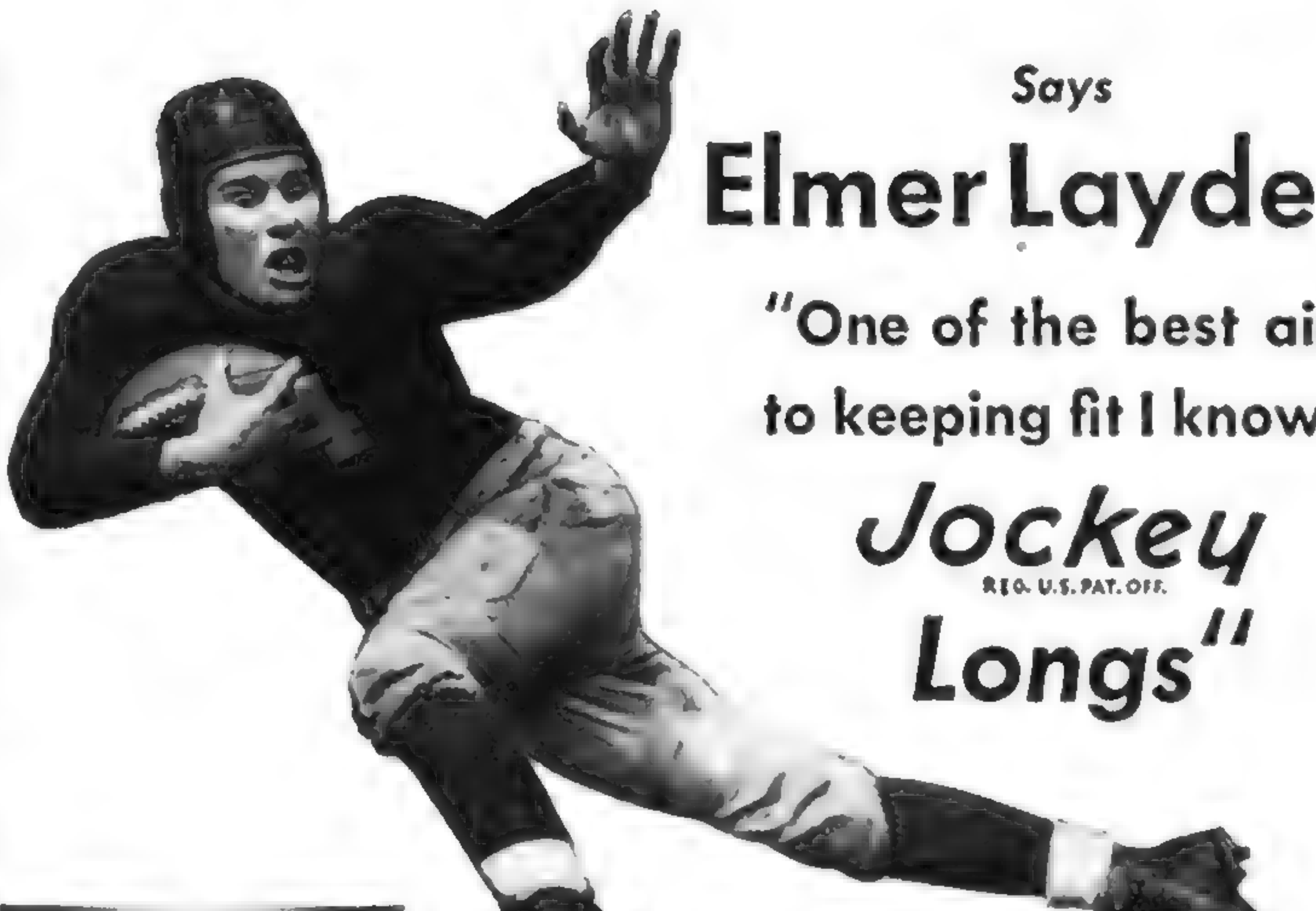
Lunch at twelve consists of real meat soup with plenty of vegetables, then fish fresh from your hammock-room window or maybe a hump-backed turtle, although these are more expensive than the finny loads brought in by boats with sails of as many bright colors as the cheeks of the men who sail them. At dawn and tea time the fishing fleet heralds its arrival by winding traditional tunes on thin tin horns nine palms long—about six feet. We've never seen or heard anything like them; they're as medieval as the Cathedral and the two-pound key to the old jail.

You can look down from Castelo windows into the floating fish market and see Madame Santos on dry land picking your fish out of a boat for lunch or dinner; an infinite variety sold at a flat rate of one and a half cents a pound. Then she goes into the little market shed and chooses meat for the day, usually beef, and tenderloin at that, for small distinction is made between choice cuts and chuck; either one sells for the price set by town authorities, about three cents a pound, believe it or not; and such trifles as tongues, calves liver and sweetbreads go for even less.

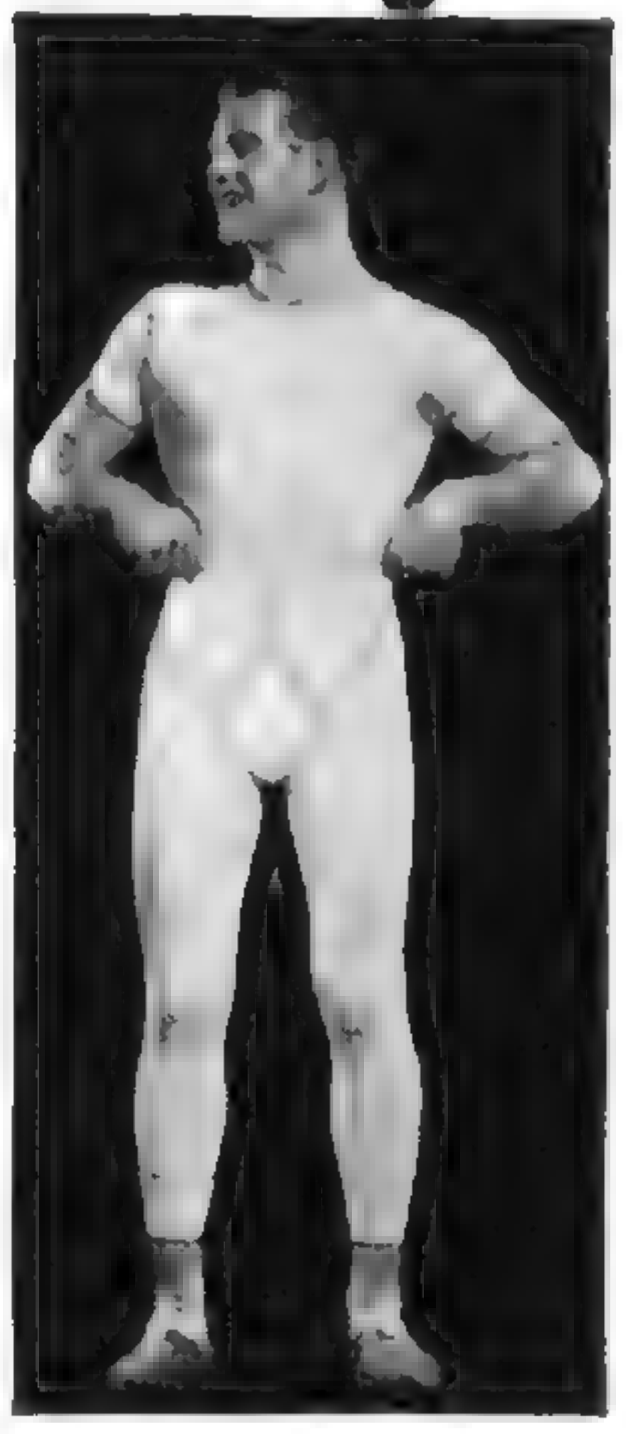
Often we get pork for a change, young, fat and juicy, or sheep, which never amounts to much in warm climes and is so foreign to some parts of the Amazon that its wool is wasted on the brambles and bushes since nobody ever heard of shearing. Capivara, venison, wild duck and occasional game, too, but chicken only two or three times a week, because the price is prohibitive, running from a dime for a plump rooster to fifteen cents for a fat old hen. And the same goes for eggs, served one at a time at the Castelo, mounted on sirloin steaks two

Continued on page 118

Says
Elmer Layden
"One of the best aids to keeping fit I know—
Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Longs"



Elmer Layden



Two piece Jockey Longs

Recently we asked Elmer Layden, who has probably conditioned more All-Americans than any other coach of the decade, what he considered the key to physical fitness. He said, "Among the commonest mistakes the average fellow makes is to think he's tough because he wears the same length underwear the year 'round. Nine times out of ten he's either weakening himself by putting a strain on his leg muscles when they're cold or else letting himself turn mushy from inactivity and lack of proper exercise!"

"Lengthen your shorts and you'll lengthen your years—of activity"

"Up there at Coopers, you've got one of the best aids to keeping fit I know in Jockey Longs. They really give a man the protection he needs against leg chill without hampering his freedom of movement . . . or making him look like a sketch from an 1890 mail order catalogue. If even more men would wear them when the weather turns chilly, then maybe fewer would limit their normal exercise to a point where they would break out in cold sweats every time they ran 50 feet for a bus."

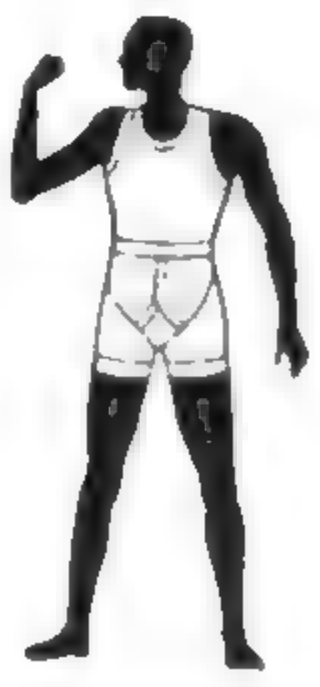
⅄ ⅄ ⅄

Photographed above are the streamlined Jockey Longs Mr. Layden favors. You'll like them, too. They offer the same comfort features as Jockey Shorts. Buttonless two-piece design . . . a fabric knitted so your skin can breathe . . . and tailored to eliminate bunch, bind and creep. The famous inverted *Y-front provides squirm-free, masculine support and an angled no-gap opening. Matching shirts are contoured—shorter in front to avoid bunching, longer in back to keep them in place. Sizes down to four years for children. Buy them where you see the Jockey statue displayed and for your own protection, make sure the name Jockey is on the label.

"Quality Corner"
Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new elastic super-textile, Coopreme.

* ⅄ —The source of support.

Bellin



Midway

Over-Knee

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Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned Oxfords
The Drake
Style 2105
Custom Finished Plump Mellow Brown Calf—Heavy Sole

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords For the Well Dressed Man

Ask any man who wears Nunn-Bush shoes whether he would willingly change to any other kind—and you are likely to uncover a loyalty that will surprise you. It is the Nunn-Bush policy to build shoes that will bring men back again and again for additional pairs. It is this policy that has developed Ankle-Fashioning, a feature requiring a whole series of extra operations. But it makes Nunn-Bush shoes fit better and look better—*and it adds style mileage!*

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$8.95 to $12.50
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Style 2362
Brownstone Moccasin Style—Heavy Harness Stitching

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Four Bits a Day in Santarem

Continued from pages 59-117

inches high (and once you have tasted our eighteen-hour old fat, fresh tropical beef you'll turn up your nose at the aged whiskery stuff of the ritzy restaurants.) But you can eat half a dozen cackleberries if you like, for cackle and come again is the motto of this bounteous board where individual portions are unknown.

Dessert consists of candied bananas, whipped up abacates or graviola, a kind of heavenly fruit our English cousins call a custard apple because they're otherwise unclassifiable to palates accustomed to Bird's custard and watery fruit salad to finish off a meal. There's fresh fruit, too, the best-tasting *mamao*, that we call papaya, in all the tropics, and a special banana called *chorrano* because you're supposed to cry from joy after downing two of them.

Having finished with fruit, coffee and toothpicks you flop into the old string hammock for a couple of hours. Amazon travellers usually carry two different kinds of hammocks, a big cloth one from Ceara for all-night work and a lighter, cooler one for siestas. At three P. M. precisely Monica, the first maid, wakes you with another demitasse.

During what's left of your afternoon you can go bathing or boating from the gleaming white Panair float next door, pick up triangular shells, tropical seeds, white and green storm smoothed stones, or go in for other types of beachcombing, such as salvaging alligator and river serpent skeletons. Sailing, paddling; fishing, hunting, harpooning or riding daintily gaited little sand ponies descended from those Arab steeds the conquistadores brought along.

If you're even mildly archeological or still like to play Indian you can spend weeks digging up the black earth of the aldea, as the part of town is called where the Indians lived originally. Instead of arrowheads you'll find *caretas*, little faces and figures of baked clay, Picasso primitives, as surrealistic as any art we have today. Also, Sir Walter Raleigh pipes and haunting bird calls. And if you don't want to dig for them, the kids will sell you theirs for a few pennies apiece.

There are no Indians in Santarem now, since all residents of Brazil have been officially declared Brazilians, but a good deal of the fine old blood runs deep in a people who are still proud of it. Once in a while you may see a real redskin down from the interior to show a row of filed front teeth in his grin. But Indians here are not like ours of the North, they never had to resist the cold with bear's grease inside and out, they were not cannibals, either, and didn't fight unless they were attacked. Those Amazonians descended from art-loving tribes come out on the paseo in red skirts and cheeks bright as the unbelievable sunsets.

It's a town of high color; even rainbows come double and you can find yourself walking in one, right down at the end where as kids we ran to find the pot of gold.

There are actually moonlight serenades along the sands that anybody can join, girl-struck lads with guitars and mildly moon-mad maids with copper colored glints in their cheeks, sirening with ethereal voices, for your real Amazon is roused to do her most dangerous stuff along the ocean river under a moon that never gets quite as full anywhere else.

The people of Santarem are sunny, good-natured and sweet smelling, for here the ancient art of making and using tropical scents from rosewood, vanilla and tonka beans still flourishes. Three kinds of these fresh natural scents are used by both sexes and all go by the name of *cheiro*, which means a good smell, since there's a separate word, *pitiu*, for things that stink. There is fresh *cheiro* for the bath, consisting of fragrant herbs and flower petals crushed into a painted Santarem *cuya*, gay with boats sailing into volcanic sunsets and alabaster herons stalking long-legged on the greenest banks. Laving yourself with this, by pouring half a dozen gushes over your head is a sort of Song of Solomon ceremony that can be indulged in three or four times a day without being called sissy.

The second *cheiro* is called paper scent because it's sachet put up in a square pink paper, both dry and fresh petals, equatorial seeds, resins and balsams that beat old English lavender all hollow for keeping any chance mold or musty taint out of your trunk or closet.

But commonest and best of all is the liquid stuff sold for a dime a quart. That's tops for after shaving and in Santarem you'll even slap it on your hair to attract the gals on the *paseo* prowl. You only put a splash of it in a whole basin of water and because it's chockablock with benzoin, and soothing herbs it leaves your skin fresh and frisky.

For the twice weekly paseo in the world's neatest little park, in front of the cathedral, alluring brunettes (there's only one blonde in town and she's suspect) star their black purple hair with waxy jasmin flowers and heighten their bronze complexions with that sunset riot of war paint that would make a pallid city gal faint. This Indian effect has regal elegance when taken in combination with enameled finger and toe nails and a natural grace, accompanied by honest laughter and delicacy of deportment that our paleface culture has not quite contrived to equal in spite of all our snootiness.

The girls are somewhat stockier than the men, who show their original Santarem blood in graceful and sure movements of small hands and feet, for Indian women did the drudgery while their men made the art and brought home

Continued on page 120

A Casual Column Supporting
THE FRIDAY SUN

HAMLET'S classic answer to Polonius ("words, words, words") is one comment readers never make about The Friday Sun. They find this distinctive newspaper one of the pleasantest, most rewarding ways to keep informed of world news, sports, hobbies, the arts and other special interests.

It is as accurate and thorough as the regular daily issues of The New York Sun, of course. And its many special features, edited by recognized authorities, are designed especially for active-minded people with wide-ranging interests. Highlights:

THE NEW RECORDS. In this diverting column Irving Kolodin covers all the latest releases from Bach to Boogie Woogie with the ease of a virtuoso. His record reviews and comments on musicians are required reading for disc devotees.

HOME SERVICE. This fact-packed page is for all those who feel that home is a lot more than just a place to hang one's hat. It is edited by Roger B. Whitman, the foremost authority on home care and maintenance. He administers "First Aid for the Ailing House," Hilson Munsey reviews "Gadgets in the Home" and Julian Starr Jr. tells how to "Make It Yourself."

PEDIGREED DOGS. Every dog has his day when his owner reads The Sun's pedigreed pet pages. This feature is edited by Arthur Roland, past winner of the Dog Writers' Association medal, and is as outstanding as a blue ribbon. Your dog will be prouder of you if you read it.

STAMPS. Perhaps you haven't collected stamps since the days when you faithfully kept a schoolboy's album. If not, you're missing a lot of fun. Franklin R. Bruns Jr., editor of The Sun's Stamp Page, makes this hobby contagious. An ardent philatelist himself, he misses nothing of interest to collectors.

Three cents a week is little enough to pay for any one of these interesting features. A subscription to The Friday Sun will bring you dozens of them each week! Why delay?

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"She Is A Woman, Therefore May Be Woo'd; She Is A Woman, Therefore May Be Won"

W. Shakespeare

If Stratford's topflight copywriter were writing today, he'd probably add a line for the benefit of modern advertisers. "She is a married woman, therefore must be sold!" He knew enough about women to realize that advertising must sell *them* if it is to sell families!

Advertisers cannot afford to underestimate a woman's influence over family purchases. In nearly everything the family buys, she has at least as decisive a say as her husband. A "no" from her usually means a family "no"—whether the purchase is food or furnishings or men's wear!

In the world's busiest market, advertisers who know the importance of family coverage use The Sun. During the first 7 months of 1941 (and during each of the past 16 years!) they placed far more display linage in The Sun than in any other standard-size New York weekday newspaper. Families in the average-and-above income brackets depend upon The Sun, shop through its pages each evening at home!

The Sun
NEW YORK

For Distinguished Service

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The 10th Royal Hussars

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From its success at Warburg, in 1760, to its action in France and Flanders in 1914-18, the Standard of the 10th Royal Hussars has been decorated with Twenty-two Battle Honours for Distinguished Service

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Dewar's "White Label"

Grand Prize, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

If reconnaissance reports your Scotch reserves depleted, enlist DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . highball of the highlands. Seasoned veteran, it has won more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished service. That's why, to gentlemen the world over, the order of the day . . . and night . . . is DEWAR'S *White Label.* Company . . . at ease!

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Four Bits a Day in Santarem

Continued from pages 59-117-118

the wild pig bacon. (We saw some Indians loading wood on a river boat pause in their killing toil to rest their lithe bodies and drink off a native rum apiece and such charm of quaffing for sheer relish and camaraderie we haven't seen equaled at London banquets of our English-speaking Union.)

Besides padding it in the park you can make a "footing" into sandy back hills or better still take a truck to one of the waterfalls or oasis settlements in the Texas-like interior, where rattlesnakes still intimidate and technicolor mirages do their deceitful stuff. Such gasoline buggy trips must be arranged well in advance, however, for there are only three or four pleasure cars and five or six trucks to serve the whole population of 25,000.

There's probably more fun in a launch trip to neighboring church fiestas, since this is a tropical Venice where everything happens on or near the water. There's nothing religious about these saint's day celebrations devoted to gambling, drinking and dancing in booths set up with golden palm mats. Firecrackers and fingers are shot off here as in an old-fashioned Fourth of July and there's dining on duck cooked in the juice of mandioca that puts your tongue to sleep (so there'll be no after dinner speeches) and great bowls of unfermented purple palm wine called *assai.*

Fortunately there is no Anglo-American club, no golf or country club for half a thousand miles in either direction, and though you may wish to enjoy yourself as mildly as the Baptists, who are attracted by two rivers here in place of the Amazon alone and enjoy the novelty of ducking converts alternately in the black waters of the Tapajoz, you may prefer a pre-supper pub crawl. We found this, rain or shine, the most dependable diversion in town.

Begin with a Portuguese Vinho Quinado Constantino, seated on a doll stool in expatriate Venezuelan Garcia's place on the park, between the cathedral and the electric plant—that furnishes light at night and nothing by day, so bars use kerosene refrigerators.

Next take a nip of bottled fruity rum mixed up at the corner café where the out of town fishermen never tire of telling how that water snake bumped the bottom of the boat for warning, then stuck up its awful head and, with a leer, nipped the pet macaw right off its perch in the prow and took it down for dinner amid that chilling swirl of black waters.

A popular poolroom gives you crisp homemade ladyfingers, two for a cent, with a wicked "coke-taile" of Paraty (native rum), Brazilian anis and a touch of Fernet, grenadine, or anything you say, but they charge a whole nickel for that, while just a block down, at the most fashionable bar in town, named Soberano after a brand of a swell soft drink, *guarana,* still pounded out of the snapping black berry called "Indian eye" at nearby Maues. Into a whole tumbler of this you pour a peg of paraty, also known as *agua que passero nao bebe*—water birds don't drink—and you've got the rival of a ginger ale highball at a fraction of the cost.

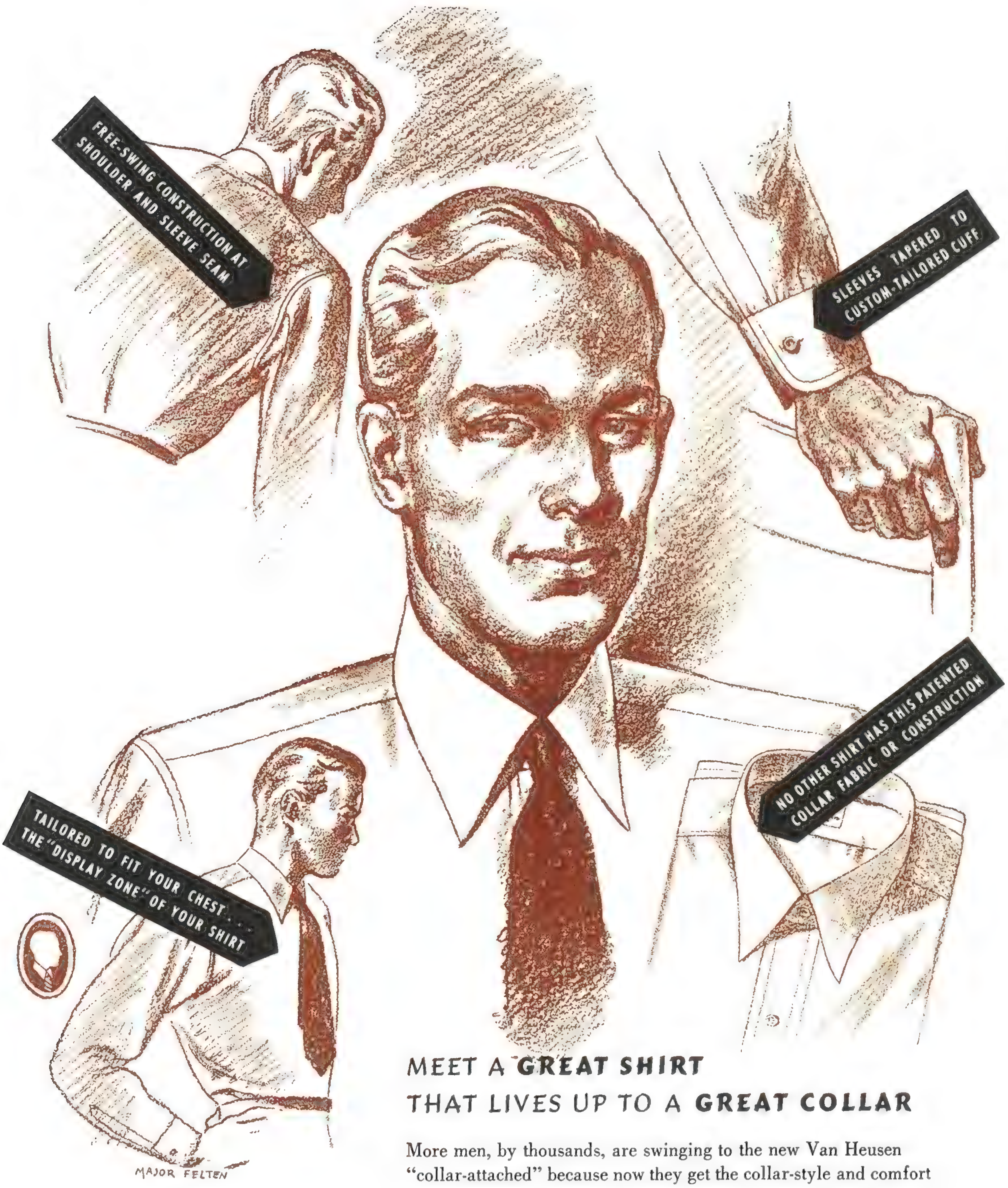
But the best time and trouble killer of all is *maracuja,* not to be confounded with *maracaja;* the first is the name of a flavorsome tropical fruit designed by nature to mix with the national white rum. The second means "wild cat," so if you confuse the two you're likely to get tiger's milk. In any case this is the best liquor buy we know, at just two and a half cents, and it's a test of something if you can stand four.

Over on the Main Street a Brazilianized German runs the Bar Mascote, with seats on a shady, breezy veranda. There you can sit and let the hours slip, watching passing ships, riders, swimmers, everything—a free movie. The proprietor was a zoo-supplier in the good old days, a bring 'em back aliver to the parks of New York and Hamburg. He makes head cheese, calls it *sulze,* and gives you good boloney, too, to guzzle with your beer.

One of his stories always pleases us Amazonites, for it gives some idea of the immensity of the ocean river we live on. A Santarem storekeeper went along with our barmaster to see Germany on one of the wild animal trips and was duly impressed by all the historic monuments he'd read about. But when finally they came to the Rhine and stood upon the bridge at Cologne getting a first view he sighed and turned away with, "We'd call this a creek at home."

Don't go away with the idea that Santarem's a drinking town, however, because the Brazilian's bracer is always coffee. It's just an easy going little Utopia on earth, utterly lacking in the purple tropical stuff of the films. Here no heroes have to crawl back to civilization fever-gnawed, hard-bitten by crocodiles and succubuses. Everything's so bloody normal, yet its spirit is expansive, its breezes fill the lungs, there's nothing crib-confining, no stifling small town stuff as we know it.

True, there are windless days and rainy ones to get on your nerves; some sick beggars, but they're only allowed to pester with their festers on Thursdays and Saturdays, many dogs to make you itch, Bible salesmen, stingrays at shrimp season, Holy Rolling Baptists and scratched movie films. But take it all in all, you'll find nothing better or cheaper and in times of peace it's as easy to get out of as Brooklyn, with steamers for everywhere tossing in the bay and the airplane frothing up to its floating dock every Tuesday and Friday. ###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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 100

for centuries before the battle of Marengo, and not only the French but other nations as well. They lived with wine—and generously in Biblical times; or have you forgotten what Noah's three daughters and too much nectar did to their father, and how a new people sprung into being? The ancient Greeks employed wine in their cuisine more frequently than the Romans, for the Greeks were given to mixing and seasoning their dishes liberally.

However, wine vinegar is supposed to have been invented by Romans, and how grateful we are to them for it! For it is very important in cooking, particularly in salads. You can make it by placing a piece of vinegar-plant, a fungi, in a vessel or a cask, and pouring about a quart of wine-dregs over it. In a couple of weeks you have an excellent vinegar, particularly if you season it when bottling with a little tarragon, parsley and shallots. Two things you must watch out for though: each year you have to wash out the vinegar vessel carefully, and every time you draw off vinegar, an equal amount of fresh lees must be added. You may employ any kind of wine, white or red, heavy or light.

There was an Englishman in the eighteenth century, Sidney Smith, the canon of St. Paul Cathedral, who was most interested in cooking, and was an exponent of preparing dishes with wines in a grapeless country. He liked salads especially well when seasoned with wine vinegar, and once wrote and recited this poem from the pulpit. It was his formula for salad making:

Two large potatoes pass'd through kitchen sieve
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt;
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with wine vinegar procured from 'town';
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs,
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And, lastly, in the flavor'd compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
Oh! Great and glorious, and herbaceous treat,
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat,
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl."

I invited a friend, Ercole Marchisio, to taste this salad in the frame of a modest dinner, and he found it excellent, though the wine vinegar wasn't home-made. He is an authority on food, and it is difficult for me to reciprocate for the superb meals I eat at his place, the Marguery Restaurant. Ercole owns the place. He is in the habit of inviting me for lunch, to start at two o'clock, and the meal lasts until seven, if you please! As in all other fine restaurants the cooking is based principally on wine at the Marguery. The last time I was there Ercole gave me two jealously guarded recipes, easy to prepare in a kitchenette. I promised to use them only for myself, but for the sake of Esquire readers I herewith break my oath, and, I suppose, that's the end of the fine Marguery meals.

Filet of Sole Marguery

Poach the filets in a liquid made from one square of butter, four ounces of white wine and two ounces of water. (If you have a good culinary sense, you don't have to measure.) Coat the filets with a white sauce, and garnish with mussels, mushrooms, shrimps, which have been previously cooked. *To make white sauce:* The liquid left from poaching the sole is called fish fumet. Add to this liquid two yolks of eggs and some butter. Cook slightly, and strain, season to taste. Then add a little whipped cream, and glaze.

The other recipe is Chicken à la King, an important dish as far as we Men of the Kitchenette are concerned, for the ladies prefer this to practically anything else. There is sherry wine used in Ercole's recipe for it, and it's truly wonderful, besides being easy to make at home.

Chicken à la King Marchisio

Mince some green peppers and mushrooms and cook them in a pan with butter for a few minutes. Now add the sliced white meat of a boiled chicken. Season with salt and a bit of red pepper, and a wineglassful of sherry. Let it evaporate; that is to say, let the wine cook away. Add heavy cream to cover. Cook fifteen minutes longer. When ready to serve, add the yolks of two eggs mixed with butter, but after this addition do not let it boil again.

It is interesting how the white meat of chicken tempts you even when you have very little appetite; this is because chicken is one of the lightest meats, and even vegetarian doctors agree that fowl is good for you. On this thesis, and right on the heels of the above recipe, I shall presently give you another one made with wine. I can never get tired of chicken. Napoleon—he is always good for a couple of anecdotes—did, and complained to the Marquis de Cussy, a famous gourmet, that he was fed up with it. "Always the same taste," he complained bitterly. The marquis answered that he could serve the emperor chicken twice a day for a whole year, and that the taste would be always different, always full of guile.

Vintner's Chicken

Cut a broiler as though to fricassee. Brown well in four tablespoonfuls of olive oil over low fire for about twenty minutes. Sprinkle a chopped clove of garlic over the chicken, also two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Cook two minutes and add a small can of tomato sauce. Cook five minutes longer, or until the chicken is tender, and add one third cup white wine to which one teaspoonful lemon juice has been added. Cook another two minutes and serve.

This recipe comes from a famed vintner as well as a practical gourmet, and was presented to me at the home of Miss Ruth Raphael. She came home, gave us some sherry to sip, and settled down to cooking the Vintner's Chicken in her kitchenette. It was ready in a half-hour and gone in another five minutes!

If you want to be known as the wizard of the kitchenette, you must cook with an excellent wine. There used to be a marvelous restaurant in Dijon, in France, called *Les Trois Faisans* or *Trois Faisans*, or some similar name, where they gave you a chicken cooked in Chambertin, one of the best, heaviest and most expensive Burgundies. It was a celestial dish. Of course, an old woman ran the place, as so many fine places in France were run by old ladies, who were all affectionately called by the grateful clients: mother. *Mère.* For instance, Lyon, where I spent a summer, used to be full of restaurants owned by "mothers." There was the Mère Brazier, Mère Bigot, Mère Fillioux, and I don't know how many others. The food at these places was heavenly, and I assure you that the mothers cooked with wines.

Even the leaves of the grapes have a culinary use. There is an excellent dish that hails from the Orient—originally a Byzantine invention—where small pieces of young lamb are mixed with rice, the mixture enveloped in grape leaves, rolled, salted and peppered, and then cooked in water with ham bones in the bottom of the vessel. I used to have to eat this particular dish day in and day out when I was a small boy, for I spent the months of September and October in a small vineyard, owned by my grandmother. After a while I got tired of it and used to "duck" it in favor of the peasant's food. So when the gong went for the evening meal, I would be far from the house, among the pickers. They cooked outdoors—they slept outdoors too and how I envied them!—and I waited impatiently above a huge iron pot for the lid to be lifted. The pickers thought it strange but liked the curiosity of the young master (those were the days!) and they gave me a taste of the simple peasant dish.

Unfortunately I don't remember whether they cooked with wine, but I do remember that they drank a lot of it; and that they had just a tiny glow on at all times. Wine, this healthy stimulant, affects people propitiously. The wine-drinker is a happy and peaceful, untroubled man.

When I am fortunate enough to have two bottles of wine in my kitchenette and can experiment, I am quite untroubled too. I am always intent on discovering something new. The other night I had a modest fare, merely a fish soup, left-over roast beef hashed, and a cantaloupe. I moistened the fish soup, that originally was rather uninteresting, with a little California sherry; the hash, with a dash of Burgundy; and poured a little sherry in the cantaloupe too. I had a fine dinner. Sitting back with satisfaction after it, I remembered the wise words of Dr. Johnson: "I dined well—fate cannot harm me."

But fate could harm my wines; it is not good usage to open a bottle and inefficiently recork it, putting it aside for another day and other dinner. Table wine spoils quickly if once the cork is pulled, so I did well by the bottle of Burgundy, at least, and offered a silent prayer for the soul of the late Colonel Agoston Haraszthy, the Hungarian emigré, father of the present day California viticulture.

It is hardly possible to deal satisfactorily with such a vast subject as the wine in gastronomic use on these pages, but I give you the names of three excellent reference books: *A Wine Lover's Cook Book*, by Jeanne Owen, *Grossman's Guide to Wines*, by Harold J. Grossman, and *The Wine Cook Book*, by the Browns. After reading these books I am sure you will become a devotee of wine cookery, if I haven't succeeded in convincing you yet. But I remember that when I asked a famous chef in Paris to tell me the secret of a great cuisine, he replied tersely: "There are three—good wine, fresh cream, and sweet butter."

For good measure I give you three more recipes. The first two come from Jim Moriarity's Barberry Room, and the third from Monsieur Moreau, executive chef of the St. Regis Hotel.

Duckling Bigarade
(For four persons)

Cook a five pound duck in an oven at 400 degrees, for one hour, and remove from fire. Pour the fat out of the pan, add a glass of sherry and allow it to simmer. Add a few spoonfuls of tomato sauce and a pint of veal stock. Let it boil for fifteen minutes. In the meanwhile, take two oranges and a lemon, remove the outer skin with a knife, and cut the rest up very finely, boiling it in water for five minutes, and adding it to the sauce. Cut two other oranges in slices, put them on the top of the duck, press another orange and add the juice to the sauce. When ready to serve, strain the sauce and add two spoonfuls of currant jelly, pouring it over the duck.

Rabbit Bourguignonne

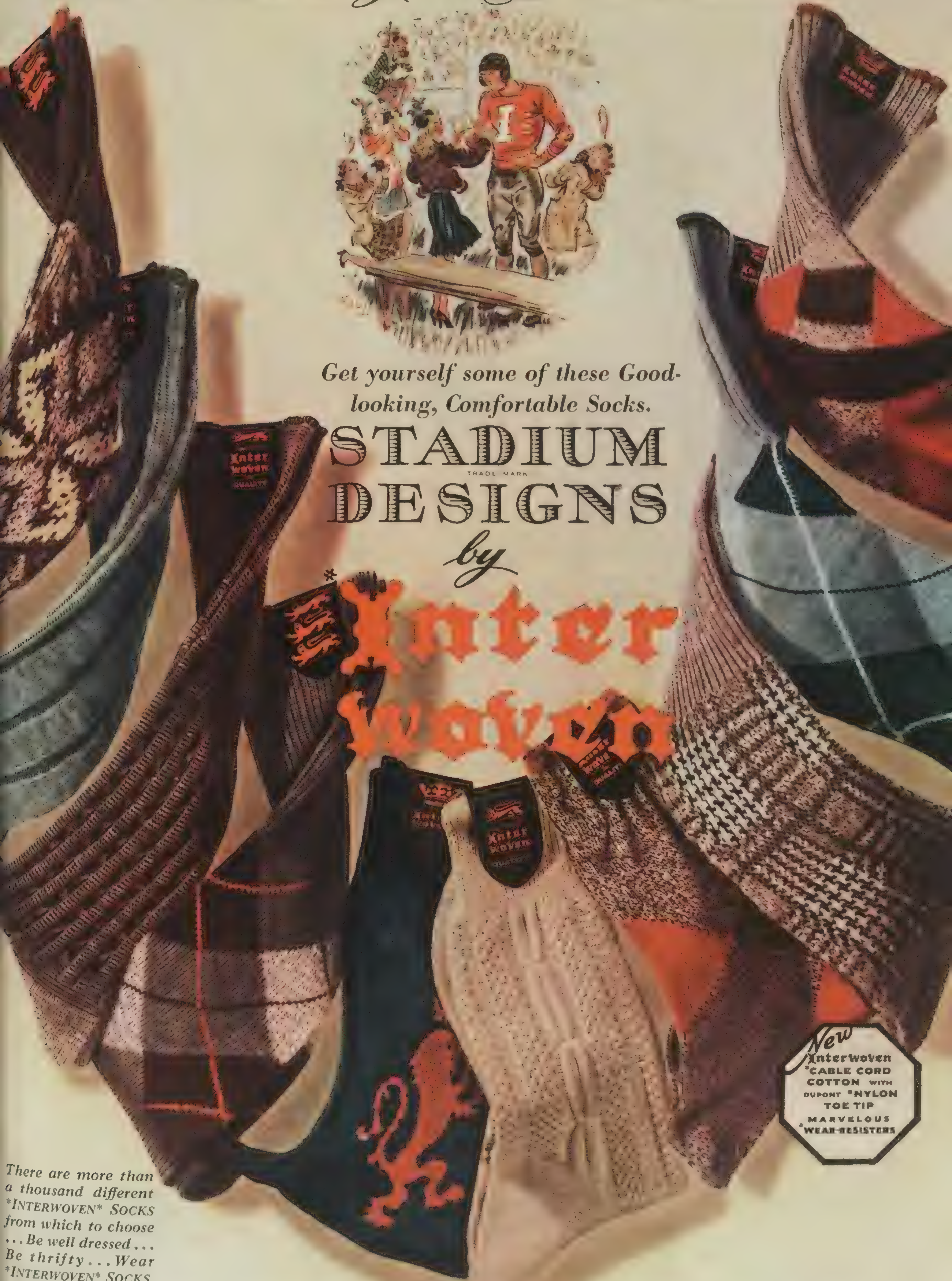
Cut a rabbit in pieces, put in a pot, and add carrots, onions, leeks, celery, and parsley, cover with Burgundy and leave it in this pickle overnight. Take the pieces of rabbit from the pot the next morning, or whenever you are ready to cook the dish, and put the rabbit in another vessel with another battery of carrots, small onions, celery and parsley; cook until brown, that is about twenty minutes. Now add some flour, stir until brown, add the contents of the first pot, together with garlic and clove crushed, thyme and laurel, and place over small flame until cooked. Before serving add bacon diced and mushrooms, that have been separately cooked.

Red Wine Fruit Jelly (For 6 persons)

1 envelope sparkling powdered gelatine
1 pint Red Wine (Burgundy type)
4 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
3 sliced peaches—or other fresh fruit

Soften gelatine in ½ cup water until dissolved. Bring Red Wine and sugar to heat, not boil, over a slow fire. Add gelatine and lemon juice. Stir well and pour half the mixture in cup glasses—half full. Add the fruit and put in ice box to chill. When firm enough fill the cups with the rest of the jelly so fruit will not float on top. Serve with sweetened whipped cream. #

Such Popularity Must be Deserved!



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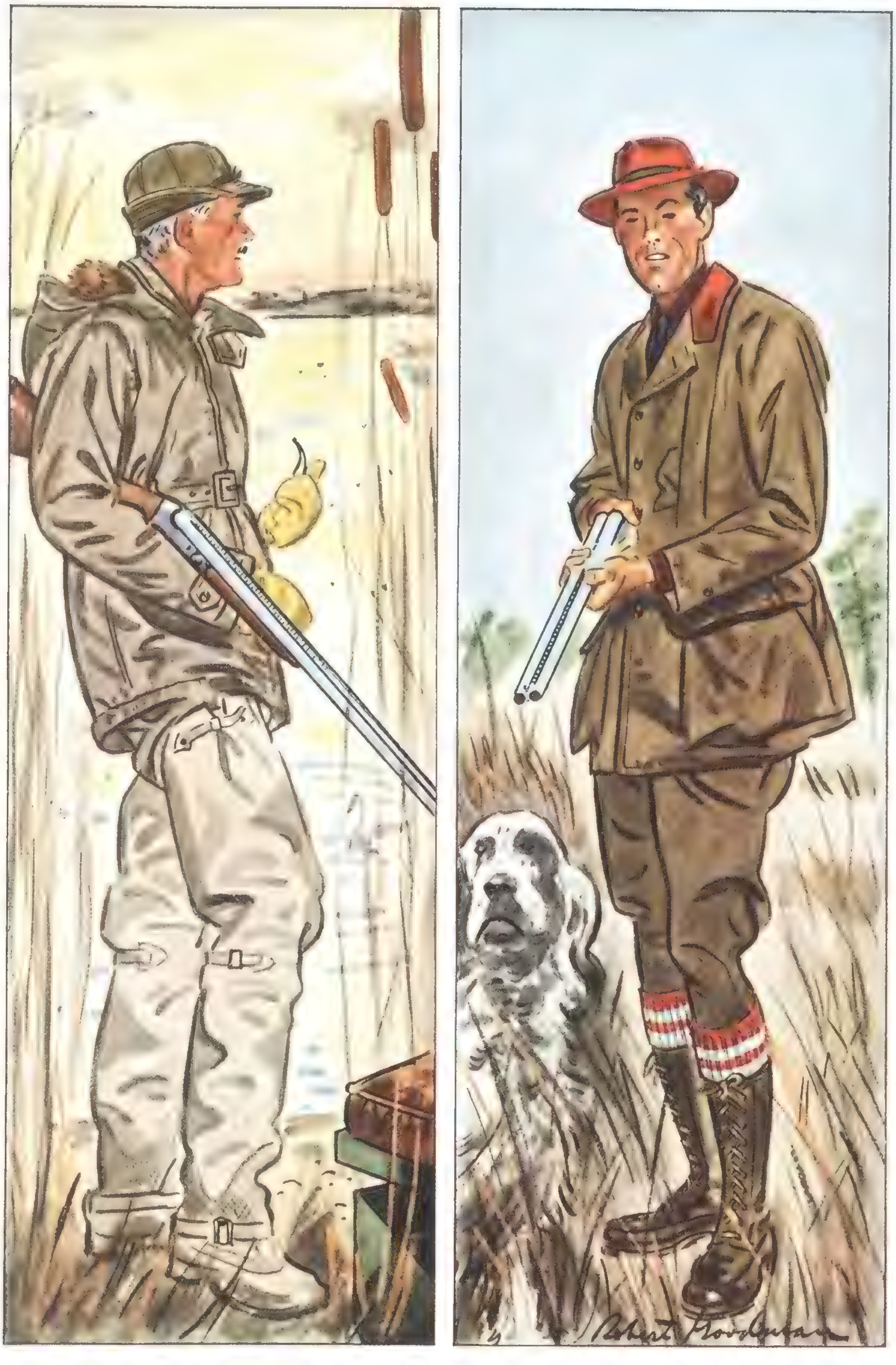

dressed to kill

Here you find really two fashion pages in one. The panel down the center was made necessary because two types of shooting call for different clothes. So to the first panel: the man waiting for ducks has on a practical outfit. His cotton twill parka is processed to withstand the elements. Its pile fabric lining serves as good insulator against cold air. When the going gets tough, the lined hood may be slipped over the head. His Khaki colored wool hat is closely identified with this sport. And his trousers, the same fabric as the parka, are also lined with pile fabric. The hip rubber boots are strapped to remain in place, and his ducker's mitts are made so the trigger finger is free. Shifting the gaze to the second panel: in search of pheasant, quail and similar birds in the upland districts, this eager shooter is wearing a red-collared Norfolk jacket of processed cotton twill with roomy pockets and box pleats. His breeches match the jacket. He is also wearing a shadow plaid flannel shirt, blue homespun wool tie, red felt hat, red top grey wool stockings and laced boots with rubber soles.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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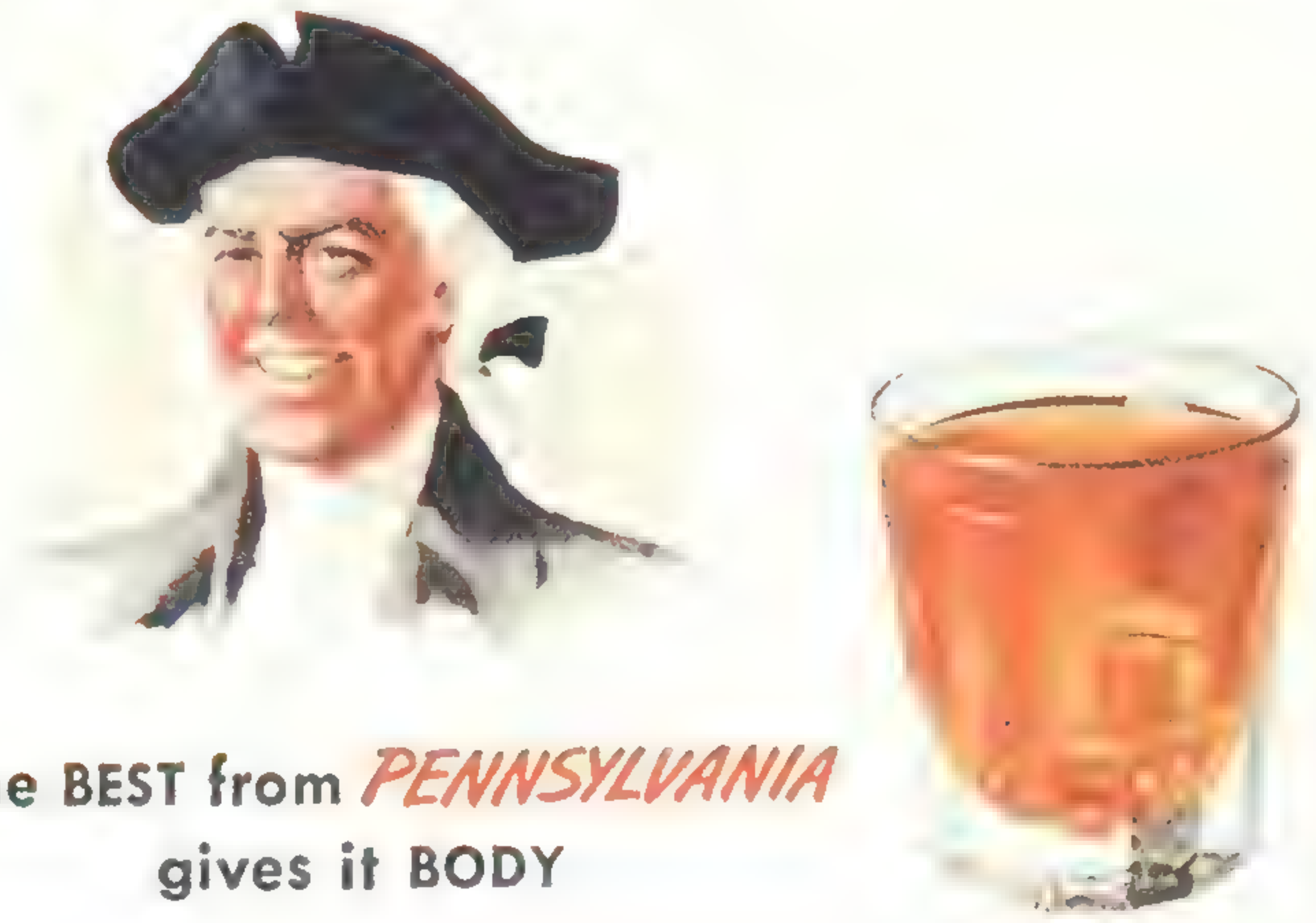

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Each "whiskey state" gives special quality to the best whiskey it produces. To unite all these qualities—in one superb blend *of light-bodied mildness*—takes the vast reserve stocks, and the matchless blending skill, of America's premier distilling house. The result is a perfection of taste-quality never before equalled in any one whiskey. Treat yourself to SCHENLEY—"the Taste it Takes Four States to Make"!

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All-America, Inc.

Continued from page 64

is working his way through Whipcord by baiting mousetraps—has several curious hobbies, one of which is collecting used pencil erasers. "I've got over nine hundred different types of erasers, and my ambition is to make it a thousand," he told reporters yesterday.

HELPS PARENTS

"Smith (who incidentally is a fine student) has raised mousetrap-baiting to a fine art, and now runs the college mousetrap-baiting agency. The profits from this enable him to contribute handsomely to his family's upkeep. 'Joe is a fine boy,' stated his mother to reporters yesterday, 'and has never given us any trouble. I have never seen Joe play, but I sure hope to some day.'"

Further items reveal Joe's ability on a flute, describe his best girl briefly and chronicle the fact that his favorite dish is cold slaw and ice cream. In short, for only two dollars All-America, Inc. not only establishes Joe Smith's position in the football world but turns out a standard grade 1-A human interest essay. And if Joe is interested in playing professional football after graduation we supply, at no extra charge, an item which will help him secure a better contract. This reads:

"I am only interested in my dentistry career," states Smith, "and under no circumstances will I play professional football. That is final."

For five dollars All-America, Inc. will supply Glowing Tributes from Coaches and Opponents. These will be concerned strictly with Joe's playing ability which now becomes something really extraordinary. These go along the following lines:

Coach Tink Tinker of Citrus University's Silver Fizzes, Finger Bowl champions, stated in an interview today: "I've seen a lot of halfbacks in my time, but this fellow Joe Smith is the best of the lot.

"I've seen backs who could run to their right, and I've seen others who could run to their left, but Smith is the first guy I've seen who can run both to his right and his left at the same time. It is positively weird."

Tributes from opponents run as follows:

Cy Winters, captain and left tackle of Aborigine College thinks that Joe Smith, Whipcord Wizard, is the toughest man in football to stop. The Orang-Outang leader stated: "Smith made monkeys out of us throughout the game. We tried a one-man line, a two-man line, a ten-man line, an eleven-man line, a diamond defense, a 2-1-2, 7-11-7 and closed echelon formation but it didn't do any good. We also tried putting three men on Smith and twisting his ears when he was tackled, but he kept getting through all afternoon. There isn't any way of stopping that fellow once he gets going."

All of these build up to the pinnacle of our organization, the highest honor in football. This is inclusion not merely on the All-America team but on the *all-time* All-America. Joe Smith can become a gridiron immortal if he wants to pay All-America, Inc. twenty-five dollars. Now I know that you are going to claim that this contradicts my statement about All-America, Inc. fees being reasonable, but please think this thing through. After all, an all-time All-America team can't be like a mere annual one. It has to be reasonably exclusive. So if everybody hasn't got twenty-five dollars, so much the better. This will add prestige to our all-time team.

All-America, Inc. has an all-time squad list which includes such names as Grange, Thorpe, Mahan, Henry, Slater, Heffelfinger, Gipp, Mueller, Heston, Poe, Slagle, Eckersall, Hutson, Hardwick, Joesting, Baugh, Hinckey, Cagle, Kaw, Youngstrom, Nevers, Brickley, Roberts, Friedman, Coy, Harmon, and a few more.

Joe Smith looks over the list, and chooses ten men to his liking besides himself. We then give him a certificate and all kinds of write-ups—all the features provided in our less expensive categories, of course. In fact we even include a small gold-plated football with his name over the words "All-Time All-America Football Team."

If Joe does not know much about the old-timers, our experts advise him so that he is sure to select a good representative all-time eleven. The all-time backfield might read:

Quarterback: Grange, Illinois
Right half: Thorpe, Carlisle
Left half: Smith, Whipcord Dental
Fullback: Nevers, Stanford

This is certainly impressive enough. This time Joe has switched around Grange and Thorpe to make room for him. Frankly, we expect to show a handsome profit from our first season of operations, but profit or no profit, we shall take comfort in the fact that we have done our part to bring about the realization of a truly democratic ideal.—"An All-American in every town in America." #

Mark it urgent, Miss Priddy!

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT
YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

THAT'S right . . . *all* smokers sometimes inhale . . . knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

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You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can* avoid worry about your nose and throat . . . you *can* have true smoking pleasure without penalties—*if you smoke* Philip Morris!

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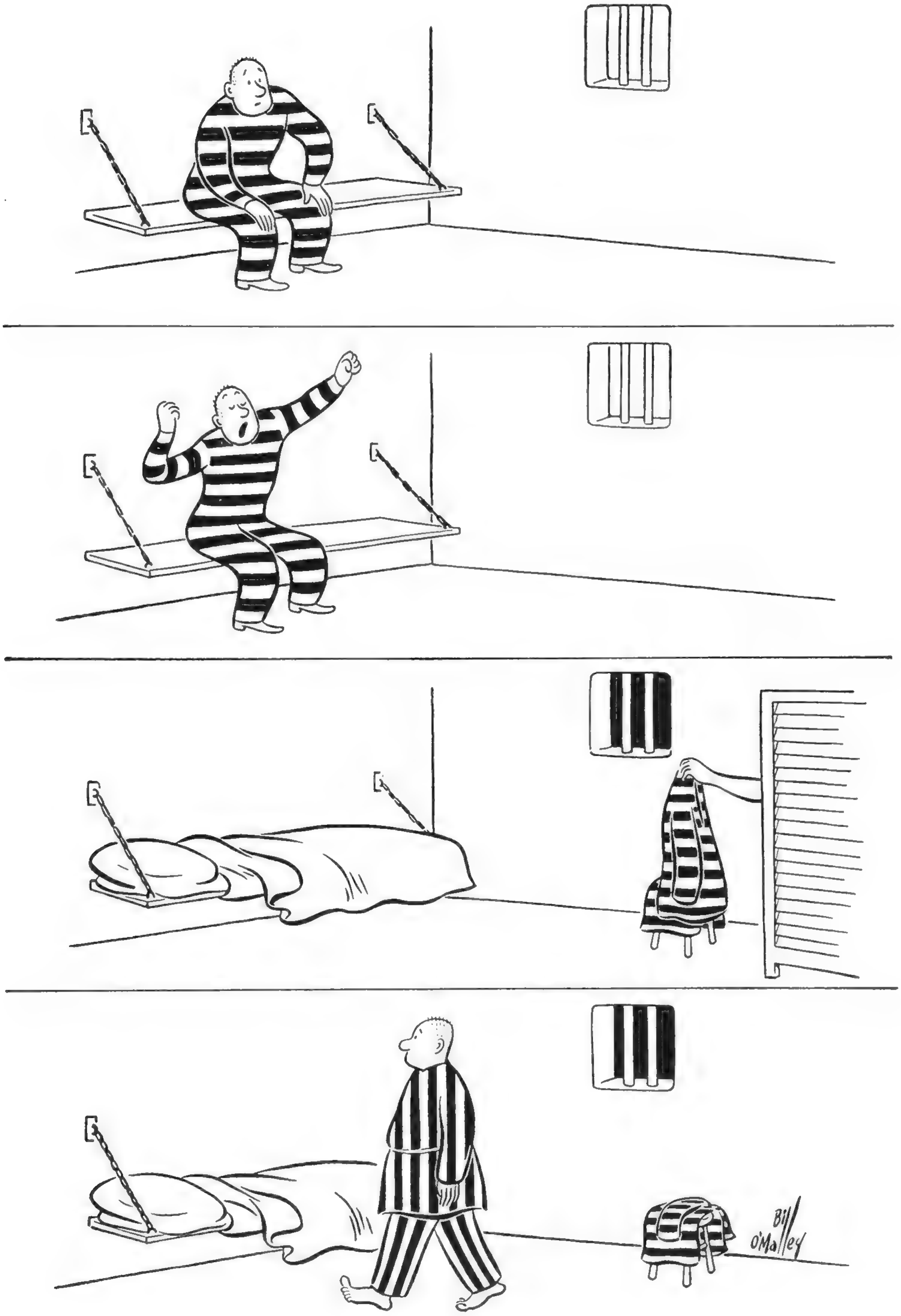
Bill O'Malley

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Danged if it don't beat the Dutch the way all the big city belt makers are imitating the real western styling of genuine Texas Ranger Belts. It kinda makes us "country boys" shift our quid with pride. When we first advertised Texas Rangers, the city slickers said: "Dem's cowboy belts, see! People want big town stuff these days, see! Those Yoakum rubes are off the beam." So you can understand why we must gloat a little as we welcome our friends and competitors into the field. Of course you good folks who have popularized Western Style Belts by buying so many Texas Rangers know that it takes more than a bandwagon urge to make real Western Belts. You can't make a cow hand out of a dude ranch guest by giving him a big hat and a pair of chaps. And a big city belt manufacturer can't make a real western belt just by yelling "yippee" and telling a bunch of tenderfeet to "gc to it." Genuine Texas Rangers are made West of the Brazos by true sons of the Lone Star State. These men are skilled leather craftsmen who have the feel of the range. Their western designs are authentic. All our belts are stamped on the inside with the registered trademark, "Texas Ranger Belt." You can tell a genuine Texas Ranger from one of those mavericks by Tex-Tan's superior workmanship, leather and real Western styling.

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The "SAM HOUSTON"

Named for the hero of San Jacinto. Handsomely hand-tooled and shaded. Rich, mellow Russia Calfskin. 1¼". Saddle Tan, Duotone Brown or Black. With regular nickel buckle $5.00. With hand-engraved sterling silver buckle set $10.00.

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Named for the hard ridin' Ranger. Tooled floral design. Top grain saddle leather. 1" wide. Fine for slacks. Rope edge tooled, nickel silver buckle set. Saddle Tan or Mohawk Tan Antique $1.50.

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Won't You Come into the Palace?

Continued from page 42

professorial manner. "You may give me one hundred and fifteen rubles, that's what you may do for me," she said.

I assumed an expression of pain. "Have I allowed my rent to fall so far behind?"

"You have."

"What a pity. I shall have to ask some of my patients to pay their bills more promptly. And as soon as they do, rest assured, Mrs. Krolvitch, you shall have your money."

"Fine words for a pauper," she said. "Do you think the devil has taken the eyes from my head? One patient you've had in the past two months, and that a little girl whose doll was leaking sawdust . . . Dr. Lenczysky, you will be so kind as to leave these premises by the first of next week. And you needn't bother to pack your baggage. You will go without it."

"But, Mrs. Krolvitch," I pleaded, "business has been very bad. A doctor does not build up a practice in a day. It is a slow, tedious process. Give me a little more time, I beg you, Mrs. Krolvitch."

If you think she softened at this you do not know the Russian landlady. "Until the first of next week," she said. "It is final."

I sat in my study racking my brain for a way out of my dilemma. I tried to be methodical about the problem. Accounts receivable I had none. Assets, none. Liabilities? Well, it was better not to think of them just now. Friends from whom I could borrow? None.

None, that is, except Alexei Tropkin. Alexei . . . But of course! Why hadn't I thought of him before? Had he not been a classmate of mine in the University? Had I not often helped him in his studies? Had he not told me time and again that he would never forget what I had done for him? And furthermore, Alexei Tropkin was wondrously wealthy. I would go to him and ask him to lend me the money. Alexei would not refuse me. He was my friend.

As soon as I saw his house I felt that I could hardly ask Alexei for a mere hundred and fifteen rubles. Such a small request would be insulting to Alexei. He lived in a mansion built of stone with long steps leading to the door. The windows were made of fine stained glass. Marble ornaments and statuary were everywhere. I seized the heavy iron knocker and let it fall against the door. After a short while it swung open slowly and a young maid was there.

"Dr. Tropkin," I said.

She noticed my frayed coat and sniffed openly in distaste. "Who is calling, please?"

"Dr. Peter Lenczysky."

"I shall see if he is in," she said. She took me into a small anteroom and told me to wait. After a while she returned. "Dr. Tropkin will see you in the library," she said, as if she were wondering why on earth he should want to.

I shall not attempt to describe the interior of that home. Suffice it to say that by the time I reached Alexei's library my head was spinning with the magnificence of it.

Alexei was reading when I came in. For a moment he did not hear me, so silent had been my steps in the thick rugs. "Dr. Lenczysky," said the maid. She went out and closed the door behind her.

Alexei looked up. His face lighted to a hearty smile. Quickly he rose and came to me with his hand extended. "Peter," he said, "how good of you to come."

"I am glad to see you, too, Alexei," I said. "I am happy to see you are doing so well."

"Come, sit down. We must have a long talk. You are looking very well, Peter."

"Thank you." I sat down. "I envy you for your success, Alexei. Although, of course, I am very glad for you."

"This house?" He waved his hand deprecatingly about him. "You mustn't be deceived, Peter. It belongs to my uncle, the ambassador. He has kindly allowed me to use it while he is away on the Czar's business."

"Ah, yes."

"But of course I have had a little luck also." He smiled broadly. "My uncle has been kind to me in many ways. It was his influence that made me Court Physician."

"Court Physician! I didn't know," I said. "Congratulations, Alexei!"

"Thank you, Peter. It is a very responsible position. But tell me, how is it with you? I'm afraid I have lost contact with many of my old friends."

It was the opening I was waiting for, and I told him my troubles and concluded by asking him to loan me several hundred rubles.

He seemed distressed when I had finished. "Peter, my old friend," he said, "how you must have suffered! Nothing could please me more than to give you the money you need."

"Alexei, I knew I could depend . . ."

"But," he interrupted me, "it is impossible. Just at this moment I am as poor as you. A man in my position incurs debts," he explained, then shrugged his shoulders as if his explanation were complete, and all was clear.

I could hardly conceal my great disappointment. "Yes," I said, "you are quite right." But he must have seen my expression, for he went on.

"Peter," he said reproachfully, "do you think I would forsake you? Do you think for a moment I would forget the many favors you did for me in school? I am not so callous, my friend. No indeed. I will do something for you that will be far better than the loan of a few paltry rubles."

I shook my head. "Thank you,"

I said, "but just at this moment I can think of nothing better."

He put his hand on my knee confidentially. "Tell me, Peter," he said, "tell me . . . how would you like a Duke for a patient?"

He said it in a low voice, but to me it sounded like an explosion. I stared at him in disbelief. None of the words I tried to say could force their way through the sudden constriction in my throat.

"A Duke for a patient," he repeated. "A cousin of the Czar."

"But . . . but I am nobody," I said. "It is utterly impossible."

"You forget that I am the Court Physician. Tonight, Peter, at eight o'clock, I shall come for you in my carriage. Let me have your address."

I gave it to him. "Now forget your troubles," he said. "I shall speak to Czar Nicholai himself this evening. I shall tell him that you are a great surgeon, that he must not be deceived by your youthful appearance. Then I shall come for you at eight, and Dr. Peter Lenczysky will treat the cousin of the Emperor of all the Russias!"

I could barely refrain from kissing his hand in gratitude. "But, Alexei," I said tearfully, "why do you do this for me?"

"Because," he said with a beatific smile, "I am your friend."

I have never remembered how I managed to get home from Alexei's. So light was my head from pure joy that I could have soared, so happy were my feet that I might have danced. Or more reasonable, still, I might have shot there in a burst of glory like a Roman candle. Certain it is that I did not walk.

"Madam," I boasted when I faced the landlady, "everything is settled. Have no fear, our worries are ended."

"Ours?" she asked, raising her eyebrows in a way I did not like. "Ours?" she repeated cryptically.

I refused to allow her lack of enthusiasm to dampen mine. Into my study I went and there I stayed, waiting for Alexei and his carriage. Since that time I have done many things which have temporarily torn my nerves. I have performed surgery on such delicate organs of the body that the minutest slip of the knife would have meant death to the patient. I have spent helpless hours watching the course of a fever. Such things drain a man, cause his hands to tremble with nervous fatigue. But let me assure you that they are as nothing to the hours I spent in my study that day staring at the clock, listening to its ticking, marveling that the mechanism of time should move so slowly.

I tortured myself with a thousand doubts. Perhaps Alexei had lied to me, perhaps the whole thing had been a joke at my expense, and he would tell it to his friends in the palace for their amusement. Or maybe he had meant his promise, but the Duke or the Czar or the Czarina had vetoed the idea of having a young unknown physician, with no family, minister to the royal Duke. These doubts and others I manufactured, but I might have spared myself the pain.

Promptly at eight o'clock I heard the clatter of horses' hooves on the cobble street outside. I heard the driver climb down from his seat, shout a curse at one of the horses, then his crunching steps through the snow to the house. The landlady went to the door. There was a low murmuring there for a moment, then steps to my study. A knock.

"Come in," I said.

It was the landlady. "Dr. Tropkin is outside with his carriage," she said.

Then it was true! "Thank you," I said as haughtily as I knew how. I put on my coat and hat, picked up my instrument satchel, and hurried outside to the carriage. Alexei was waiting for me.

"You are ready for your patient?" he asked.

"Ready," I said.

"Good. Now, then, Peter, I shall explain the case to you very briefly. Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch is a cousin of the Czar . . ."

"Pavl Alexandrovitch?" I said. I was shocked. The Duke's name was enough to instill fear in the hearts of all who heard it. For some it was a synonym for murder, for some it meant pogroms, and for others it was not a name at all, but a curse. I knew his fame well, and my doubts began all over again.

"I am not so sure, Alexei," I said. "I have heard terrible tales about Alexandrovitch . . ."

"Come now, Peter, surely you are not a revolutionary."

"No, certainly not, but . . ."

"A Duke is a Duke, Peter, and a doctor without patients cannot be so particular. However, if you would rather go back to your landlady . . ."

"No, Alexei. I am sorry I spoke of it. You mustn't think me ungrateful. If it is Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch, then so be it."

"Now you are being sensible," he said. "I assure you there is nothing to fear. Now about the Duke: his trouble is very slight. A little indisposition caused by too great a predilection for vodka. He is a sturdy man and would be able to survive a far more serious illness than this. But I have been clever. I have put on a long face and tugged at my beard in the most scholarly manner, reciting involved Latin terms to prove my erudition. I have told Nicholai that there is little hope for the Duke's life, that his heart is diseased and cannot continue beating throughout the night. And then when I suggested your name and told him that you were the greatest heart specialist in Russia, and that you alone could save the Duke's life, he begged me to bring you to the palace. You see, Peter, what I have been willing to do for an old schoolmate."

"But, Alexei," I said, "how can the Czar believe that the Duke's illness is so serious when he has

Continued on page 130

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Won't You Come into the Palace?

Continued from pages 42-129

only to look at the Duke to see that he is practically well?"

Alexei patted my knee. "There again I have been clever, my friend. The Czar does not see Alexandrovitch. Nobody goes into the sick room because I have given orders. The Duke must not, under any circumstances, be disturbed. I have played our cards well, have I not?"

"You have played them cleverly, Alexei, but is it quite honest?"

"The palace is full of intrigue, Peter. No one would understand honesty there. I have known men who were sent to Siberia for a crime no greater than honesty."

I was silent for a little while thinking about what he had just said. Then I remembered that I was entering upon a new life, that I was about to be physician to a Duke, to the cousin of the Czar. I laughed. "Very well, Alexei," I said. "If it is lies they want, then I shall be a master of the art."

The carriage passed through the palace gates and drew up before the huge doorway. As soon as we entered the Czar's winter home I sensed that something was wrong. For a moment or two I could not identify the cause of my uneasiness, but then it dawned on me. I nudged Alexei in the back.

"Alexei," I said, "Where are the servants? Where are the court attendants? The palace seems utterly deserted."

Alexei winked. "The Duke is ill," he whispered. "Naturally, the palace revelry has been outlawed. I took no chances on any stray nobleman or palace flunky entering the sick room by accident."

"You have thought of everything, Alexei."

"There is a saying," he said. "Use your head, or you will lose your head." He turned away from me and continued down the long corridor while our shadows alternately grew and waned in the steady candlelight.

At last we came to a large door. Alexei stopped and cautioned me to observe the formalities. "Beyond this door," he warned me, "is the Imperial Family. Try to remember your etiquette."

He flung open the door, and we went into a large room. The lights were very low, and for a few seconds my eyes could not accustom themselves to the darkness. Then, from the shadows in the far corner I heard a voice. It was a woman's voice.

"It is our friend, the doctor," she said.

By this time I could see her standing regally next to a short, brown-bearded man. The Czarina and the Czar!

Alexei led me toward them. "Dr. Peter Leneczysky," he said.

I went down on one knee and bowed my head waiting for the Czar to order me to rise. It was the Czarina who finally gave the word, and not until I was facing them did the short man speak.

"Dr. Tropkin has commended you highly to us," he said.

I inclined my head slightly, accepting the compliment.

The Czar went on. "He has told us," he said, "that your knowledge of the human heart excels that of any other physician in the Russias."

"Dr. Tropkin is too kind."

The Czar studied me closely. "We have need of your rare talents," he said. "Our cousin, Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch, is seriously ill with a heart ailment. Dr. Tropkin says you are the only man who can save him. Our cousin is very dear to us."

Alexei interrupted as I was about to speak. "I shall go in alone to see the Duke," he said. "Then Dr. Leneczysky will go in."

Alexei was gone only a short time. He returned, closing the door softly behind him. "The Duke is resting comfortably," he said. "I think you had better go in, doctor."

I nodded, then bowed my leave of the Czar and the Czarina. As my hand was on the door the Czar spoke again. "Dr. Leneczysky," he said.

I turned inquiringly.

"I think you ought to know," said the Czar of all the Russias, "that the man who cures our cousin, Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch, will receive many honors at our hands."

"His Majesty is kind."

"Also," said the little man, "there will be some penalty if you allow him to die."

"A penalty?" I asked.

Nicholai nodded briefly. "The conditions under which Dr. Tropkin ministered to the Duke are the same as yours. If Dr. Tropkin had succeeded in curing him, anything he wished was his for the asking. If he failed . . ." The Czar shrugged his shoulders.

"If I fail?"

"Siberia!" said the Czar. "Now you understand us, and now you may go in to see the Duke. The patient is yours."

I paused allowing this new information to soak into me. Alexei smiled encouragingly and winked his eye to remind me of our secret. I took courage from Alexei's smile and turned again to the Czar. "It is understood," I said.

And then I went into the sick room, closing the door behind me. The room was not quite so large as the one I had just left. It was dimly lighted by only a few candles. At the far end were the windows whose flowing drapes were tightly drawn. To the right of the window was the bed on which the Duke was sleeping. I walked noiselessly across the thick rugs to the side of the bed and looked down at my patient. I took his hand to feel his pulse. I put my ear to his chest to hear his heart.

There was no pulse. There was no heartbeat.

Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch

Continued on page 132

The Story of
800 PAGES
Told in
15 Paragraphs

Written with especial reference to the interests of
THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

IN this interpretive report we speak of a contradictory creature elusively charming, yet surprisingly matter-of-fact; gentle in nature, yet firm in determination; ever dreaming, yet so practical; sometimes impulsively extravagant, yet constantly guided by the wisdoms of thrift.

We speak of God's greatest and most gracious donation to the American advertiser. We speak of the American Woman.

And we speak of a newspaper. A newspaper whose policy is incredibly lavish in its recognition of the American-styled female of the species and the matters which dominate her mind.

WOMEN AT WORK —MEN KEEP OUT!

IN the editorial rooms of *The Chicago Daily News* there is a suite of offices set apart—exclusively assigned—entirely dedicated—to the pursuits, aims and ideals of femininity. Within this realm we find women—and only women—at work. No men. Positively no men.

That's *The Daily News* policy. The publishers of *The Daily News* believe that its women's pages are surer to achieve distinction if intrusted completely to the creative custodianship of the subtler and daintier sex, who are gallantly guarded against any mussing in by the more muscular and coarser-grained male.

So, in keeping with this policy, *The Daily News* has attracted to itself a staff of first-class talents, a group of career-women of the first order under the direction of Leola Allard. Expressing the never ending fascination of *Cookery* are Mary Starr and Kay Smith. . . . Discovering the newest trends in *Fashion* are Ninon and Polly Porter. . . . Rushing to press the events of *Society* are June Parsons and Mary Reif. . . . Delving into the allurements and merits of *Cosmetics* is Mignon.

And, to this staff-competence and staff-brilliance are added the special feature columns of Emily Post. Of Angelo Patri. Of Katherine Brush.

Here are citations of abundance. But the whole story has not yet been told.

IMPORTANCE IS AS IMPORTANCE DOES

ACCORDING to the current Standard Rate & Data report 1663 daily newspapers are now being published in the United States. To the best of our knowledge no other daily newspaper produces and presents its women's pages on such a noteworthy scale as those enjoyed by the families who have adopted *The Chicago Daily News* as their *home* newspaper.

During the year of 1940 *The Daily News* published 800 pages (814½ pages to be exact) devoted to the comprehensive and contemporary on-the-hour repertoire of women's eager and urging interests. *Important: This amount of space is the equivalent of 1600 pages measured in terms of the page-size of the popular women's magazines.*

Moreover, these pages command major position. Under the general title "FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN" they are given preferred placement with *displayed* opening on *first* page second section in the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday issues. In the Saturday issue "FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN" appears in the first section. *Important: Always where the reader expects to find them. To the reader-community of* The Chicago Daily News *the women's pages are an institution—never casual, run-of-paper, incidental text.*

At the most conservative estimate a minimum of 500,000 women carefully and continually follow *The Daily News* women's pages 6 days a week. Debs. Brides. Housewives. Mothers. Hostesses. Alert and ambitious womankind seeking good inspiration and authentic help in womanly affairs.

For the 12 months period of 1940 *The Daily News* women's pages received an average of 2200 mail and telephone responses each week.

We submit the foregoing facts to the business executive and ask him to draw his own conclusions.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

The Newspaper of First Importance
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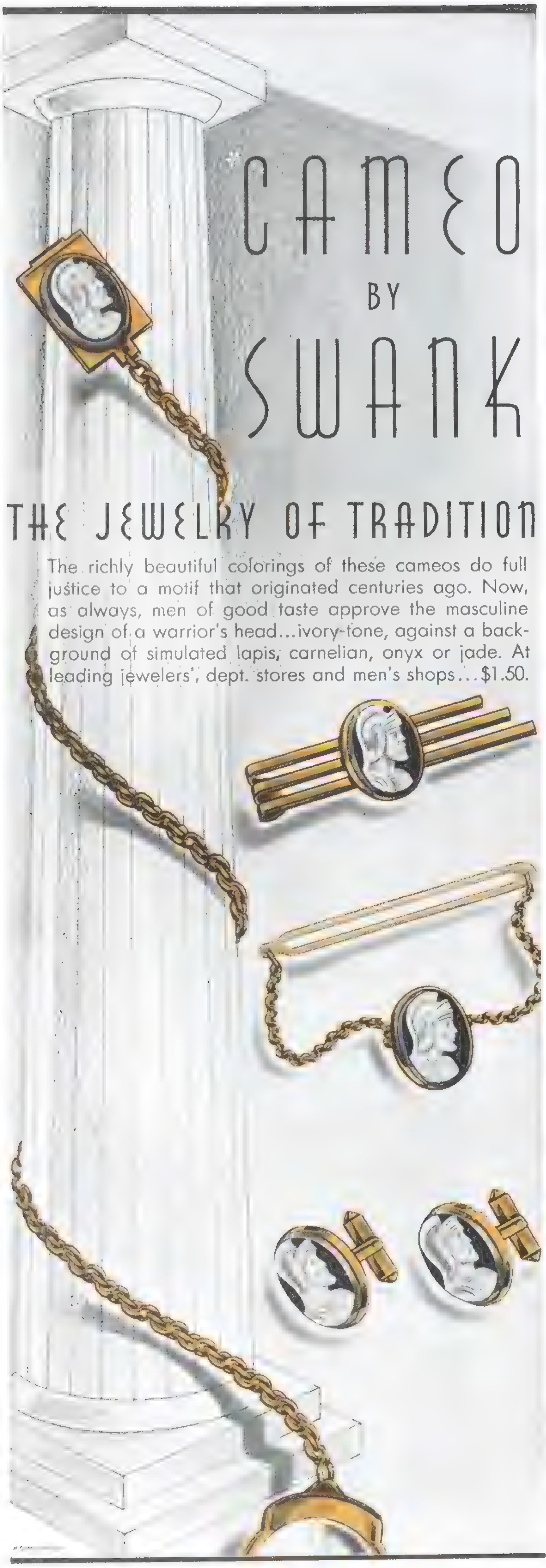
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Bldg.* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Bldg.*



The richly beautiful colorings of these cameos do full justice to a motif that originated centuries ago. Now, as always, men of good taste approve the masculine design of a warrior's head...ivory-tone, against a background of simulated lapis, carnelian, onyx or jade. At leading jewelers', dept. stores and men's shops... $1.50.

Won't You Come into the Palace?

Continued from pages 42-129-130

Romanov was dead!

I was stunned. A brief examination indicated that he had been dead for at least three hours. But Alexei had just come from the room and said that the Duke was resting comfortably. How could he have made such a great error? For a moment I did not comprehend what had happened to me, and then at last the cloud of stupidity cleared away from my brain.

My dear friend, Dr. Alexei Tropkin, had known that the Duke was going to die, and had offered the Duke to me as a patient. And now he knew that the Duke was dead but lied in order to avoid a sentence to Siberia. Instead he had cleverly substituted me as his victim. I would take his place and his punishment.

You will understand, my esteemed father-in-law, that my position was perilous. Several alternatives presented themselves, but I rejected all of them. I could tell the Czar that the Duke was dead and plead for mercy. But what precedent could assure me that the Czar would be merciful? Or I could stoutly (and truthfully) maintain that the Duke had been dead for three hours. But Alexei would expect such a move and would counter by saying that I lied. It would be my word against Alexei's, and I was a nobody, while Alexei was the nephew of an important ambassador.

I paced the length of the room, cudgelling my mind for a way out. Siberia stared me in the face, and I shivered at the thought of spending the rest of my life in those snow-swept wastes of Asia. Alexei's treachery had placed me in this position, and I thirsted for revenge.

What was it Alexei had told the Czar? That I was Russia's greatest heart specialist? Very well. I straightened my shoulders and uttered a silent prayer. I left the sick room, closed the door behind me and faced the three of them, my face cold, emotionless.

Alexei studied me carefully but still smiled that false smile of his. I turned away from him and looked squarely at the Czar.

The Emperor was deeply concerned. "Will you be able to save him?" he asked immediately.

"One chance in a hundred," I said tersely, "but it will demand courage and sacrifice!"

"Whatever must be done will be done," said Nicholai. "It is our will."

"Good! But it must be done quickly or not at all. Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch has just died!"

Nicholai turned pale, and the Czarina clutched his arm.

"But," I said, "he can still be saved! We must act before he is cold."

Alexei was puzzled, but the smile did not leave his face.

"The Duke is your patient," said the Czar. "You will do whatever you deem necessary."

"I shall need help."

"Dr. Tropkin will assist."

"Of course," said Alexei. "I shall be glad to do whatever I can."

"Thank you," I said. I removed several gleaming instruments from my satchel and laid them on a table. "Will you ask one of your servants to come in here? I should like a man, a young strong man."

"There are no servants in the palace tonight," said the Czar. "We four are the only ones."

"There is very little time," I said.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Czarina.

I looked straight into her eyes. "I am going to remove the Duke's diseased heart and substitute a healthy one!"

"But that's mad," said Alexei.

"Not mad at all. I have already experimented with animals. Am I not Russia's greatest heart specialist, Dr. Tropkin?"

Alexei nodded and fidgeted uncomfortably.

"We must have a volunteer," I said.

Nicholai thought for a moment. "It would be out of the question for me to make such a sacrifice," he said.

"Nor could I," said the Czarina.

"And I must perform the operation," I said.

Three faces turned to Alexei. The smile was gone from his features, and his hand was tugging at his beard furiously. "But I must assist with the operation," he said.

"It is not necessary!" My voice was the voice of doom. "We must be quick."

"But Your Majesty," said Alexei, "it would mean my life!"

"You will be amply rewarded," said the Czar. "You will be interred with princely honors."

"But this is insane, this is impossible!"

"You have heard Dr. Leneczysky. Will you refuse your duty to Russia?"

Alexei looked about him desperately, but there was no chance for escape.

"Your refusal would be treason," said Nicholai. "It is unthinkable!"

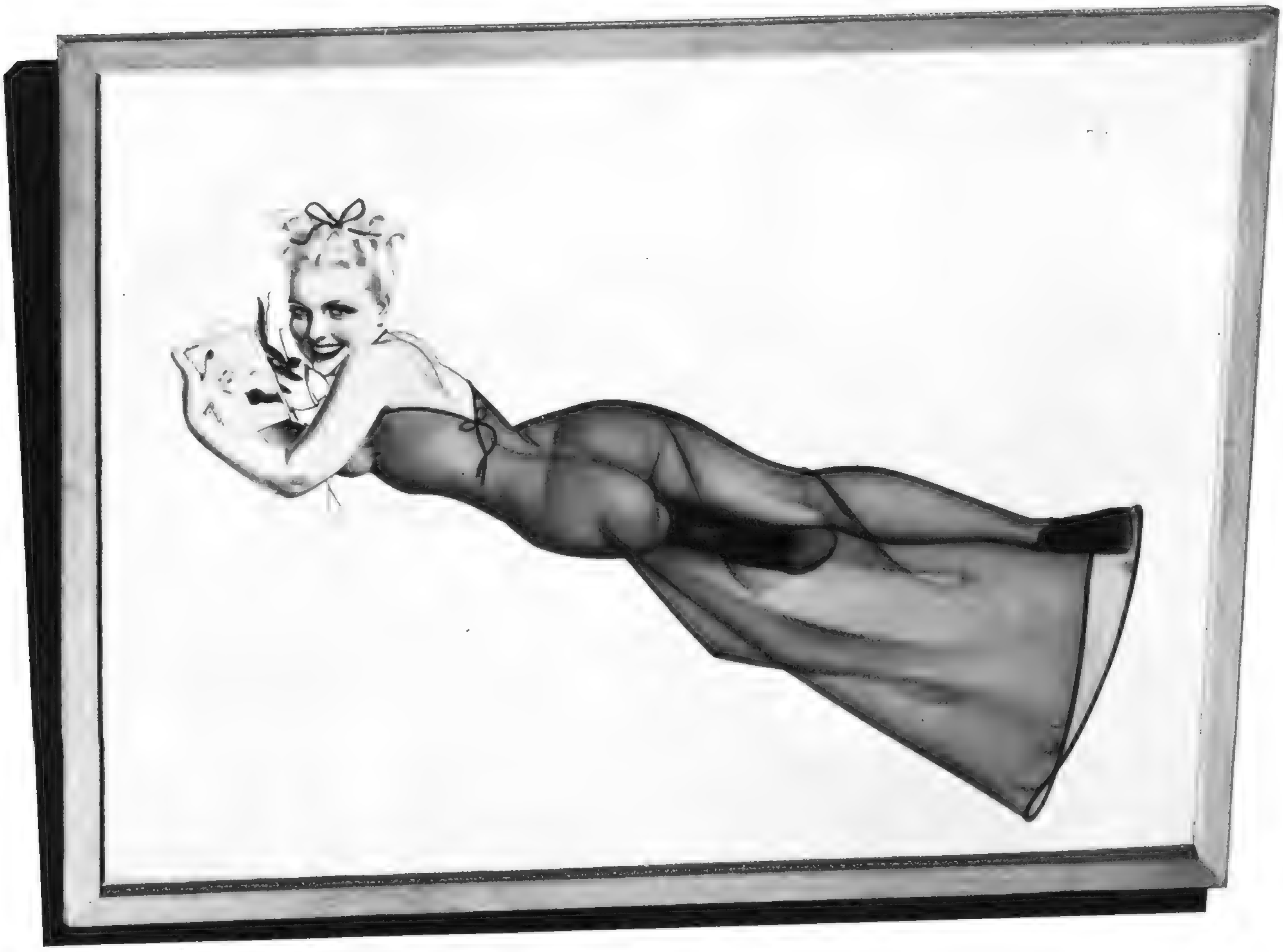
"We had better hurry," I said quietly. "If the Duke is allowed to remain dead for longer than thirty minutes it will be too late."

Alexei's face was apoplectic, and for a moment I thought the swollen veins in his forehead would burst in fury. "Leneczysky is lying!" he shouted. "He is lying to save himself from Siberia!"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Too much talk and too little action," I said. I removed a few more surgical instruments and laid them on the table. "I shall need hot water," I said. I had a small bottle of chloroform with me and placed that on the table too.

Alexei stared at the instruments with horrible fascination. His eyes

Continued at top of page 134



Too Many Men Have Too Many Manii

There is an old Latin proverb to the effect that "There are many Manii at Aricia." Now "manii" were loaves of bread, made in the shape of women. Their purpose was to fool over-interested ghosts, to make them run off with a loaf of bread instead of a living Venus.

And here, in an old Wives' tale, is the tragedy of many men's lives today: instead of a vision of Venus hanging in their sanctums, they have what to all intent and purpose is a loaf of bread, or a sack of potatoes.

That is why the Petty girl is so important, in this workaday, humdrum, bread-and-butter emporium we call life. She restores your flagging sense of proportion; she is a tonic to your soul, a gladdener of the eye, a soft, sweet, roustabout restorer of the old *raison d'être*.

Let your eye roam over the wild-eyed hoyden lolling about above. Remove, with your imagination, what impedimenta you will. Then . . . feel your pulse; note how the room has suddenly brightened to a roseate glow. Watch yourself! Reach for a sphygmomanometer and a triple bromide.

Well, the most knowing of idolators, idyll-makers, icemen, and iconographers, treasure these Petty anti-manii the way a bee treasures clover. And you, bogged down as you are in the savannahs of life's bakery, can't afford to neglect such soft-skinned loveliness, such enriching curvature, such pellucid, soul-twisting beauty as is built into the rippling girl—looking at you, due north of this line.

Jump out of your doldrums, sahib. Sharpen your plectrum. For the frisking, nubile, teasing, taut-limbed morsel, so alluringly arrayed here for your delectation, will come to you instanter—firmly framed, and covered with unbreakable protective glasslike film—if you will do one thing:

Clip the coupon . . . and rush it, together with a small bit of valuta, to our seraglio department.

Clip and mail today to Esquire, **Dept. Q,** 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Before too many men beat me to it, Esquire . . . rush me one of those 20" x 15" November Petty reproductions in full color (as illustrated above)—I don't want to be shut out. I understand it will be shipped to me carefully packed, framed in beautiful blonde modern and protected by Lamination (a glasslike film—unbreakable and soilproof). Here's $1.50 to cover all charges (U. S. orders only).

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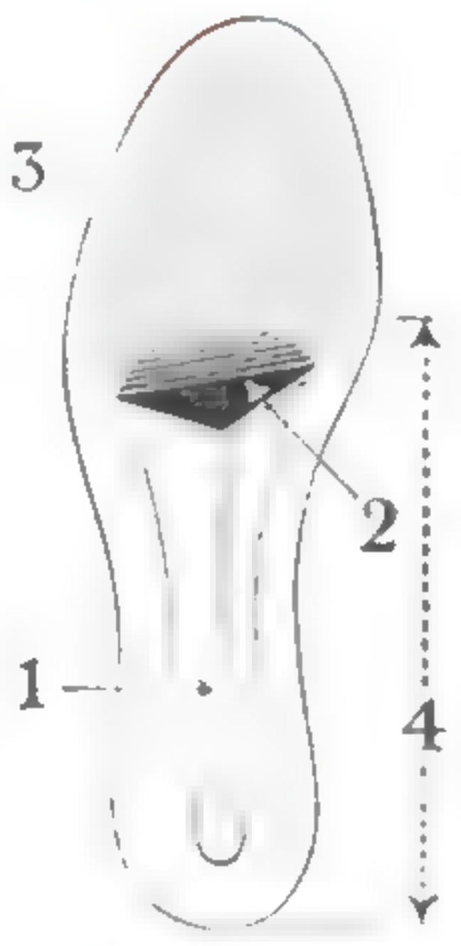
You'll find trained fitters in all stores carrying these shoes—space permits but a partial listing. If your city is not shown, write E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-11, Rockland, Mass.



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2. *Metatarsal Raise*
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For Women — Selby Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

Won't You Come into the Palace?

Continued from pages 42-129-130-132

grew wide with terror. Every muscle in his body trembled as he watched me. At last he could bear it no longer. "I swear it!" he cried out. "I swear before God Almighty and the Holy Mother, he is lying! I swear that Lenczysky is lying!"

I removed more instruments from the satchel and laid them in shining array before Alexei's eyes.

"It is impossible to save the Duke's life," said Alexei. "He is dead!"

"Dr. Lenczysky informed us of that fact," said the Czar. "But if he operates before he becomes cold . . ."

"He's lying!" shouted Alexei. "The Duke *is* cold! He has been dead for over three hours!"

"Nonsense," said Nicholai. "Dr. Lenczysky just said . . ."

"He was dead before Lenczysky arrived," Alexei cried out in triumph. "I know, because I saw him dead! I saw him, I tell you! I swear it!"

I swept my instruments back into the satchel. "Your Majesty," I said, "you have heard Dr. Tropkin's admission. What he says is quite true. The Duke has been dead for three hours. Therefore, he was not my patient and none of the responsibility is mine."

I picked up my satchel, bowed to the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias, and left the room. As I was leaving I heard Nicholai say one word, which was the last I heard in the palace.

"Remarkable," he said.

* * *

My father-in-law peered at me over the rim of his tea glass. "And so Alexei was sent to Siberia?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you became Court Physician in his place?"

"Not exactly. My one experience with high intrigue was so distasteful that I left Russia and came to America almost immediately."

"Too bad. Russia lost a promising diplomat."

"Thank you," I said modestly.

"Not you," said my wife's father. "I mean Alexei Tropkin. He was a brilliant man. He deserved a better fate."

My father-in-law is sometimes illogical, and often I suspect he does not like me. ⧺

The Chocolate Soldier

Continued from page 51

to all that trouble," said Smoot. "Anyway, I spent the rest of the afternoon becoming acquainted with his intellectual processes."

"Now we're commencing to get somewhere," said the sergeant.

"That's what I thought at first," said Hyler sadly. "He has a very elusive psyche."

"I noticed that myself."

"I'll need more time to arrive at any scientifically tenable conclusion concerning the motivating factors behind Holloway's behavior," Hyler informed his superior. "Meanwhile I think you will have to excuse me just now. I probably shouldn't have eaten that sixth chocolate bar."

Sergeant Smoot became white around the ears. "Okay. Okay," he kept mumbling to himself after Corporal Hyler had left. "Okay. If at first you don't succeed, never give up the ship. I'll break that trouble maker if it becomes the last thing I do."

Smoot lay and tossed in his bunk that night trying to devise some method of reducing his problem soldier to proper recruit size. In the morning he called his corporals into conference. "Well, boys, it is jist a question of whether we drive this Holloway crazy first or he drives the company crazy. We are each gonna take turns on him in rotation an hour apiece at a time. By the time we get through with him he will wished his girl liked sailors instead of soldiers."

Holloway, however, reacted to this concentrated regimen with his customary phlegmatic good nature. At the end of the hot afternoon his khaki uniform was soaked through, his pumpkin head was a shining globe of perspiration, his neck was pink with effort. Toward Recall his fat legs became a little wobbly, but he exhibited disappointment when the bugle finally sounded. Smoot had been giving him hoarse commands at double time while his three exhausted corporals stood by looking on.

Holloway came to a halt at Smoot's final command. "Is that all?" he asked with difficulty after he had managed to get back his breath.

"Yeah," said Smoot. "That's all for today."

Perspiration ran down the recruit's face in rivulets. "Too bad. I was just gettin' a good sweat worked up, but I guess tomorrow is another day, ain't it? Perspiration is good for you. It keeps open the pores."

"All right." Smoot turned to his henchmen. "I give up, too. He jist ain't human, that's all."

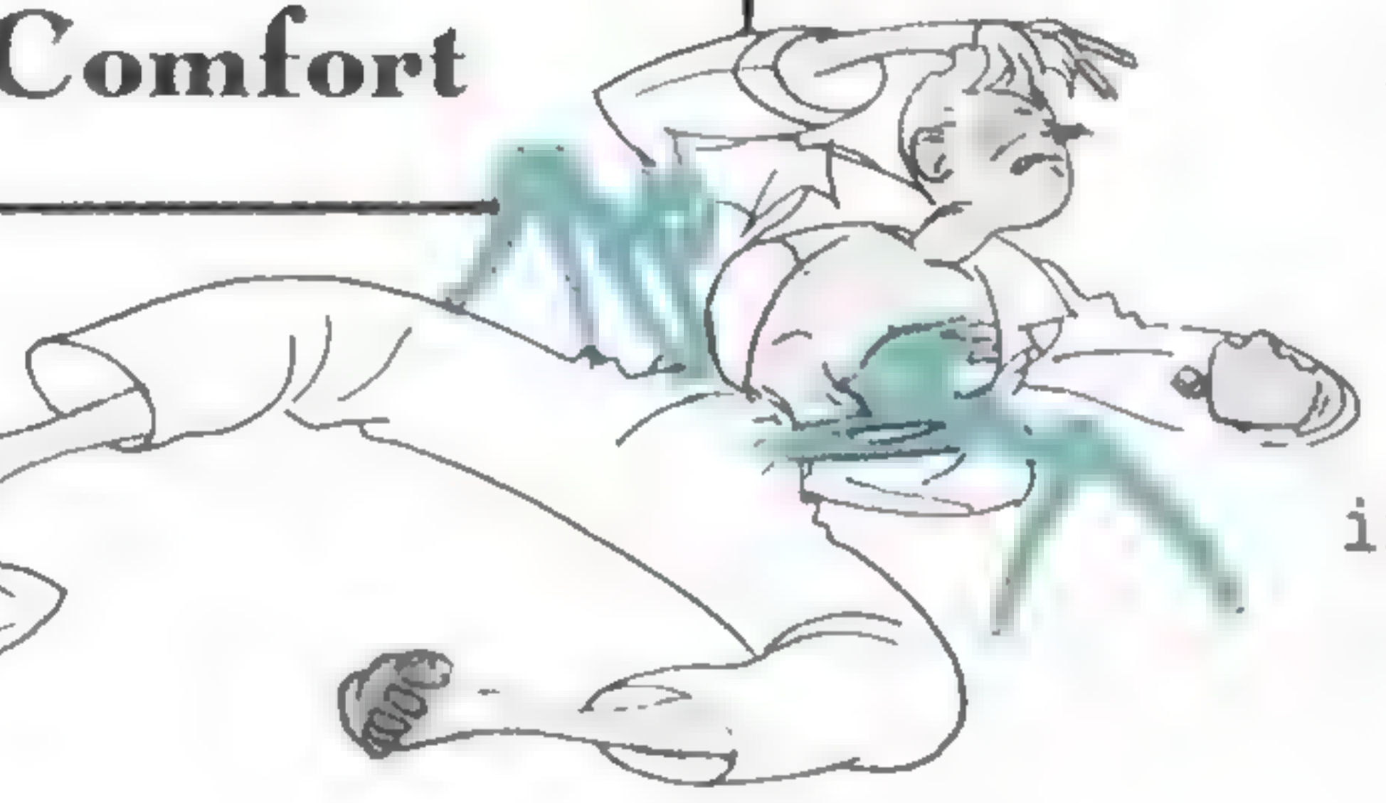
Holloway came over to the noncoms and smiled up at Smoot. "You see," he said, grinning, "a fellow as fat as me is bein' picked on all his life. They always give the fat guy the toughest job to do just for the fun of it. They are always makin' up jokes about fat fellows. Well, no hard feelin's, sergeant. I can take it." Holloway offered one sweaty hand to Sergeant Smoot while he poked around in his uniform with the other. "Just four of 'em left. Whadye say, fellows? Don't forget, they're full of vee—"

And then, without warning, he fell on his face. ⧺

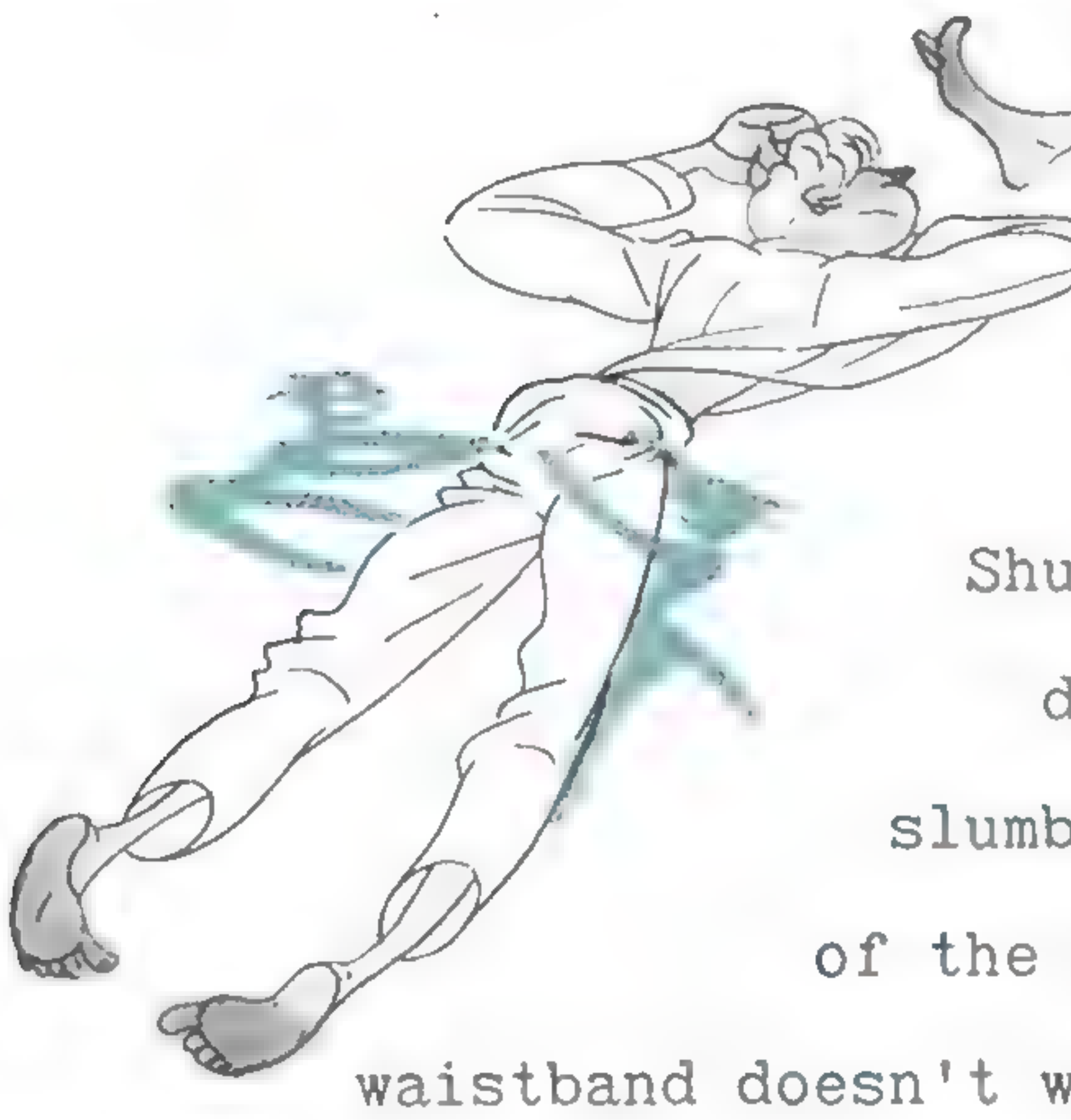
NO **Pinch** NO **Press** NO **Pull**

Sleep in Perfect Comfort

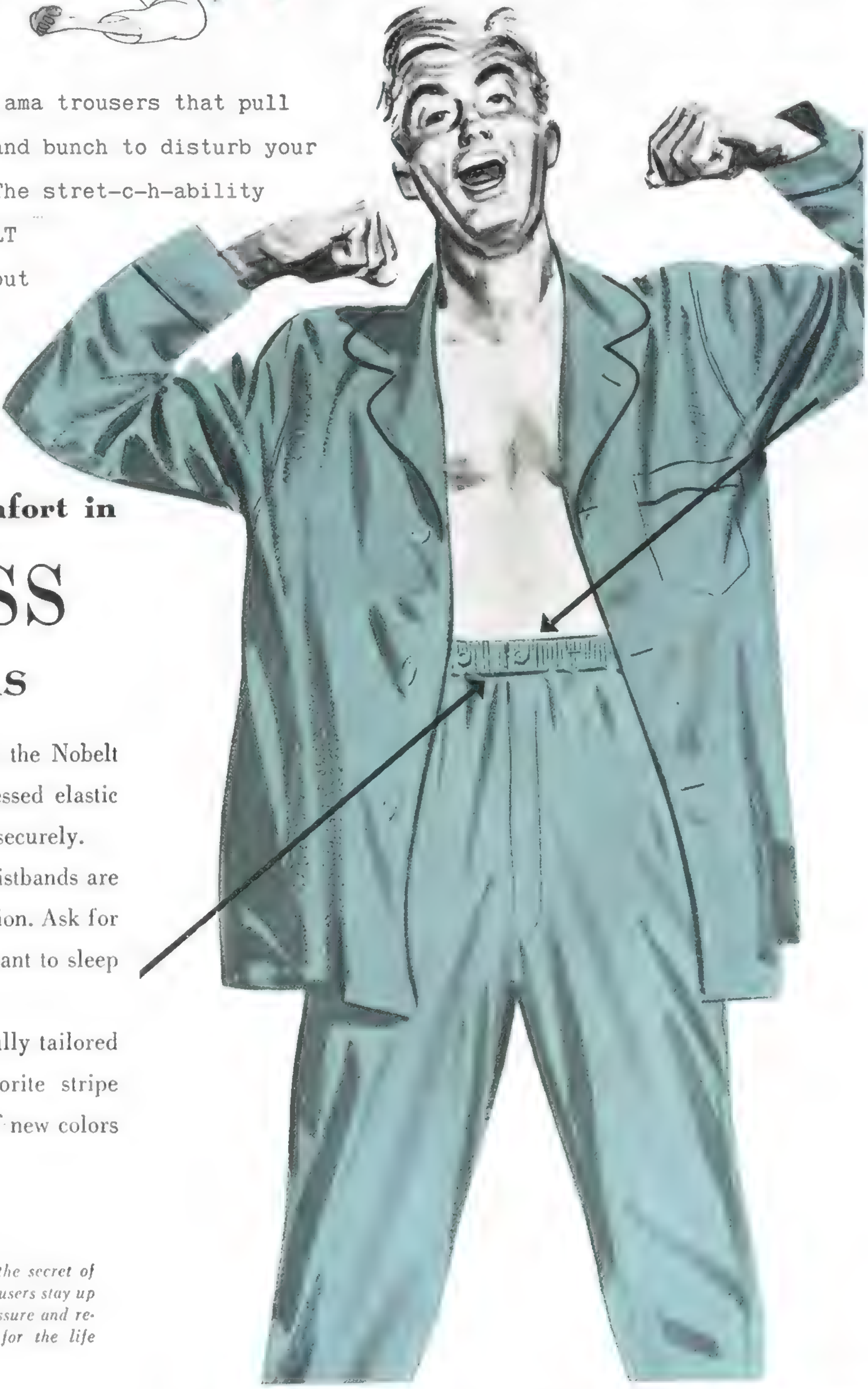
Rout those demons of insomnia which pinch your midriff with draw-string pressure. The flexible NOBELT waistband is smooth and stret-c-h-able.



Avoid the waist-choking pressure of tight trouser bands which prevent complete relaxation. There's no waistline pressure in the gentle touch of Faultless NOBELT.



Shun pajama trousers that pull down and bunch to disturb your slumber. The stret-c-h-ability of the NOBELT waistband doesn't wear out or launder away.



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Only the Faultless pajama is made with the Nobelt Waistband, that patented, specially processed elastic that holds pajama trousers up gently but securely.

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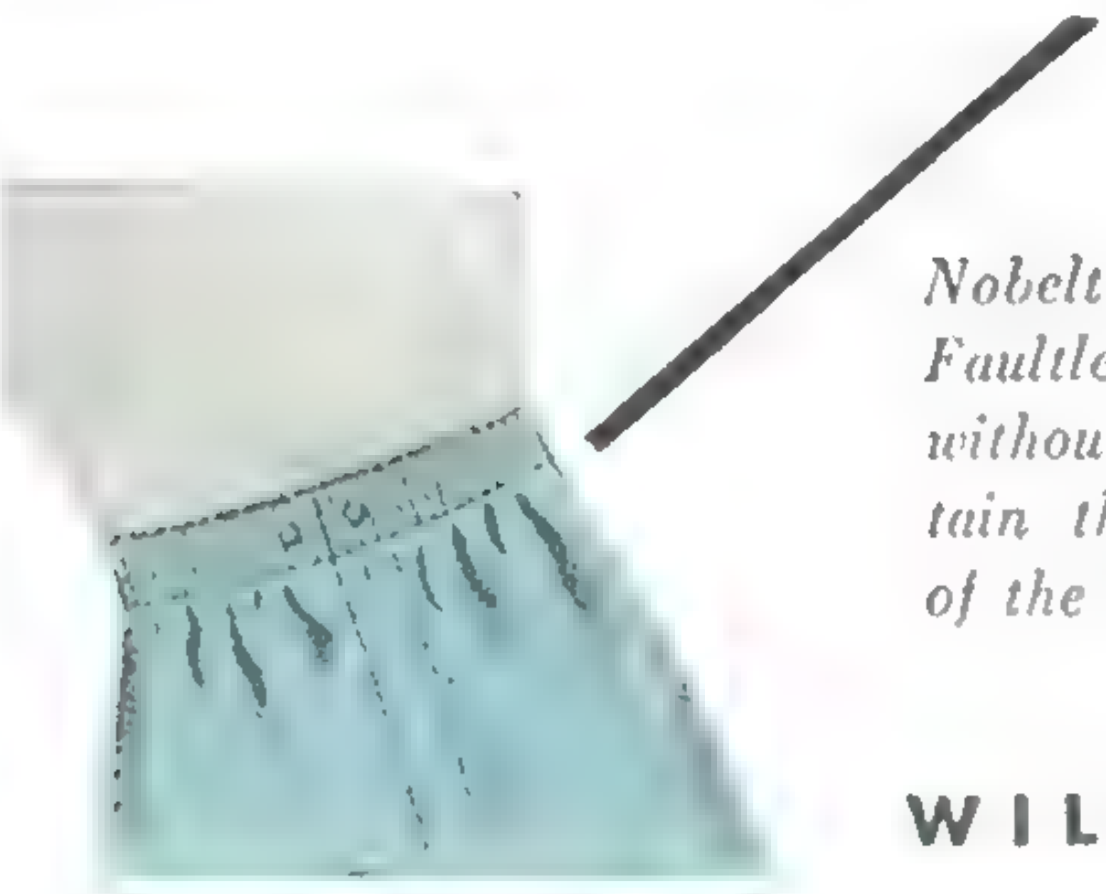

Nobelt waistband is the secret of Faultless comfort. Trousers stay up without waistline pressure and retain their elasticity for the life of the garment.

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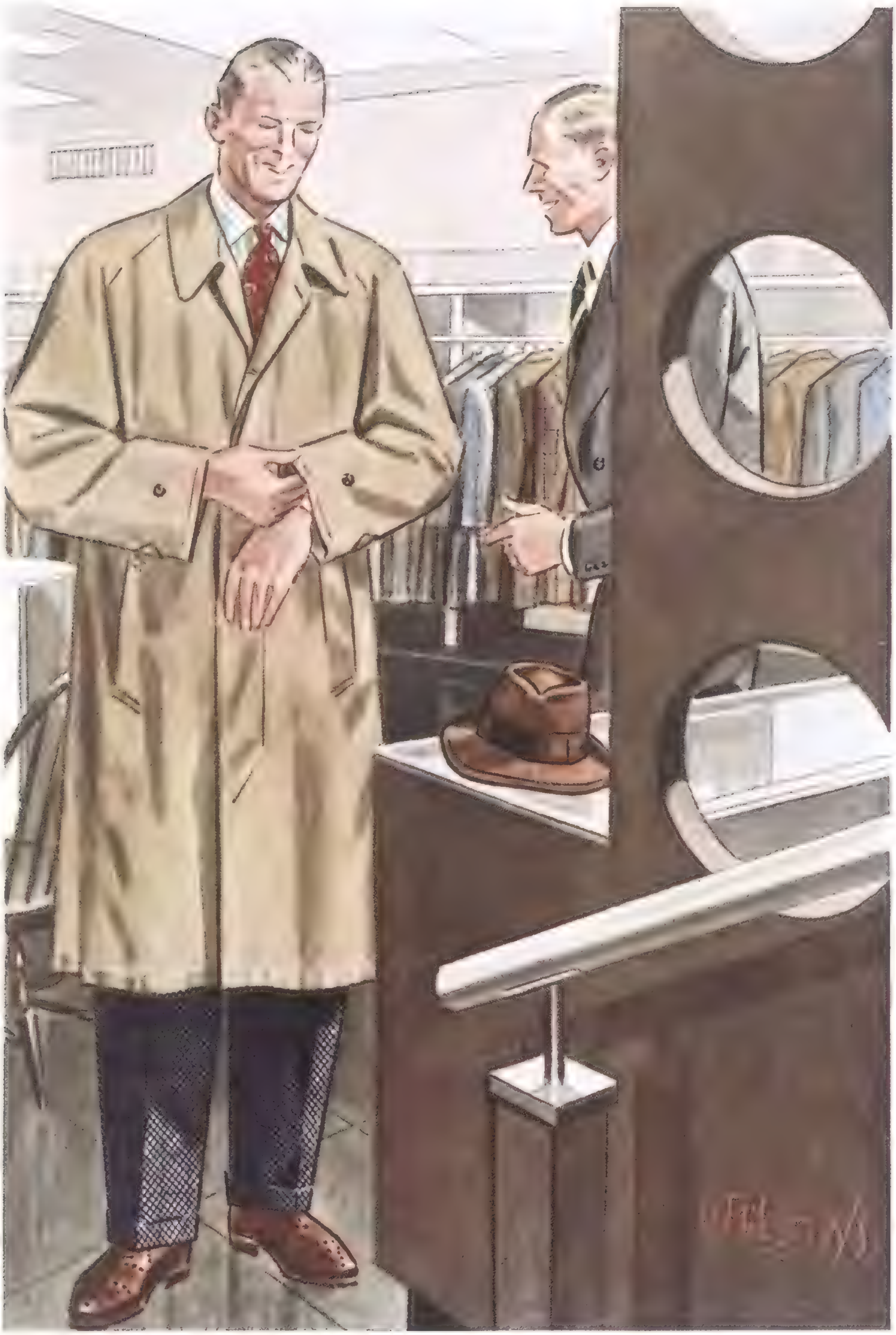

brain vs. rain

In this instance, the rain would finish a poor second, for this shopper is making an unusually smart selection, combining good fashion and keeping off the rain. The raincoat is made of processed tan cotton twill that breaks the wind and wards off the best efforts of old Jupe Pluvius. The collar clearly shows the military influence, and its raglan shoulders rule in rainwear these days. The jacket and trouser pockets are easily accessible through the slash pockets. Of course, the drawing gives you no clue as to whether it is raining, so assume that it isn't, and that this man is foresighted and shops leisurely on a clear day. The rest of his outfit consists of: Blue sharkskin worsted suit with overplaid, pale blue and white striped broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, red ground figured silk foulard tie and brown straight-tip shoes with center perforations. All in all he adds up to a pretty dashing fashion figure. No wonder he looks as though he's so happy about the whole thing.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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Courtesy of United Air Lines

Tired of commonplace shirts? Stand up and cheer for Horizon—Manhattan's newest, freshest, smartest shirt creation. Color snatched right from the rim of the sky... Horizon! Those shadowy soft tones you've seen where the sky arches low over the sea... Different? We'll say! As different from ordinary colors as Manhattan quality is different from ordinary quality.

There's real style on the Horizon for you if you visit your Manhattan shop today and treat yourself to Horizons.

COMPLETE YOUR HORIZON ENSEMBLE with Horizon ties and handkerchiefs. Symphonic Styled by Manhattan to complement Horizon shirts.

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The eye-smacking beauty of full-bodied Burgundy wine inspired this C & K hat! And man!... what a sparkling style you'll find it! Just the right combination to go with all the new fall "browns" in suits and overcoats. Fact is—*Burgundy on Brown* is so tempting you'll want to buy it first—then get the clothes to match the hat!

$5 $6 $7.50 $8.50 $10

C&K KNAPP-FELT

CROFUT & KNAPP HATS

Fifth Avenue, New York

The Conscientious Steward

Continued from page 49

depredations the two lookouts made a crude and clumsy attempt to rob him of the sacred books, which suitably padded by vest and pants made a pillow for his conscientious head. It failed miserably, and worse still it put him on his guard, so that for days afterwards Mr. Haste carried the books with him even when he went for a walk along the sand, or put them on a prominent place on the beach so that he could watch them when he backed into the lagoon for his morning bath. After a few days of this sort of thing, carrying them about as though they were the crown jewels, pursued by a hundred covetous eyes, sitting on them at meals, Mr. Haste seized the occasion of being one of the lookouts himself one night to slip away from his companion and bury his books in the sand, where every square yard looked the same, somewhere in that vast ring of sand, some place he himself could find again, but others digging at random would not have one in a million chances of finding.

Next day when his stratagem became apparent, for Mr. Haste openly announced that he was going to walk round the atoll and went off without parcel or padding, a curious craze for digging seized the junior members of the ship's company and many tons of sand were turned over in the tropic sun. At first there was considerable enthusiasm among the diggers, but when it became apparent how pigmy were their efforts and how hopeless their task, it turned to dour determination, which in its turn was whipped into savage anger by the return of Mr. Haste and some tactless remarks about "sandboys" and "building sand castles." Mr. Haste was easily Public Enemy No. 1, but the next most unpopular of the ship-wrecked mariners was undoubtedly the Quartermaster, who had received the lowered parcel into the ship's boat with such care. His mates in no uncertain terms told him what they thought of him, while he himself was overcome with a proper remorse for his criminal carefulness.

So for some weeks the matter continued: Mr. Haste's every action was watched with crafty cunning lest in some way he might betray his cache, while the crew split up into small groups, each working on its own particular theory, doing much nocturnal excavation and prodding of the sand with sharp pieces of wood. The Third Officer read up various relevant articles in *Everyman's Guide to General Knowledge*, subjects ranging from "Divination" even to "Poisoning," while the Engineers forewent their rum ration which they offered in vain to Mr. Haste in the hope that thereby he might reach the communicative stage of inebriety. But they all failed lamentably and became quiet and dispirited, while Mr. Haste continued the even tenor of his way, grimly sardonic, going his daily ten-mile walk round the atoll, having his daily swim, and apparently enjoying his social ostracism.

Then one day the Captain, talking to the Chief Officer, led a conversation about the early navigators of the islands to the subject of hidden treasure, and quite casually said it would be very hard to mark a spot on many of the atolls because of the absence of fixed landmarks. "Here of course we have the tree and the tents and the boats, but if it weren't for them it would really pass the wit of man to devise a hiding place that could be easily found again. However, I expect that those old pirate Johnnies wouldn't choose a spot like this; they'd find some island with more definite landmarks." Now the Chief Officer was a slow thinking man and the true inwardness of the remark did not dawn on him until the next day when the Captain announced that he needed exercise and was going to accompany Mr. Haste on his walk round the atoll.

So when they had gone about two miles the Chief Officer gathered the rest of the crew around him, made a small speech to them, armed one party with spades, and set other parties to shift the boats and tents with the greatest care, putting them up again in exactly the same relative position, fifty yards along the beach. Especial trouble was taken to see that the articles in the tent that Mr. Haste occupied were in exactly the same position when it was erected on its new site, and the sand was smoothed so that no one could guess where the tents and boats had been, and everybody worked with enthusiasm and quickly, while the Third Officer watched through his binoculars the two black figures of the Captain and Mr. Haste getting larger and larger on their way home. When at last they arrived everyone was doing something ordinary and the camp looked just the same as usual. Mr. Haste went into his tent, but apparently he noticed nothing amiss, and everybody felt much more happy and friendly.

A few days later the relief ship hove in sight, and the large bonfire which the ship-wrecked mariners had erected against her coming was lit to draw her attention to them.

As she steamed slowly towards them, the Captain decided to strike camp and load their belongings into the *Hoxton Castle's* boats, and go out and meet her. Then when the boats were loaded and all the crew with all their effects were embarked or standing by to push off, Mr. Haste, taking a small compass from his pocket, went back to the palm tree and started pacing in a certain direction, keeping his eye on the compass needle. When he had gone forty-seven paces (he was forty-seven years old) he stopped and started digging in the sand with his hands. And the Captain stood waiting for him on the beach, and the crew in and by the boats, and they all watched in stony silence. For five minutes he dug and dug like a terrier after a rat, then he went back to the palm tree and he paced the distance out again, and he dug again. Then the Captain called out, "Mr. Haste, will you be long?" and Mr. Haste with the sweat dropping from his brow paced out the distance yet once more, and dug again. Some of the firemen made remarks in a low voice about building sand castles, but most of the crew watched with silent pleasure, and when at last the Captain shouted, "Mr. Haste, Mr. Haste, we must be going," and Mr. Haste reluctantly gave up his search, and walked erect and manfully to the waiting boats, they gave him a great cheer, and when he had embarked and the Captain himself was getting in, several officers leant over and shook him warmly by the hand.

As the shipwrecked mariners rowed away and gazed back at their forsaken camp site, it looked sadly bare and forlorn, and even the palm tree seemed to droop as though feeling its coming loneliness, or perhaps it was really because such trees cannot stand transplantation. ⌗

Farewell to Gasoline

Continued from page 81

has the real thing, its compression being many times that of the most powerful gasoline-eater ever built.

The Diesel engine takes its name from the Paris-born Bavarian engineer Rudolph Diesel, who also provided the world with one of the neatest unsolved mysteries of modern times. Dr. Diesel's baby was born in 1892 after he had spent thirteen years studying combustion engines. His first model, designed to run on coal dust, nearly killed him when it blew itself to pieces before completing even one revolution and it wasn't until 1897 that he finally exhibited an oil-burning model that stayed together. An American, Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis beer king, put up the money to build the world's first commercial Diesel in 1898 and by 1913 Diesel was both world-famous and rich, having collected some $2,500,000 in royalties from Diesel manufacturers all over the world.

Then on the night of September 29, 1913, he just disappeared, as they say, from the face of the earth. All that anyone knows is that he boarded the channel steamer *Dresden* at Antwerp, bound for London and a director's meeting of the Diesel Engine Co., Ltd. The next morning they found everything in his cabin apparently just as he had left it, his nightshirt spread across a freshly turned-down bed and his bag open on a chair with the key still in its lock. The whole story sounds like a high school imitation of E. Phillips Oppenheim. There was even a mysterious cable, supposedly sent from London but later traced to Geneva, which denied that he had disappeared at all. There were also whispers that he was the victim of an international plot to obtain his notes on a new submarine engine.

It was the Diesel, of course, that made the submarine. You wouldn't any more run one without Diesel power than you would run the Ku Klux Klan without sheets. With twice the cruising range per gallon of fuel, and a fraction of the steam engine's bulk, this engine is made to order for a boat so crammed with gadgets that the torpedoes have to sleep with the crew. However, the submarine Diesel is no toy, and some of the heavy-duty models that push ocean liners and generate electricity from the South American jungle to Macy's basement, stand thirty feet high, have cylinders a yard in diameter and enough room in their crankcases for a game of Ping Pong. Buttressed against their great internal pressure with tons of iron, most of them look like large models of a castle on the Rhine.

For decades the possibility of getting the Diesel's efficiency in a smaller package tantalized the engineering mind. The problem was two-fold: first, a way had to be found to reduce size and weight without sacrificing strength; second, to compete with gasoline engines, a small Diesel would have to produce much more power for its size and this could only be accomplished by making it fire faster. The first obstacle was almost a push-over after the metallurgists came up with molybdenum, vanadium, chromium and other trick metals that made possible today's light, strong alloys.

But building a rapid-fire fuel injector with an accuracy that would stagger a Swiss watchmaker was something else again. In the old heavyweight Diesels turning over at 500 r.p.m. all the injector had to do was squirt a teaspoonful of oil, more or less, into the cylinder. But if the engine is to turn over, say, 1,800 times a minute (almost a minimum for an auto engine), and the shot of oil is reduced from a teaspoonful to a precisely measured, microscopically small drop, the technical problems multiply like gnats at a picnic. The injector must measure and squirt fifteen times a second, allowing only four one-thousandths of a second for each shot.

The Germans solved that one in the middle twenties when Bosch and other firms using the traditional painstaking methods of German industry finally succeeded in making high-speed fuel injectors. And as early as 1925 Diesel-powered buses and trucks

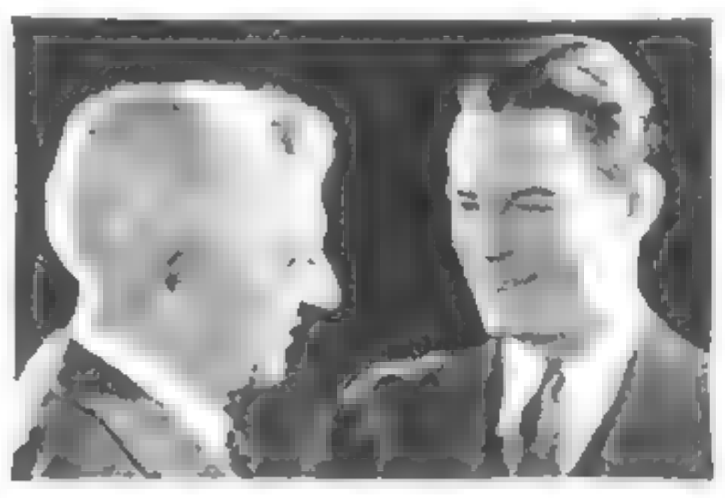
Continued on page 140

He's wonderful

I'm so proud of his beautiful hair

Important? You bet! Sometimes handsome hair means *everything* to a man! So keep your hair always at its best.

If your hair is dry, thin, or oily, chances are that over a long period of time, the tiny hair openings on your scalp may have become clogged. Your scalp may be sluggish. It probably doesn't function in a normal way. So your once rich-looking crop of hair is paying the penalty. *Don't let this go on any longer!*



Normalize—now! Massage a few drops of Ideal Tonic into your scalp every day, and *keep those hair follicles open!* Let the oil flow out naturally over your neglected hair. Quicken that "do-nothing" circulation into nourishing energy. Let Ideal Tonic keep the way clear for full operation of nature's life-giving functions. No more itchy scalp or dandruff. No more excessive falling hair. Ideal Tonic combines with natural oils to give a lustrous, young-looking appearance to your well-groomed hair.

Start using Ideal Tonic today—while you can still get that much-in-demand rubber scalp massage brush free!

WRITE *for a FREE sample of Fitch's Ideal Tonic for the Hair to Dept. E-2, The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines, Iowa.*

KEEP THIS HAIR FOLLICLE OPEN

AND KEEP YOUR HAIR

FREE 50¢
Fitch's IDEAL 49¢
HAIR TONIC
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co.

Special OFFER

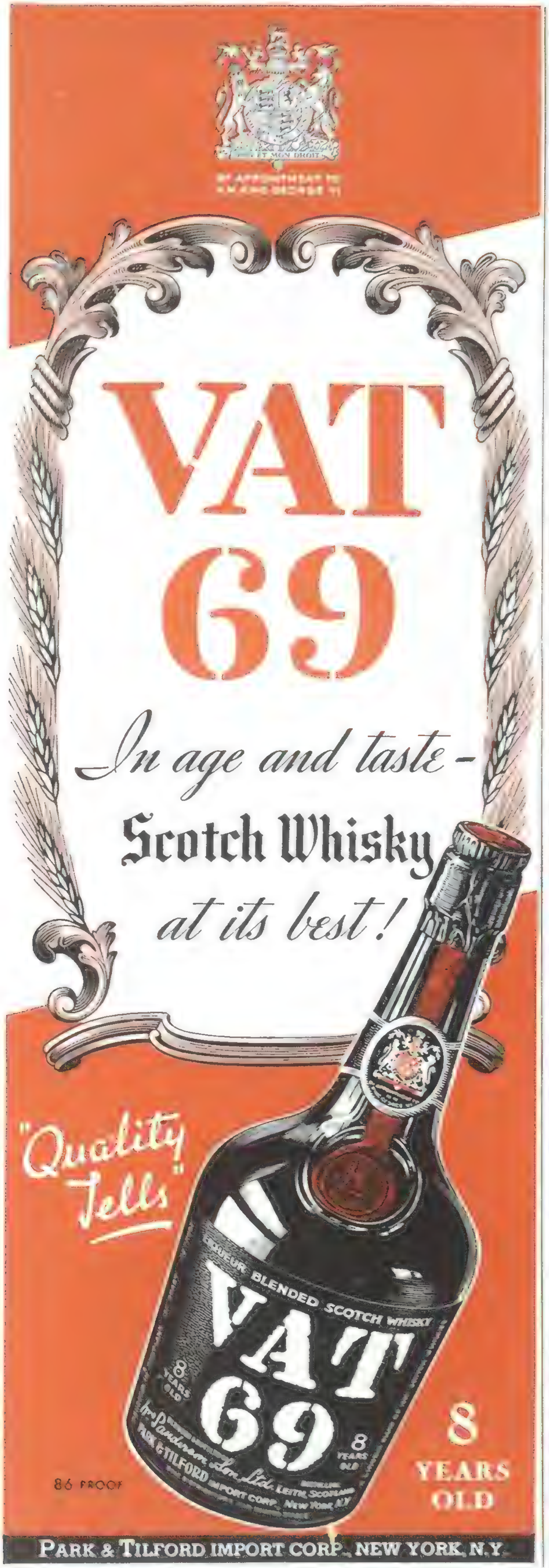
A 50c rubber scalp massage brush FREE with the purchase of a 50c size of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. $1.00 value. SPECIAL—both for 49c. Ask your druggist. If not available send carton top to The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines, Iowa, and receive brush free.

You'll like Fitch's

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Use it regularly each week. It is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application.

Fitch's IDEAL HAIR TONIC



Farewell to Gasoline

Continued from pages 81-139

were roaring down Berlin streets.

In this country, however, interest in a lightweight Diesel was negligible. One of the few who were interested was Mr. C. L. Cummins of Columbus, Indiana, who for years had balked at paying high gasoline prices in Florida where he spent his vacations motorboating. About twenty years ago, Mr. Cummins began tinkering with marine Diesels, especially with that mechanical nemesis, the fuel injector, and in 1930 he gave the boys from Detroit a shock. While they were standing around the New York Automobile Show admiring their handiwork, Cummins drove up outside in a Diesel-powered car that he had driven all the way from Indiana. This was a stock model Auburn with a converted Cummins marine Diesel under the hood. Having proved his point he drove home again, dropped the same engine into a fenderless roadster, took it to Daytona Beach and there hung up the first Diesel automobile speed record by driving it over eighty miles an hour.

Cummins dramatized the possibilities of the lightweight Diesel, but he wasn't the only pioneer. Back in 1926 the Caterpillar Tractor Company saw that farmers and contractors, as cost-conscious a group as you are likely to find, would jump at a chance to cut their fuel bills in half. Moreover, the Diesel was the ideal mate for the tractor since it is at its best when running steadily under heavy loads. Then, too, Caterpillar's service men, conditioned by the specialized works of the crawler, could take the Diesel in their stride. So Caterpillar went to work, and after spending a million or so dollars, succeeded in putting a Diesel on the assembly line, something that everyone had feared impossible. For among other things, their fuel pump was so accurately finished, that if you warmed its small plunger in your hand for a moment, you couldn't get it back into its cylinder without bending a couple of fenders. Putting that kind of precision on a mass production basis was enough to make any engineer reach for the aspirin. Today more than ninety-five out of a hundred of Caterpillar's new tractors are Dieselized, which makes this company by far the largest builders of Diesels in the world.

In the last ten years there has been a great scramble for a place on the Diesel bandwagon behind such pioneers as Cummins, Caterpillar, Buda and Hercules (the latter specializing in engines for the steam shovel trade). Among the prominent newcomers is none other than little old G.M., whose bald, stoop-shouldered, research head, Charles F. Kettering, like Cummins, became interested in the future of the small Diesel via the motorboat route. "Boss Ket" inventor of the self-starter and Father of the air-cooled Chevrolet, installed two Diesels in his yacht and transformed the engine room into a floating laboratory. On his say-so, General Motors has since spent millions developing a lightweight Diesel of the two-cycle type, which has more than justified Kettering's faith by its performance in G.M.'s new buses.

There's no telling where you're likely to find a light Diesel horning in on jobs formerly monopolized by the great god Gasoline. Baby generating sets are now running the gamut from supplying forgotten farmers with electric milkers, vacuum cleaners and refrigerators to whirling and icing a Rum Collins for a weather reporter marooned in the middle of the Pacific. No job is too backbreaking: Diesels hauled, scraped and dumped what are now Boulder Dam and Grand Coulee.

How the new Diesel has been working on the railroads is an old story by now. As you probably know, the Diesel brought on the streamliner which has since been the railroads' answer to the airlines. They have even gone the airlines one or two better, what with recreation cars, powder rooms and bars decorated with hostesses and trimmed with social directors. Under all this icing on the traveling public's cake, of course, lies the fact that some of these new streamliners have shown savings as high as fifty per cent per running mile over their steam-drawn predecessors.

The bus companies have not been napping either. For a couple of years now, bus riders in New York, Chicago and other large cities have been getting a taste of Diesel power in those big buses that can swoop away from the curb with the agility of a taxi driver who has just spotted a fare. Greyhound has recently seen the light and is putting Diesels on its long-distance runs. The experience of the Public Service of New Jersey, operator of the biggest bus fleet in the country, makes the future of the gasoline-powered bus look pretty dim. Ever since 1936, when Public Service opened the first Dieselized bus line in the country, it has been adding to its Diesel fleet, since it has found that they can often be run at only a quarter of the cost of the gasoline models. Some of the older models have gone 150,000 miles before an overhauling, which, in a city bus, is equal to about 300,000 miles of passenger car driving.

The truck operators have much the same story to tell. One operator reports that on a round trip between Buffalo and Detroit a gasoline-driven truck burned up eighteen dollars worth of gas and oil, whereas a Diesel truck carrying the same load made the trip on less than six and a half dollars worth of fuel oil. Drivers are also making the happy discovery that Diesels don't go foul in a heavy rain or snowstorm.

Finally, there are the contractors whose "steam" shovels, steamless these many years, are today almost one hundred per cent Diesel-powered, as are also the drills, bulldozers, and pumping machines.

We could go on and on citing examples of Diesel efficiency, but it's the same thing over and over again with slight variations. When we tell you that Howard Johnson, the roadside restaurateur, swapped his gasoline cruiser for a Diesel model and reduced his New York-to-Miami fuel bills from three-hundred-sixty to seventy-five dollars, we haven't exactly covered the story of the Diesel on the high seas. But at least it's a hint that a motorboating boom may be just around the corner.

It's still too early to predict how long it will be before the Diesel Airliner makes its bow in this country, but in case you haven't already figured out the advantages for yourself, here are a few ways in which the Diesel may revolutionize aviation in the future; First: the safety of fuel oil would eliminate one of the time-honored dangers of flying, that of fire after a crash, and would prevent a repetition of the tragedy that overtook the Samoan Clipper when it disappeared while on a survey flight over the Pacific. You will recall that the loss of the clipper and of its veteran pilot, Capt. Edwin Musik, was laid to the explosion of gasoline that was being dumped to lighten the ship for a forced landing. Second: The risk of ice-clogged carburetors, cause of the crash of the British Cavalier in 1939, is nonexistent for the Diesel, which has no carburetor. Third: Perhaps the Diesel's best contribution to air safety is the absence of an ignition system—most temperamental feature of any gasoline engine—which is carried in duplicate on airliners and elaborately shielded to prevent radio interference.

The airlines will probably be more thankful for the safety features, but you can be sure they won't sneer at a plane that will burn only half as much fuel per flying mile. When today's big transports can drink gasoline at the rate of two hundred and fifty gallons an hour, and every gallon costs thirty cents, you can see what a tidy little saving Diesel aircraft could roll up for them.

You've probably been wondering how long it will be before you can buy yourself a Diesel car. Here's your answer: Experts agree that that may be only two years away unless, of course, the war interferes. If it weren't for the war, incidentally, the little Mercedes-Benz Diesel car might still be in a New York showroom.

Out in Detroit the Diesel car is pretty much taken for granted. Open predictions are still rare, an understandable caution in view of the millions that the industry has put on gasoline's nose. But even as early as 1937 Mr. Kettering, backing his two-cycle pride and joy, was predicting that "the two-cycle rather than the four-cycle engine would be used on passenger cars when further problems of lightening weight and smoothing operations are solved."

For the last several years now the lads in the engineering departments of General Motors, Chrysler and others have been quietly bolting Diesel engines into stock automobiles and sending them out on experimental runs. They aren't saying much yet, but it may not be long. In fact, some manufacturers could supply you with a Diesel car right now.

You could order one from your local Dodge dealer tomorrow, and if you didn't mind waiting a few weeks and paying a few hundred dollars extra, you might be the first owner of one in your town. And some Diesel manufacturers could supply an engine to fit your present car. A number of persons are driving Diesels and liking it.

However, you should be warned against expecting too much of any Diesel car you could buy today. Your main objection would most likely be lack of pick-up, its vibration and noise which would remind you more of the business-like roar of a 1929 car than of the silky purr of 1941's models. Eventually, though, there won't be any difference between the two. The hydraulic transmission and hydraulic clutch, (or "Fluid Drive" as Chrysler likes to call it) are two things that are going to help.

One argument you are likely to hear against the Diesel is that it's not the upkeep, it's the cost. Granted, it costs more to build one now, but once they get them into production the price will drop fast enough. It's the same old story.

When the Diesel car, if, as and when, does take over, things are going to happen to the oil industry. But not what you think. The oil boys saw it coming a long time ago, and it doesn't worry them a whit. It's all the same to them whether they're selling gasoline or fuel oil. A few minor adjustments and their equipment can be turning out Diesel fuel at about the same cost as gasoline.

Naturally, there has been a qualm here and there over the expected loss in total gallons sold. And like the car makers, the oil men aren't putting themselves out on the limb of prediction. But their off-the-record attitude is that John Q. Tourist will eventually drive a lot farther in his double-mileage Diesel.

As for the filling stations, their gasoline pumps will be used, as is, to measure out Diesel fuel. Not only will be, but are, as you can see for yourself if you happen to drive into a station that's on a Diesel truck route. If you should happen to, take a good long look at the Diesel pump. It may not stir your aesthetic sense, but it is more symbolic than anything you may have seen at the New York World's Fair, outside of a display of Diesels. And perhaps you'd also better take a look at some gasoline. You may want to describe it for your grandchildren some day. ##

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A medium toe bal of Bay brown boarded calf with black bootmaker's finish.

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Broad toe heavy brogue-type shoe of natural boarded calf with antique and black bootmaker's finish.

It's hard to find anything to compare with the flexibility of Winthrop's Action-Free Shoes. You see Action-Free is an exclusive Winthrop construction that allows you to flex your foot *naturally* every minute of the time you have on a pair of these great shoes. Try on a pair of Winthrop "Action-Free" Shoes and no others will satisfy you. Write for your dealer's name today.

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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-114

BUNDLES OF OLD ESQS FOR BRITAIN

In recent months I have received (among other magazines) two copies of Esquire, both Christmas numbers, one from a young lady in Illinois and the other from a young lady in Pennsylvania.

The generosity of these young ladies of course deserves commendation, but even more commendable is the effect these Esquires have had here. The worst foe of all—far worse than Panzer Divisions or Paratroops—is boredom, especially for those who like me are very far from home and friends. And to date the best remedy, the best preventive of boredom is (as it always was during my halcyon years in America) Esquire.

Since the arrival of these magazines, I must say that the local morale has hit a new high. Privates, N.C.Os. and Officers have spent hours studying the advertisements, perusing the stories, assimilating the articles and gloating over the cartoons and pictures—many of which are now gracing the walls of billets and mess-rooms here and there "Somewhere in England."

There is a great need here for this sort of entertainment—a need which your readers can help assuage, if they will send us their old Esquires. If they know anyone in the British Forces, by all means send them the magazines direct. If not, they can send them to me and I will arrange for their distribution. I don't ask this for myself (for my friends in the States keep me pretty adequately supplied with periodicals), but for the many soldiers who have a long and probably monotonous winter ahead of them.

Very Truly Yours,
N. A. Forde

1943862, N. A. Forde, Corporal R.E.
c-o Chief Postal Censor,
London, E.C. 1, England

BEGINNING WHERE MACKALL LEFT OFF

So frequently I see articles in various magazines, including yours, nagging the Temperance Unions. This month you have one by Lawton Mackall, no doubt it is brilliantly written or you would not publish it, the statistics and information are worth while and all that but I can not see how it will harm the prohibitionists the least bit. The same conditions were more or less true before the War to End Wars.

If you are really interested in annihilating the prohibitionists all you have to do is publish the self-evident facts about them and do it in a way that will spread. Let one man tell another. Humorous ridicule can be brought on this outfit that will make its members ashamed to admit it. It will make their financiers withdraw and the leaders hide.

These facts are: The majority of their members are gluttons, dyspeptics, barren old maids and those that would sell their souls for votes. The first two classes are the only real trouble. The barren old maids are generally absorbed in one or the other and the vote seekers would naturally evaporate if the mass voting power was weakened.

There are a thousand ways to massacre the glutton and the dyspeptic. In both cases they are that way because they are intemperate in eating. Note the vicious ridicule that can be developed here for you know how sensitive the fat are about their weight. All that you have to do is to make the public realize that the gluttons, dyspeptics, pill takers and dieters are morally the same as the drunkard. There is no difference between pills for overeating than the kill-or-cure treatments for alcohol. This kind of propaganda would spread like fire for there are thousands of men that would like to take a highball before dinner but think that it is not worth the argument. Give him a good argument and he will use it. For instance "The mirror will tell us which is the most intemperate." "The scales will show who is in the best condition." "Try my belt before you speak of my intemperance." and "Your diet is the same as the Kill-or-cure that I do not need." These have been tried and found to work under the most adverse conditions. I have been experimenting with this for some years just for the fun of it. I frequently start an argument on what I call Honest Temperance just to see what will happen for I am too deaf to do anything but start it. You will see more Horrible Examples or Degenerates caused by food than you will from liquor.

A column "Temperance Hypercritics" supposed to be from various state items as: "Mrs—— WCTU chairman had eaten so much that she slept through the meeting," from a town in Texas. "Dr——belched so much that he could not be understood," from a town in Virginia. "The ladies of the local temperance club have at last found a diet that is satisfactory so that the beams under the floor will not have to be strengthened." From a town in Georgia. "The temperance union feast was so successful that the husbands of most of them had to come for them in cars and trucks." After this was started I am sure that you would get enough volunteer items to make it popular. If not it would not take much imagination to provide it. Note: Look up the libel laws.

A part of the column or another column "What I Told the Temperance Worker" such as "I am not degenerate enough to have to take pills or go on a diet" and many thousand similar.

Fables of about an eighth of a page could stimulate this propaganda "Horrible Examples" would be a suitable heading. Several occur without thinking. Just reverse the stories that you have been hearing of drunkards. "How Mr.—— lost his home." "The Horrible Creature on the Bus," and so on.

The best of course would be to have an Honest Temperance Club. No dues, no admission fee and no recommendations required. Of course they would be expected to subscribe to Esquire, or have to. These members would lead the W. C. T. U. members to believe that every movement that they made was recorded. Everything that they did was ridiculed locally including natural contradictions.

Any of these methods or combination of them if properly worked will make the gluttons, dyspeptics and barren old maids realize that the public knows that they are frauds. You can make the public despise them to open ridicule. It will be easy to show that Prohibitionist, Sour Belly, Sour Mind are all the same. The word Prohibitionist can be made a word of contempt. "There is a sour looking wench, ten to one that she is a Prohibitionist." "That tub of lard looks intemperate enough to be a temperance worker." And so on. Prohibitionist will be a new word in the profane dictionary. Start the public on this line of thought and they will go one better. As they did the Confucian sayings, old Ford jokes etc.

There is no doubt but that this line will help your circulation. The distillers and brewers will appreciate it with increased space. Although, as this letter shows, I know nothing about writing. I would like to be behind this somewhere. I know the public and I know propaganda. Ridicule is the most horrible weapon in existence, properly used it will accomplish anything, even against their weapon which is blackmail.

Will gladly go into further detail with demonstrations as to the working of the above.

Very truly yours,
Hampton, Va. W. S. Landon

P.S. After reading the above I better state that my personal average is less than a quart a month and a few beers.—WSL

The Woodcock Are Down!

Continued from page 62

about the private life of the woodcock some things, fortunately, can be accepted as fairly stable facts; at least until they are upset. One of these is the question of cover.

The woodcock makes its living by probing into the ground with its long bill. The earth, therefore, must be reasonably soft and rich enough to support quantities of earthworms and larvae. The bird prefers light overhead cover, such as thickets or what our English friends call copses. Alder, birch, hazel, young poplar and willow, mixed weedy and bushy growth, all furnish ideal cover—always provided the ground conditions are right. This is merely academic knowledge, the property of anyone who has spent only a few days in search of woodcock.

The complete woodcock gunner, however, knows that there is more to it than that; that not all good looking cover will hold birds. He is aware that cover which has birds in numbers in Indiana will be worthless in West Virginia.

Several years ago I hunted a great deal in Connecticut, where the best woodcock cover, generally speaking, is young upland birches. But since a great deal of the wooded area of that part of the state consists of young birches the problem had to be narrowed down considerably before sport could be had. I learned through friends who knew the country what to look for in the way of ground cover. This must be neither too thick nor too sparse. Ground with a light growth of ferns, mosses and clumps of grass is often ideal. Heavy masses of bracken, bent grass, or too rocky soil, will be barren of birds.

I found that the edges of the cover where the birches opened up into fields were apt to prove more productive than the heavier central growth. The presence of clumps of bayberry bushes and a scattering of red cedar trees seemed to prove attractive to the birds. Certainly the cedars added to the zest of the sport and saved untold birds, because one of these thick conifers was almost bound to be in the way when a fat cock broke out on whistling wings.

After two or three years of gunning the Connecticut covers I became quite cocky (no pun intended) in the belief that I could locate Johnathan any time I wished. Then came a year when, for some mysterious reason, the knowledge I had gained was washed overboard. I visited the old familiar haunts and all my setter could give me was a blank look. It happened to all of us and many theories were advanced: No birds. Flight hasn't come down yet. Changed their feeding grounds. Soil has become sour.

Then, one day the dog and I took a trip away back on a hardwood ridge in search of grouse. To get to this country I had to drive a couple of miles along an old wood road, leave the car and hike another mile. It was a country of big trees: oaks, hickories, ash and beeches. Scattered here and there were islands of thinner growth—young willows, hazel, osier and poplar. The ground was stony and looked dry. It was as unorthodox a place for woodcock as could be imagined. Yet we found them there in numbers and had fine sport. Nor was it just a fluke, for during the remainder of the season gunners reported good shooting on high and dry ground, often in the midst of big timber.

It was then that I began to waver in the belief that I could think like a woodcock.

Upon moving to Vermont to live, further revisions concerning the habits of the long-billed vagabond were necessary. But I had become humble and patient and was ready to listen to anyone who would volunteer information. The first basic fact I learned—and it is one which has since been borne out in experience—was that the best of the Vermont shooting is to be had in the alder covers. This was a return to the days of my youth, when I first learned about woodcock from Spooner in Michigan. It was comforting—until I gradually discovered that, in this part of the state at least, there are alders *and* alders. And not all of the cover is of the type that interests woodcock. There are upland alders and low-ground alders; both *may* have birds. It is, again, a question of ground cover; and the peculiar, mysterious reactions of the wheels in Johnathan's head.

After four years of trial-and-error I felt that the light was dawning. But last season proved to be another of those unpredictable upsets. We found the birds often on high ground and in unexplainable places. One of the most productive trips was to the top of a high hill at an elevation of over 1500 feet, where, in a grassy abandoned orchard with practically no overhead cover we flew eight or ten woodcock.

In a previous article in Esquire I analyzed the grouse gunner, put him under a cold white light and plucked him clean, feather by feather. What remained was the bare essence. If the treatment was tough I can only say that so is the game. And facts are facts. Being a grouse hunter myself I ought to know. Now grouse hunters shoot woodcock, as they do pheasants and northern quail, when opportunity offers. But there is a distinct strain of woodcock hunter: he differs from the grouse gunner as the cactus from the lily.

For one thing the woodcock enthusiast, as I know him, is apt to be sweeter-tempered. His nerves aren't eternally on edge from the pursuit of a thundering, hawk-mild fowl with the resourcefulness of an intelligence agent and the speed of a Stuka dive bomber. The very nature of his sport gives him a contemplative attitude not unlike that of the

Continued on page 144

THE PART OF FRANCE THEY CAN'T TOUCH

"NO MATTER how they change her," there's one part of France they can't touch.

It's the part of French civilization that nestles safely right in the heart of New York City.

For nearly 8 years, this small Bordeaux... this piece of France... has turned out the kind of liqueurs that made Nuyens famous in Europe for 139 years.

They are made according to the same priceless traditions as those made in France. The flavor is virtually indistinguishable from that of the imported product.

Serve these delicious liqueurs tonight, and see why they have long been served in America's finest homes.

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CREME DE MENTHE 60 proof
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LOOK AT THIS HEAD-LINE
REMINGTON DOUBLE HEADER
$12 75
REMINGTON TRIPLE HEAD
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2 HEADS

REMINGTON DOUBLE-HEADER. Economy model. Latest type magnetic power unit. Extra quiet. No radio interference. AC only $12.75

REMINGTON DUAL. Original 2-headed shaver that amazed the world with 90-second shaves. AC-DC........ $15.75

3 HEADS

REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER. Now smashing all sales records for electric shavers! The famous Remington Dual plus a special head for trimming sideburns, mustache, stray hairs on neck or Adam's apple. AC-DC........ $17.50

4 HEADS

REMINGTON FOURSOME. *Three* full-length cutting heads *plus* a special trimming head. Most sensational advancement in electric shavers. In a handsome de luxe carrying case that contains a non-breakable shaving mirror. AC-DC........ $19.50

MEN, here's a sensational development in shaving speed and comfort that's knocking old-time American shaving habits into a cocked hat. Here are electric shavers with two, three and even *four* complete cutting heads.

What chance has a whisker got facing all that concentrated shaving power? No other shaver can give you as fast, close or clean a shave as the new Remington multiple-head shavers.

So do this today: If you're still plodding along with your whisker-whittling in any of the old, slow ways—stop at your dealer's today and try a Remington.

General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations at Remington Offices in more than 130 cities.

THESE AIRLINES now carry Remington multiple-head shavers as a special service: American, TWA, Eastern, Pennsylvania Central, Braniff, Canadian Colonial, Mid-Continent.

REMINGTON RAND

FASTEST SHAVING, FASTEST SELLING ELECTRIC SHAVERS

The Woodcock Are Down!

Continued from pages 62-143

angler. For, no matter how uncertain the woodcock may be as regards his movements, once you do locate him he is apt to prove fairly dependable. He will usually lie close in front of the dog and, if the cover be at all reasonable, afford you a fair shot. And if you do miss the first time the chances are that you'll find the bird again within a couple of hundred yards.

It is generally agreed among upland gunners that, under fair conditions, the woodcock is not a difficult mark for even an average shot. The usual flight in heavy cover is a fast, sloping climb to the top of the alders or birches, then a levelling off and a swift departure at top speed. Though the whistling sound made by the air rushing through the bird's narrow primary feathers is apt to prove disconcerting, Johnathan is not really traveling as fast as he seems to be. If the gun is swung upward to cover and pass the rising bird the shot should be successful. But the gun must be kept moving as the trigger is pressed. All rising shots resulting in misses are due to undershooting. This is the great fault of beginners, whether the target be woodcock, wildfowl or clay birds.

Sometimes a wise old longbill will rise barely a yard above the ground, then scale out through the heavy cover twisting and tacking like a sharpshin hawk. If you can take these birds regularly you are a finished performer and can stand up in any shooting company. It has been said that no grouse is an easy bird; some shots are merely less difficult than others. So the grouse gunner has a perfect right to beef about his bad breaks, to concoct what seem like outrageous alibis. He is covered, even if only half right. But this comforting privilege is justly denied the woodcock gunner. If he runs into difficult shots during the day's shooting he knows that these will be compensated for by a good proportion of "sucker" shots. On the whole, his game is half-hard, half-easy; which is one reason for its great popularity.

What of the dog? A really hard topic to discuss, because one never knows where to stop! I see them passing in review, a strangely mixed company of tail-waggers; each with his faults, his virtues, his foibles.

There is Speck, the Clumber type springer (who served as model in the print, *Springer Spaniel and Woodcock*). Speck belonged to a friend in Connecticut. He was vastly wise in the ways of woodcock and any day when birds were in the covers was apt to prove a memorable one. Speck had a faculty of being afraid of the wrong thing. Cows were his particular nemesis and he would sneak abjectly at his boss's heels when the terrifying creatures were sighted. There he would trot along, wrapped in a woebegone expression of utter dejection. But he was a holy terror on snakes, ferreting them out fearlessly and killing them with great zest.

Stoop belonged to neighbors. He, too, was a springer of undoubted ability—when he wanted to be. But half the time he would suddenly develop gun shyness, for no apparent reason. And this would invariably occur when the sport was at its best, at the time a fellow most needed a dog. Stoop would be found back at the car snoozing peacefully.

My big orange Belton setter, Ted, had a passion for grouse and he would hunt them with the greatest enthusiasm and concentration. But with woodcock it was different. He never seemed to be hunting at all when I took him to the alder covers; just idly snooping around and putting in time. Then, when I least expected it, he would be frozen stiff on a bird. If the shot was successful Ted would pad through the cover in a matter-of-fact way, pick up the bird and trot back leisurely to place it in my hand. He was a tremendous animal and when his big chops closed down on a woodcock all you could see was the tail on one side and the head on the other. In this position he looked silly and I think he knew it. He would drop the bird and make a funny face, opening and closing his mouth. During the performance he would look at me with an expression that plainly said, "I wish to gosh, Boss, that you would pick up these damned things yourself. You know very well they gag me." And Ted was not alone in this. Many dogs dislike the scent of woodcock and will even refuse to retrieve them, though they will hunt them willingly enough.

Pointers, setters, spaniels; we have all known individuals of each breed that were good performers. While the really brilliant grouse dog is—and always has been—a rare item, it is not usually difficult to make a woodcock hunter of satisfactory ability out of almost any well-bred gun dog.

In woodcock hunting the gunner can be of assistance to the dog by studying the cover for "sign." When birds are in, this is very much in evidence and is unmistakable. Besides the holes in the soft loam, made by the bird's probing bill, there will be the telltale "chalkings" or "splatter." It is all to the advantage of the gunner that Johnathan's intestinal processess work with clock-like regularity; and without, as the radio announcers keep telling us, the need of harsh laxatives. You have only to give these chalkings the freshness test—with a twig or the toe of a boot—to know the chances of birds being in the cover.

If you happen to be without a dog some time you can do fairly well by yourself by simply studying the sign. When you come upon a fresh batch, look out!

It would be unfitting to close a

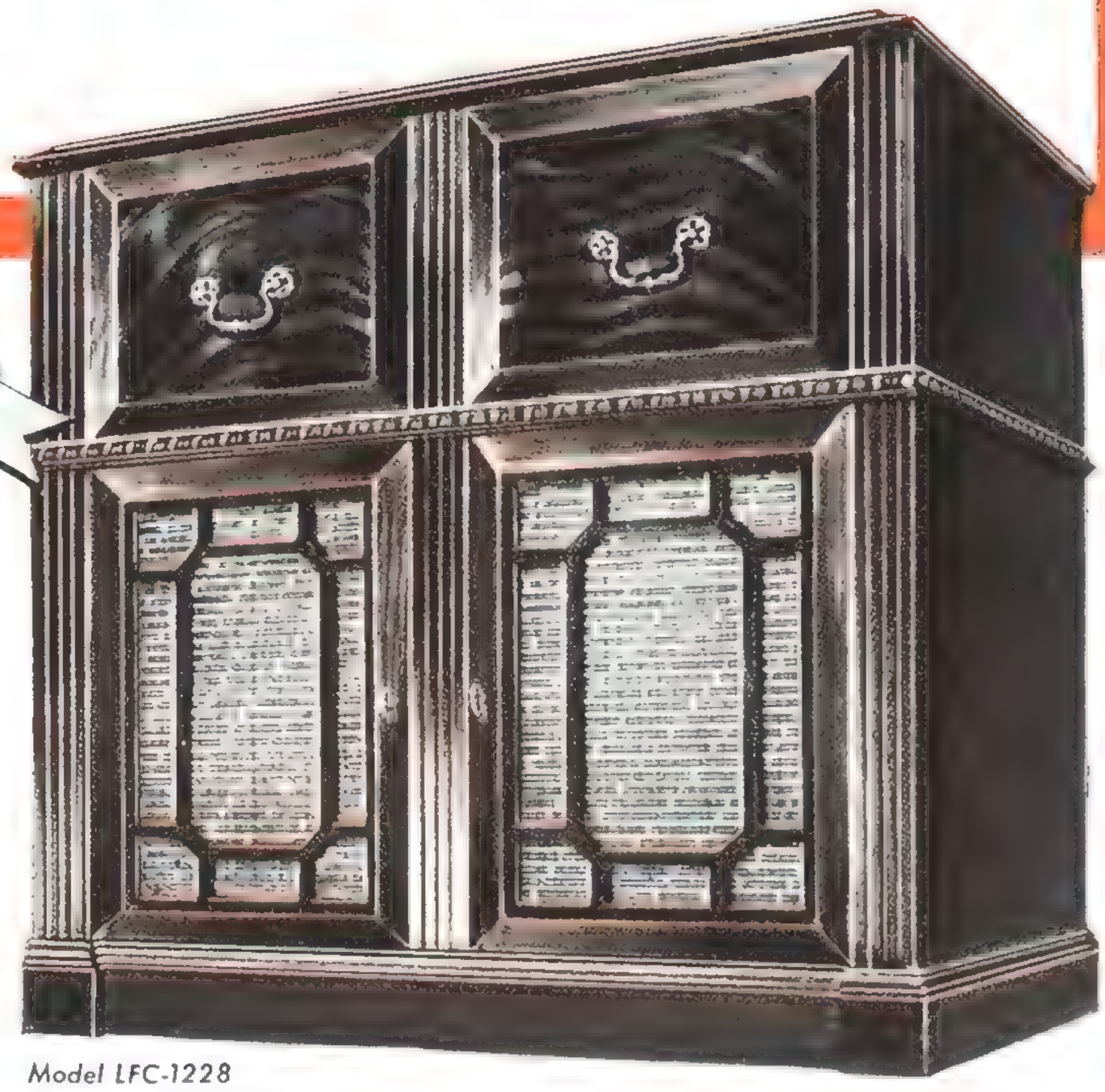
Continued at top of page 146

DON'T HAVE ONLY

"HALF-A-RADIO"

YOUR NEW RADIO SHOULD GIVE YOU ALL THIS

THE COMPLETE RADIO WITH **FM**



Model LFC-1228

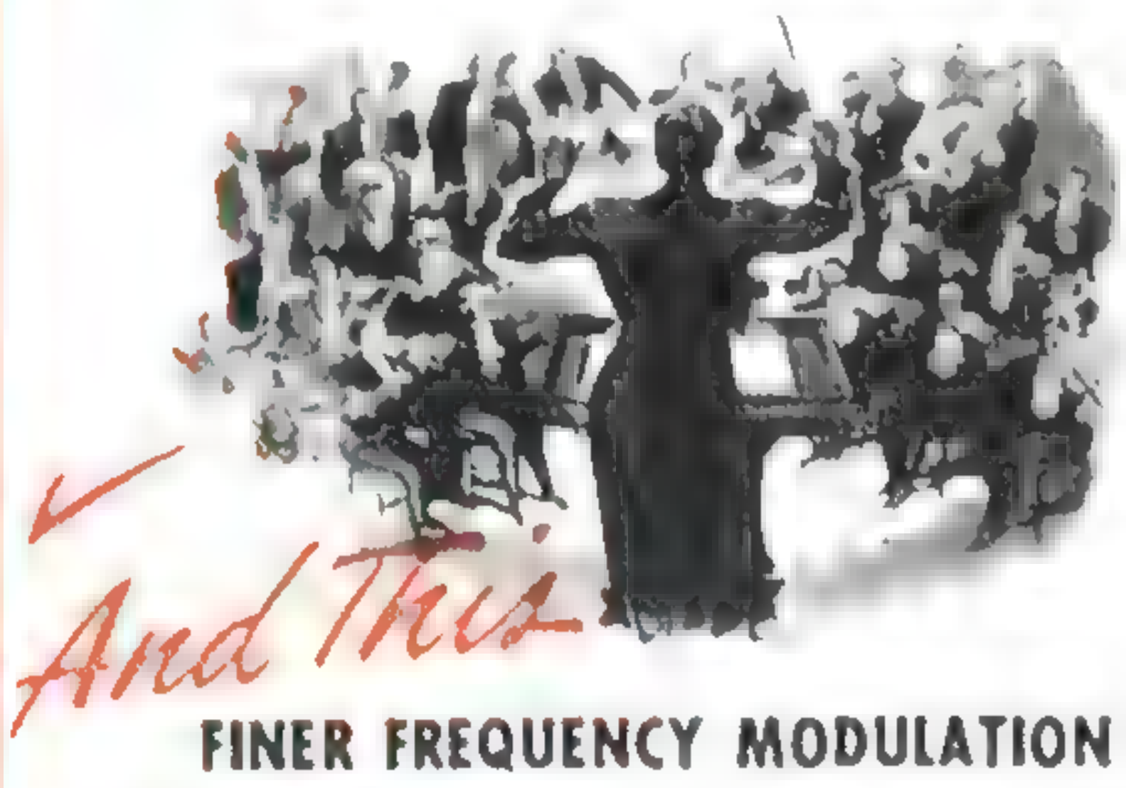
THE PIONEER IN FM RADIO

The first group of FM receivers used by Major Armstrong in perfecting Frequency Modulation was built by General Electric. And only G-E builds complete FM systems—both broadcast transmitters and receivers.

What is FM? Write for free booklet which explains simply how FM works. General Electric Co., Div. R-1211, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FINER DOMESTIC RECEPTION

Since FM *demands* higher standards of radio design, the new G-E gives you much finer reception of *all* programs. The same single-unit chassis that receives FM also brings you the standard and short-wave broadcasts.



FINER FREQUENCY MODULATION

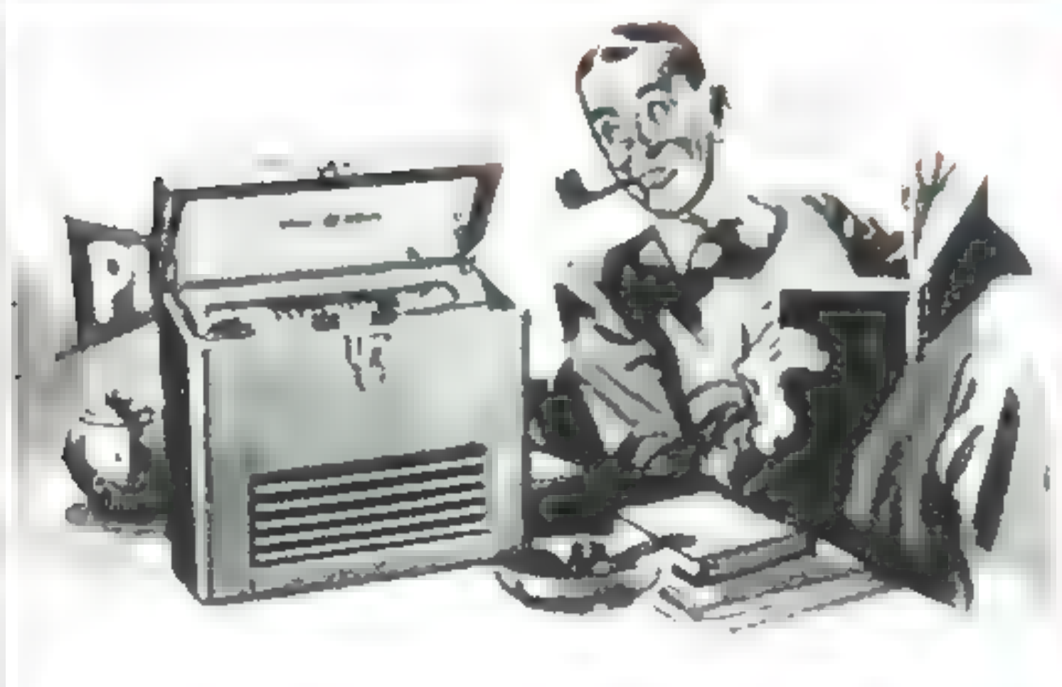
With FM you hear the overtones that bring music to life . . . overtones that conventional radio cannot bring you. G-E gives you genuine Armstrong FM that practically eliminates static.

BETTER REPRODUCTION OF RECORDS

The feather-weight tone-arm with its sapphire stylus ends needle changing and annoying surface noise. Records last indefinitely. Automatic record changer plays records a full half hour.

MORE POWERFUL SHORT WAVE

Programs direct from Europe and South America come in many times stronger than before. In fact, the new G-E has 2 to 3 times as much short-wave sensitivity as previous models.



An entirely new kind of radio

G-E SELF-CHARGING PORTABLE

This new G-E Portable has its own built-in Willard storage battery—and battery charger. No battery replacement worries! Charges as it plays on AC house current.

G-E builds a complete line of radios and radio phonographs, $12.95 to $645.00. *Prices subject to change without notice.*

STARTLING things have happened in radio—and in recorded music, too! If your set is more than three years old you're missing most of them. *Don't have only half a radio!*

You should hear the new General Electric Radio-Phonograph with FM (Frequency Modulation). With this *complete* radio you get *everything possible today* in both radio and phonograph entertainment.

Hear Frequency Modulation—the new kind of radio broadcasting that ordinary sets cannot bring in at all. FM gives you all the overtones that make music live! It practically eliminates static and station interference!

FM programs are not yet available in all areas, but be sure your new radio is an FM set nevertheless. For the quality of *all* your program reception will be greatly improved, and you probably will have FM programs too, before very long. Now is the time to buy. Hear a demonstration of this new General Electric *Complete Radio* with FM soon—today!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BOTANY
WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
BOTANY TIES WRINKLE PROOF
PLANNED PATTERNS
DESIGNED TO GO WITH YOUR SUITS
Tailored by Botany, famous for men's wear fabrics. If you can't locate a dealer... write us and we will direct you. Remember, they're WRINKLE-PROOF $1 and $1.50.
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • Ties • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • No-Dye-Lot Yarns • Certified Fabrics • Robes • Sportswear • Mufflers • Lanolin Beauty Aids

The Woodcock Are Down!

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piece on woodcock shooting without some mention of the gastronomic delights which await the successful sportsman. Epicures have long sung the praises of roast woodcock, and rightfully so. For it is to be doubted whether on the whole list of game a richer delicacy can be found. But between the shooting and the eating there is a gap which must be successfully bridged. Any item of food can be ruined by a bungling cook; and this is tragically true of game. I recall with horror the calamitous fate of a grand pair of Chesapeake brant, a present to my wife and me from a shooting friend. The birds were plucked and handed to a cook who said she knew just how to fix them. She did. She pot-roasted them for four hours! The disgusting mess looked like shrivelled buckskin and smelled like sludge oil.

Woodcock, like wildfowl, should be hung a reasonable time—three or four days in a cool, fly-free place. The flesh should have time to mature, like beef, but beyond that it is easy to step over the edge. Some profess to like "high" game. I have often wondered whether they really do. Me, I like smelly things like Camembert and Limburger when I know what they are. But something that smells like ripe cheese, when I know that it really isn't—well, excuse me, please.

Roasting is the traditional way to cook woodcock. But it is easy to dry out the birds if care is not taken. We much prefer broiling them, split open, in a grill over a fire of hardwood coals. It does something marvelous to the meat. Just a few minutes are sufficient; *don't* cremate them. Take them off the fire sizzling and sputtering, add salt and pepper, and go to it.

Um-m-m-m-m—*mama!* ⵌ

Vertès: Artist of Womankind

Continued from page 78

tions. Incidentally, he loves to drive. Whenever possible, he has avoided using railroads. He has owned and driven racing cars and he has always been fascinated by the prospect of stepping into his machine and making distance in fast time. Maybe he will drive around the corner, maybe to Versailles, or maybe to Warsaw. He knows the roads, which knowledge had an important bearing on his escape. For he made his flight through France on back roads which were practically deserted for hundreds of miles, while, on the paralleling main roads, streams of refugees were hindering the movements of the army and offering massed targets to German aviation, whenever convenient. As he was driving along, Vertès wondered why the French military hadn't routed the refugees onto these roads, keeping the main arteries free for military movement—another post-mortem inquiry for the French army. Only as they approached towns, where the main and back roads formed junctions, did Vertès see the panic-driven civilians. At the town of Sully, on the Loire, Vertès came to a halt, for rest. Rooms were not to be had. At the suggestion of Mme. Schiaparelli, whom he met at that place, he moved toward Biarritz, near which he remained for two weeks, the Germans coming closer. It was only then that Vertès knew he was leaving not only Paris, but France.

And the only way to get out was through Spain and Portugal, for both of which he had to obtain visas. Their consulates at both Biarritz and Bayonne were like Bastilles, besieged by thousands waiting for the precious stamp. They were cities in panic. In the midst of this terror and confusion, there came to Vertès a cable from *Harper's Bazaar*, for which, for years, he had been making fashion drawings: "Please design Suzy hat with Schiaparelli pink dress." The Schiaparellis had established themselves temporarily at Biarritz and in their salon Vertès made the sketches, drawing from a mannequin whose eyes were astream with tears, and who, every few moments, craned her neck to look out the window for the Nazis.

Along the streets and roads there were hundreds of abandoned cars, abandoned chiefly for lack of gasoline and causing no end of traffic jams. It was Vertès' good fortune, or, rather, his foresight, that at the time of the Munich crisis, in 1938, he had stocked up with gasoline, of which, on the day he left Paris, he had a 100-liter surplus in his car. One day a thunderstorm came up as Vertès, stalled in a traffic tie-up, was immobilized directly in front of the Bayonne Cathedral. A funeral procession was leaving the church when lightning flashed and a thunderbolt struck. The pallbearers dropped their burden into the gutter, and scattered. As Vertès was regarding this gruesome spectacle, a Parisian friend passing by shouted into his ear against the thunder and confusion: "Go to Hendaye, the Spanish Consulate is not so crowded, you'll get your visa there." Except for the dramatic circumstances, this was rather commonplace advice and Vertès went to Hendaye.

At the Spanish Consulate there he found only one hundred waiting, and at the head of the line Mr. and Mrs. Salvador Dali, bearing a ticket numbered 2. At Mrs. Dali's suggestion, Vertès was to save the time of waiting; she would leave her ticket for him under a garden step, from which, the next morning, he could retrieve it and thus get to the head of the line without difficulty. But during the night a terrific rainstorm blew up, which washed away both ticket and garden step. Vertès then looked up a demobilized army comrade whose home was in Hendaye. This comrade did not know the Spanish consul, but his child was a playmate of the consul's daughter, to whose governess the child led the artist in search of a visa. In the meantime he had obtained, as a necessary preliminary, an exit visa from Spain from the Portuguese consul in Bordeaux, at that time in Hendaye. But when he appeared before the Spanish consul with this visa, Vertès was informed that it was worthless, that the Portuguese official had gone insane, and that authority had been withdrawn from him. No Portuguese visa, no Spanish visa. In desperation Vertès returned to Biarritz and applied for, and obtained, a visa for French Morocco. What price now the deserted back roads of France and an adequate supply of gasoline?

For two days and two nights, Vertès, his wife and dog sat in the car facing the International Bridge that led to Irun and safety in Spain. For two days and two nights they were without food and water. For two days, two nights no car in front of them moved, for the Spanish frontier was closed. During this terrible vigil Vertès saw one couple run off raving mad with fear of the oncoming Germans. The second night the blackness on the French side was studded with lights, signal of the Armistice. The third morning the Spanish frontier was opened and the procession of visa holders crawled forward. At the barrier Vertès was told that he could remain in Spain only three days, then off he must go to French Morocco. At Irun he heard a voice: "Chère maître, don't you remember me?" It was a Spanish officer, a bibliophile, who had bought books of Vertès' drawings. The artist recounted his difficulty. The officer asked for his papers and told him to wait awhile. Within an hour he was back with documents which permitted Vertès to take ship for the United States.

He did not now have to go through Portugal. He would take boat from San Sebastien. At that port he learned that the next westward-sailing ship would leave in two weeks. The one free cabin remaining would be reserved for him on payment of one thousand dollars in American money, which would buy passage for car and dog as well as for his wife. He cabled his New York bank for the money, his own money. The bank's reply told him that all French credits in the United States had been frozen, meaning no American money for Vertès. "Will ask Washington." Daily he looked for the cable which never came, while the line kept the reservation in his name. The day before the ship was to sail Vertès walked with leaden feet to ask the line to cancel his reservation. Something in his voice, in his bearing, attracted the attention of a little old man further up on the line. "You're in trouble?" surmised the little old man. Vertès explained he needed one thousand dollars. The old man said: "I'll give it to you."

On the road and in Biarritz and Bayonne and along the line to the Spanish frontier and beyond, Vertès had seen so many cracked persons that he was convinced that this little old man was slightly balmy, at least. The old man promised to bring it to him at his hotel, that noon. No, said Vertès, let me go with you; why should you put yourself to further trouble on my account. The little old man insisted that he would bring the thousand. At noon he came with the money, refusing to take check or I.O.U. In a time of trouble such as this, he explained, man should help his fellows. He did not look the type but he was the nearest thing to an angel from Heaven Vertès had ever met. He was a Chilean by the name of Lopez, which is comparable to being a Middle Westerner by the name of Brown. Vertès made the boat, spent a month on the high seas coming via Cuba, arriving in New York, August 4, 1940. He plunged into work.

For example, there was that piece of needlepoint he threw into the car at the last moment of panic departure from Paris. One day Mrs. Carmel Snow, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, visiting Vertès' studio, picked up the square of tapestry and remarked what a pity it was that no modern artist had troubled to make designs to be executed in this medium. The suggestion germinated in Vertès' supple and inventive mind. The next day he drew a watercolor sketch of flowers with faces and heads as centerpieces. Altogether he made designs for needlepoint for about thirty purposes, for example, a sleeping angel for the head of a bed. He made designs for a woman's country house boots, for a mirror, for fire-screen, for cushions, footstool, for decorative table covers, for covers for scrap and telephone books, for a letter-holder, and for other uses. On a royalty basis the designs were turned over to Mrs. Lucy Newman, expert in the field, whose needlepoint workers have sewed thousands of pieces based on the Vertès sketches. With the publication in *Harper's Bazaar* of several pages in color of the executed designs, women all over the country became aware of these modern treatments of an old medium and orders came in from places as far away as the Canal Zone, not to mention Hollywood.

Vertès is one of the few people for whom the devil does not have to find work. Passing by a Fifth Avenue department store window he regarded the mannequins awhile and then went inside. To someone in authority he pointed out that the American girl was a smiling, attractive creature, not sad, sophisticated and sneering, and thereafter he made the designs for mannequins, executing them himself in the studios of Mrs. Ruth Copeland. He has been

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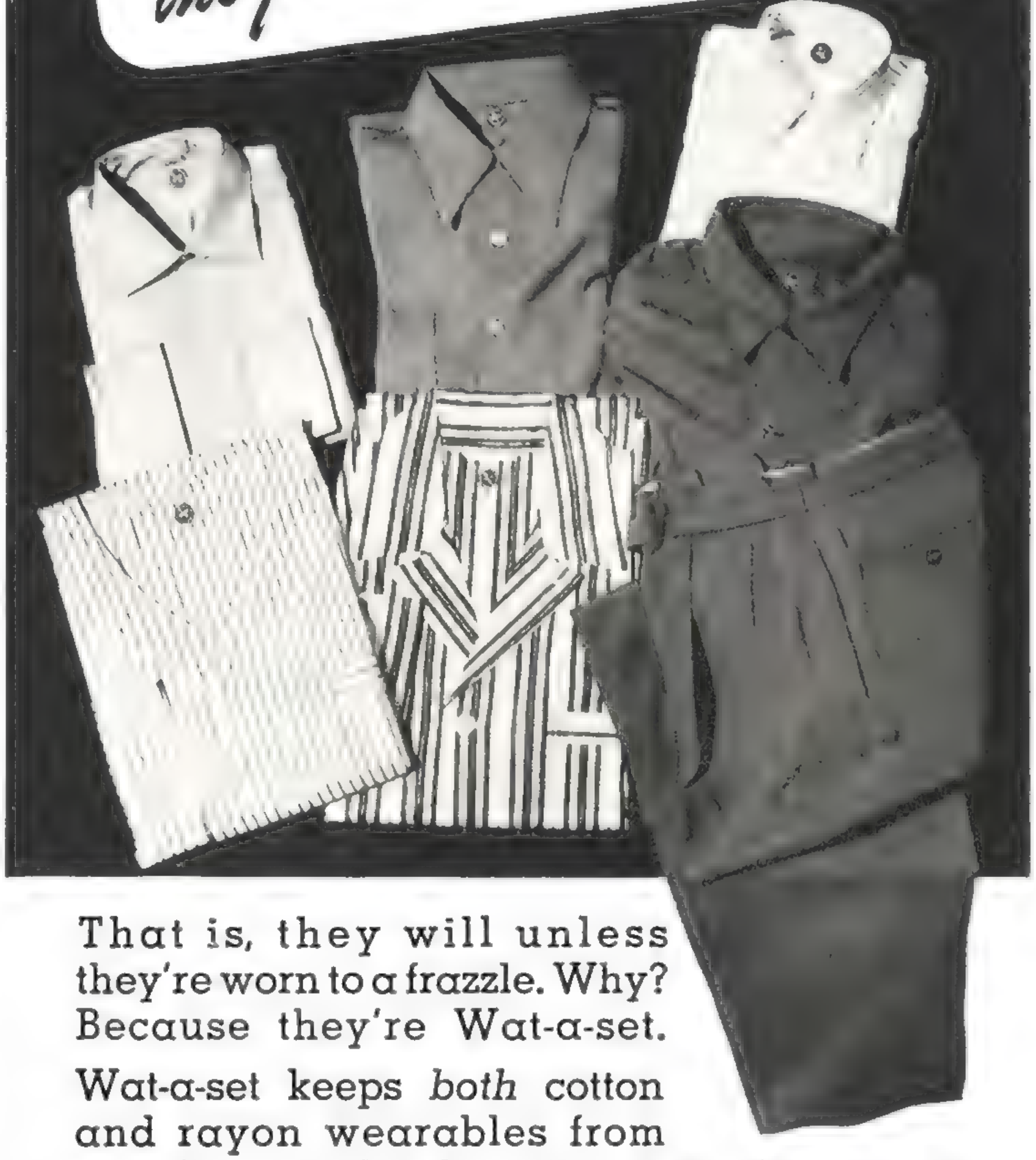
A YEAR FROM NOW

They'll look the same and they'll be the same size!



That is, they will unless they're worn to a frazzle. Why? Because they're Wat-a-set.

Wat-a-set keeps *both* cotton and rayon wearables from stretching or shrinking out of fit; skewing or sagging out of shape; or fading into dinginess. It also keeps them from taking on that "dead fabric" look which must show up after many launderings unless Wat-a-set is in them to restore color, weave and newness after every laundering.

Wat-a-set (pronounce it "water set") is something you can't see, smell or feel but it is *in* the fabric of all shirts, pajamas and sportswear identified by this label —

MINIMIZES SHRINKAGE Wat-a-set A DURABLE WASHABLE FINISH

Wat·a·set

STAYS IN THE FABRIC UNTIL GARMENT IS WORN OUT. NEVER NEEDS RENEWING.

Ever See A Cold, Wet Penguin?

No? And you'll never see a cold, wet sportsman in Wat-a-tite out-of-doors wear. Wat-a-tite gives fabrics the wind resisting, water-repelling qualities of a penguin's feathers! Its *in* the cloth to stay. Neither washing nor dry-cleaning removes its resistant qualities. It assures retention of *all* the original fabric strength — does not change the soft, silky feel. For style and comfort, buy ski clothes, zipper jackets, raincoats and hunting togs that carry the Wat-a-tite label.

WATER REPELLENT
WIND RESISTANT
Wat-a-tite
CLEANABLE

Mount Hope Finishing Company
NORTH DIGHTON, MASS.

New Cream Prevents Perspiration Stains and Odor... ...Vanishes At Once!

...already a habit with thousands of men

MOST shipping clerks and truck drivers don't do anything about under-arm odor or perspiration stains. But clever salesmen, executives and professional men take no chances!—they use a good under-arm deodorant.

As one doctor says, "Ignorance may be bliss, but it does not make you very good company."

Men who take pride in good grooming know that it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor and shirt stains. No wonder thousands of men have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the preferred masculine deodorant for these five important reasons:

1. *It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.*
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10¢ store or department store. 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ a jar.

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Vertès: Artist of Womankind

Continued from pages 78-147

painting two murals for the Dallas department store of Niemann-Marcus and he is preparing a book of his drawings, to be reproduced through color lithography, under the title of *The Stronger Sex*, with an introduction by Janet Flanner. This is to be published by the Hyperion Press in an edition limited to two thousand. It is Vertès' peculiar advantage that he sees, and draws, women as both men and women like to see them, rarely with any under-emphasis of their sexual lure, and often with a touch of the perverse and the corrupt. Among his other chores, he draws regularly for *Harper's Bazaar* and for the Schiaparelli firm. He has done jobs for the movies, too, for French, English and American. It was he who designed the costumes for Korda's *Thief of Bagdad*, and the sets and costumes for *The Mikado* and, more recently, he has been at work on the costumes for Korda's Gay Nineties film, *The Illusion*.

Vertès' contact with Korda goes back almost to his boyhood in Budapest, where Korda was publishing a movie paper on a shoestring. The young artist-to-be had first planned to become an engineer, during which phase, around 1910, he helped a *gymnasium* professor construct planes, and himself built aircraft models. There was a spell in technical school, then he tried to become a sculptor and after awhile he landed in the life class of an evening art school, the Beaux Arts having found him unacceptable. Vertès was still in his teens when he began drawing for publication, and taking part in the life of the cafés, which were also clubs and offices. His first transactions with Korda the editor should go into the next revised edition of a history of the moving picture. For a one-page drawing Korda paid Vertès with one cup of coffee and for a double-page spread, two cups, and if the editor liked the drawing very much, the artist could order a pastry, too. Soon, however, Vertès came into real money, for he began drawing for a stock exchange paper and in almost no time at all his drawings were being published in dailies and weeklies all over Budapest. He did cartoons, comic strips, sketches, caricatures, all with the greatest of ease. Under another name he drew covers for a comic weekly that was being regularly suppressed by the police as pornographic, this at an age when his parents hid their copies from their young son for fear he might be corrupted. When he was seventeen he was earning so much money that he rented a huge limousine, with a chauffeur, although he had no place to go.

Came the war and he volunteered, being assigned to a machine gun unit with which he served on the Russian front. However, it was Venus rather than Mars whom he served, for the only blood that he gave his Fatherland was that which he lost during an incision of the abdomen, which he suffered during a leave to Budapest. There he fell in love and wishing to stay a little longer pretended to require an appendix operation. An officer friend of the surgical staff, himself a Don Juan, collaborated in the deception, to give color to which he performed the incision. Before the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Vertès took part in the revolutionary activities which brought it tumbling down; he designed posters for peace and against the Empire, working in a secret print shop at night and using the occasion to perfect his technique on the lithographic stone. When the Communist revolution of Bela Kun succeeded that of Count Karolyi, Vertès started walking in the direction of Vienna where he became immediately and continuously successful as a poster artist.

A year later, in 1921, he left for Paris. In a few months his surplus funds gave out and he and his wife had to live on the most meager of rations in the luxurious villa near Neuilly whose rent he had paid in advance. It was not until 1925 that his first break came, with the publication of his first book of lithographic drawings, *Dancings*, a report on the elegant night club life of Paris, which won recognition for him when M. Pellet, the editor of Toulouse-Lautrec, took him up as the continuator of the Lautrec tradition in lithography. *Dancings* was the first volume in a series of finely printed books of drawings in limited editions and of novels which he illustrated, among the authors with whom he worked being Colette, Carco, Morand and MacOrlan. He was greatly interested in variations on the techniques of etching and lithography on which he has invented a number of alterations.

Marcel Vertès declares that his private life is one of the most simple and that his drawings of the world of elegance do not indicate participation in it. "If I go out to see people, I go out as a hunter." It is wrong, says he, to live in your subject matter; to do so brings loss of perspective. His philosophical rationalization for what is probably his instinctive preference is that "the elegant people are most distinctive symptoms and symbols of the times." He declares that he is not a mundane person, although his art is. "All my eccentricities are in my work." He is an excellent illustrator in the tradition of Europe, which is accustomed to having the very best available artists draw for the papers, and for advertising agencies. He is an illustrator in the tradition not only of Lautrec, but also of Pascin and Picasso, but he will always be a follower since the risks of innovation are not for him. ††

The Mighty Hjalmarson

Continued from page 71

a day's long labor. Reward, indeed!

Taking up his blood-stained scythe, Hjalmar walked across the field of rye, through the forest, and a while later strode up to the white cottage where lived Inga Torkel with her aged mother.

"Come out, Inga," roared Hjalmar as he knocked hard on the door with his bare fist. Never had he felt such pleasure as now with the crash of his knuckles on the thick pine.

And when the girl came tumbling from the cottage, fastening her dress as she came, he cried—

"See, Inga, one has always told you he would some day be a great man. When the Master gives me my reward, we shall be rich."

"Has the hot sun touched you?" the girl exclaimed.

"Inga," he said as he sat down on a tree stump and looked mightily at the girl. Queer that he should have been afraid of her . . . he felt no fear now. "Inga," he repeated, "a strange thing has taken place. One has been spoken to by the Master."

Inga looked at him and her pink and white face clouded with doubt.

"Look," Hjalmar said as he handed the card of the Master to the girl.

"It is very beautiful," she agreed, "but what does it say?"

The broad, gentle mouth of Hjalmar broke into a great laugh. "What does it say? What does it say but that one is to be given a great reward for saving the Master. What does it say! Ay, the maid asks it!"

Hjalmar thumped his right knee so hard that the bones cracked.

"One has just killed a bear," he said solemnly, warming up to the telling, "such a bear as no man ever killed before. He was big, like the great bear in the sky. And he was wounded and very strong. I killed him with my own two hands. And it was the Master himself that I was saving. He will give me a fine reward for this, you can well believe."

Inga looked up into his flushed, pinkish face. Never had he acted this way before, not even at fair time when he had drunk too much of akvavit.

"Come," he said, "you shall go with me to the Great House of the Master. You will see how great men pay their rewards."

And so they set off together, Hjalmar with eyes sparkling and with arms swinging, and Inga also flushed from the strange, unnatural excitement, and a little proud, too. The first house they passed was that of Olav Bjornn.

"Come out, Olav Bjornn," shouted Hjalmar from the outer gate.

And Olav came out, a tottering man, thin of face and bald of head, with deep sunken eyes and a pallor on his skin. But no better runner on skis was there in all Gudbrand than Olav Bjornn and no man so good for wielding an axe. Olav owned four cows and lived on the milk and butter and cheese they provided for him. Among the bönder of the district he was a man to be respected.

Hjalmar silently held out the card which the Master had given him. Olav took it wonderingly and looked it all over, studying the fine fat words that were scrawled on it and screwing up his thin, narrow eyes over the gold seal.

"And what does it mean?" he asked finally.

Hjalmar shrugged his huge shoulders. He was beginning to enjoy his unexpected position and glad at last to be able to speak up to Bjornn who was one of the valley's most prominent men.

"It means," he said, "that one is soon to be rewarded by the great Master. One has killed a huge and powerful bear, and saved the Master. Perhaps one will get six cows as reward!"

Olav Bjornn looked at Hjalmar and smiled weakly. "Six cows, you say? That is more than I have, and all my life I have worked to own four cows. It must be a great service you did!"

"One saved his life," Hjalmar stated slowly and proudly. Already the picture of what had happened was fading from his mind. He was finding it difficult to remember what had actually happened. But here was the card with the gold seal and the round, scrawled words—proof enough.

Holding up his head and stretching taut the stuff of his shirt, he replied solemnly, "One saved the Master from being torn to pieces by a bear."

Olav Bjornn looked off toward the rear of his house to the small, earth-packed building where he kept his cattle. "Six cows," he muttered to himself.

"Come with us to the Great House," Hjalmar urged Olav and his broad-hipped wife and their five children who had joined them on the road. "One goes to collect his reward."

Thus, a few minutes later when they passed the farm of Anders Magnusson, there were nine to call the farmer from his fields.

Magnusson was a big gnarled man like an oak that has grown large in spite of the rocky soil. He was a man of land, land which had been in his family for ten generations.

"One is going to the Great House for his reward," Hjalmar Hjalmarson greeted the farmer with respect. "Today when the Master was in the forest, a bear attacked him and had ripped his horse to death. One rushed forward, seized the bear from behind and fought him with bare hands. One broke the back of the bear . . . . like this . . ."

And saying so, Hjalmarson broke between his hands the thick wooden gate bar.

"Perhaps," he added as his

Continued on page 150

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The Mighty Hjalmarson

Continued from pages 71-149

eyes went slowly over the green fields of the farmer, "perhaps the Master will give me fields . . . forty acres it may be. The Master is cousin of the King, and the King's cousin is naturally rich."

Hjalmar plowed a furrow of thought across his broad forehead and he looked back at the farmer.

"Forty acres of fields, you say?" Anders Magnusson murmured. "My family has been owner of this land for ten generations and always we have worked for more land. And now, after ten generations, we have but thirty acres. You will have more than we, Hjalmar Hjalmarson."

"One goes to the Great House for the reward," Hjalmar replied and motioned for all to follow.

And as the crowd behind him grew, Hjalmar stopped again and now to retell the story of the fight with the bear. And with each telling the truth slipped further and further back into the misty recesses of his mind. Each time the tale was told, Hjalmar became more courageous in the story and the promised reward grew greater in value. It was like an intoxicating round after round of heavy drink. His poor brain was like whirling water in a fjord when the tide moves in, and to hide the fear that now began to hover over him as they drew closer to the Great House, his voice boomed out more heroics in the deed and greater promises that the grateful Master had made him.

And always with each new addition to the crowd the card was passed around. Fingered and looked over on both sides, there was no one with skill to read the letters, fat with meaning and rich with hope.

Finally the crowd halted, and with shaking knees, Hjalmar Hjalmarson went on alone the last few feet to the gate through the stone fence around the Great House. At the gate he turned and waved, his fears for the moment forgotten.

He, the Mighty Hjalmarson, was to get his reward. This was his moment of triumph. But as he went through the gate the fears returned. Faintly through his foggy, thick mind came the suspicion that he may have done wrong in bringing all these bönder with him. What if the reward were only a small thing . . . what if he got no reward at all . . .!

He went through the gate and with hesitating steps walked up the stone path to the Great House. A house-carl approached him.

"One has a message from the Master for the keeper of the armor," Hjalmar said as he awkwardly extended the card.

The house-carl glanced at it, looked up at Hjalmar, grinned, and motioned for him to follow. Around the house they walked, back to a low, rambling building in the rear. Hjalmar could hear from within the sound of a hammer on anvil, the roar of bellows at the forge, the crash of metal on metal. Inside the building, the house-carl led Hjalmar into a many-raftered room in which a dozen bare-armed men were working at anvils, fashioning swords and battle axes and intricate mail. To a grey haired man he was led.

"One brings a message from the Master," Hjalmar stated haltingly.

The grey haired man looked at the card, reading the words slowly as with difficulty, and looked back at the huge man before him.

"Do you know what is written on this card?" he asked.

"It is promise of a reward I've come to get," Hjalmar replied, as he bowed his head slightly.

"Aye, and what a reward," the chief armorer cried to his helpers, laughing loudly. "Strip this man to the waist and tie his hands to the beam here. A reward he wants and a reward he will get. The card is in the Master's own hand and it says to give him twenty lashes with the whip. Lay on men. A reward he wants and a reward he will get."

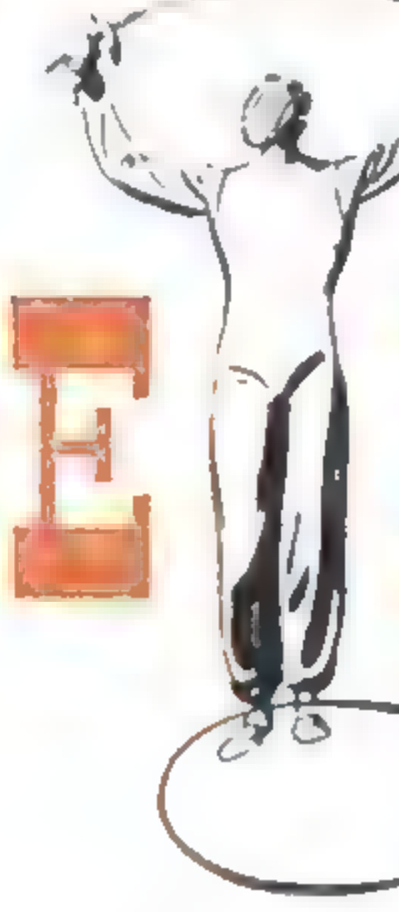
A few minutes later, Hjalmar Hjalmarson was released, his back raw and bloody where the whip had torn his flesh to shreds. But more than the pain of his tortured body was the thought of Inga Torkel and of the crowd of his friends outside, waiting for him to come out with the great reward, with six cows, with forty acres of land, with riches enough for both him and Inga.

He struggled wearily into his clothes. Every motion sent sharp piercing pains through him. Slowly and bewildered, he stumbled out of the armorer's building with the men's laughter following him. Around the house he went and down the path toward the gate.

His triumph was a cruel salt on his lips. All would laugh at him now for his foolish tale. And Inga, even Inga, would laugh . . . Inga, whom he could once have beaten and won as a man should win a woman. But now—

From outside the gate he could hear the rumble of talk. His friends were waiting for him to tell the story of his reward.

And then, at that lowest moment of despair with the whole house of cards ready to fall about his ears, just before he reached the gate an idea came to Hjalmar



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and he suddenly straightened his pain-filled back. The mists that had clouded his brain swept away like fog in the fjord before a sudden squall of summer rain. Calm his eyes became and firm his step. Then he came to the gate and strode through it.

"The Mighty Hjalmarson has returned!" he shouted and all turned to stare at him for what he was to say. "That is what the Master himself called one—The Mighty Hjalmarson!"

"The six cows, did you get them?" Olav Bjornn cried out.

"The forty acres, where are they located?" Anders Magnusson, the farmer, asked.

"One has received a greater reward," Hjalmar replied haughtily. "The Master is great and good. And as for what he gave me as reward, this much one can say. It was a gift given to me by the chief armorer and it is something which none of you has ever had. What it is, I promised the Master never to tell. And I never shall. And now, one has much to tell Inga Torkel who will walk with me alone."

As the others slowly left, casting back curious and wondering glances, Inga came to Hjalmar Hjalmarson and, saying nothing, took hold of his great, strong arm. And, just as at the gate the mists had left his brain, a calm and deep peace settled down over him.

"Inga," he said slowly, no longer afraid of this pale, slender girl, "one would like to have you for his wife."

"And to share in the reward?" she asked.

Flexing his muscles eagerly, he looked down at her from his masculine heights, and said, "Aye, and share in the reward." ⌗

The Master Drillmaster

Continued from page 40

up. He drove them hard, with no rest for the weary. "In our European armies," Steuben declared, "a man who has been drilled for three months is called a recruit. Here in two months I must have a soldier." Nobody knew better that time was of the essence. Only the fact that the British armies in Philadelphia and New York were too comfortable in their winter quarters to march out and crush the Americans gave him this opportunity. Trim in his regimentals, not tall but of fine soldierly bearing, the Baron put the rank and file through their paces. American officers, following the British custom, had been leaving drilling to the sergeants. Not so Steuben. He seized a musket and himself demonstrated the manual of arms. As the awkward squads fumbled and milled about, the drillmaster's placid Teutonic countenance would turn from pink to purple, and he would shout for his American aide, letting fly in three languages:

"*Viens, mon ami* Walker, *viens, mon bon ami. Sacre* goddam *de gaucheries* of dese *badauds. Je ne puis plus*—I can no more curse them! *Die Dummerkopfe* vill not do what I bide dem!" Whereupon he begged Captain Walker to swear at them for him in English.

The Americans took it from this foreigner, who could not even speak their language, and liked it. There was never a moment of monotony when Steuben drilled a company. The men laughed at him and loved him and worked themselves to exhaustion for him. Officers stopped threatening to resign and asked to serve under him. Blustering brigadiers never dared open their mouths except to repeat his orders. Yet it is of record that the strict old Prussian apologized before the whole command to a lieutenant whom he had bawled out and then discovered to have been right. He further endeared himself when, after the treason of Benedict Arnold, someone in the ranks answered to that name at roll call. Steuben ordered the man to step forward.

"Change your name, soldier," he advised. "You are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor."

"What name shall I take, General?" the man asked.

"Take any other. Mine is at your service," the General offered. The soldier, re-enrolled as Frederick William Steuben, received five dollars a month and a tract of land from his sponsor.

Steuben actually made drill popular. The company of 100 picked men, which he trained as a crack drill unit, aroused the envy and emulation of the entire army to whom the Baron displayed its smart marching, proudly chanting, "Von, two, tree, four."

Yet no one man, not even the indefatigable Steuben, was able in person to train the whole army. The method by which he managed was every night to write out the drill regulations to be used the next day. Written by the Baron in German, they proceeded through a remarkable transmutation. Successive officer-linguists translated them first into bad French, then into good French, next into poor English and finally into good English, from which ordeal they somehow successfully emerged. There being no printing presses with the army, hundreds of individual copies were penned in orderly books from which they were again transcribed by the assistant drillmasters. The Baron himself learned each stint by heart in English to sputter at his men next morning.

Thus evolved and ultimately printed was a little volume, prescribed by Act of Congress, which has been justly termed one of the most influential books in our history. Some of the text (illustrated by Major L'Enfant, who later planned the city of Washington) is now, of course, quaint and obsolete, such as the commands, *Take care to fire by battalion!* or *Quit your right stirrups!* or the series of orders required for the

Continued on page 152

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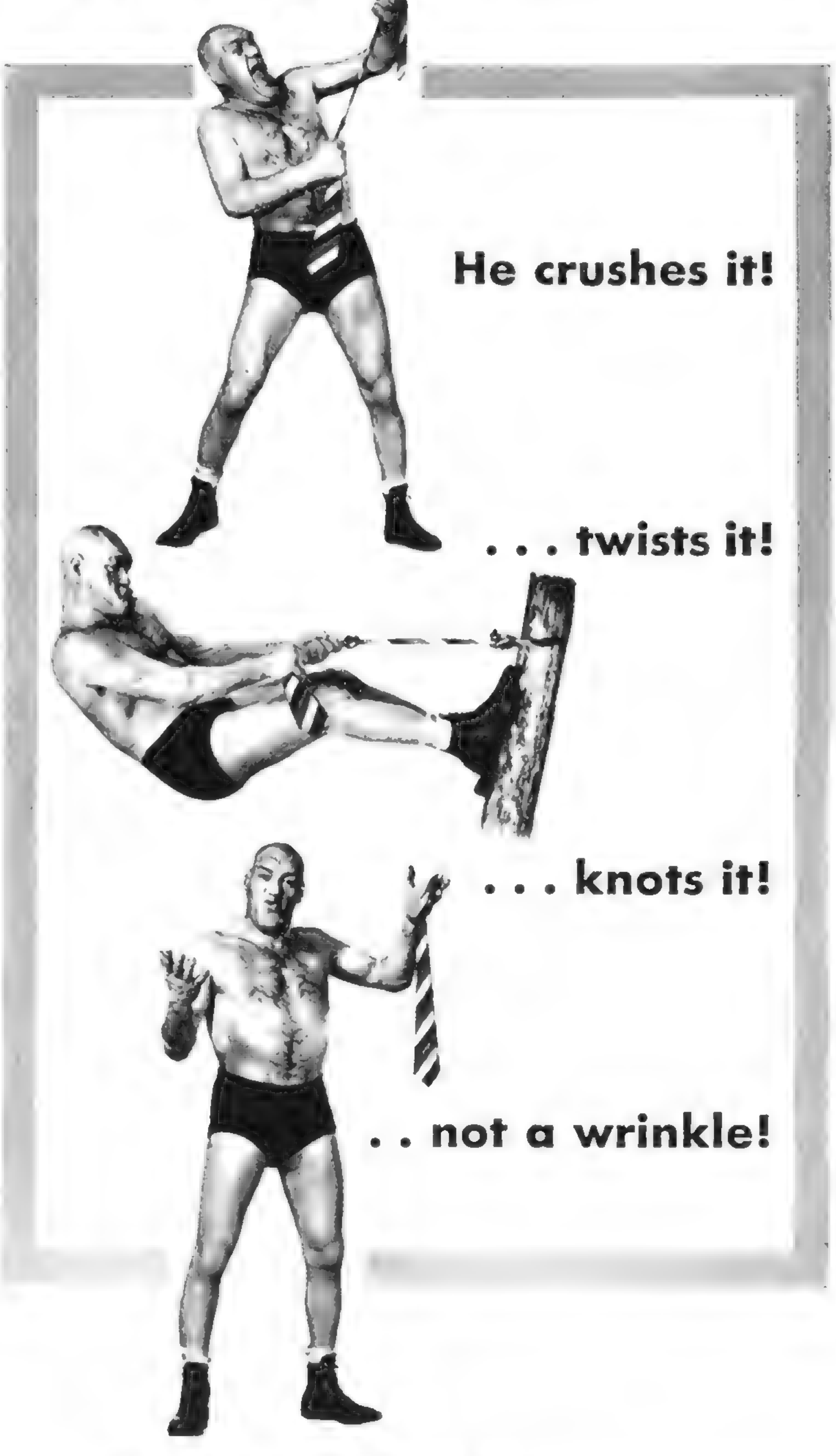
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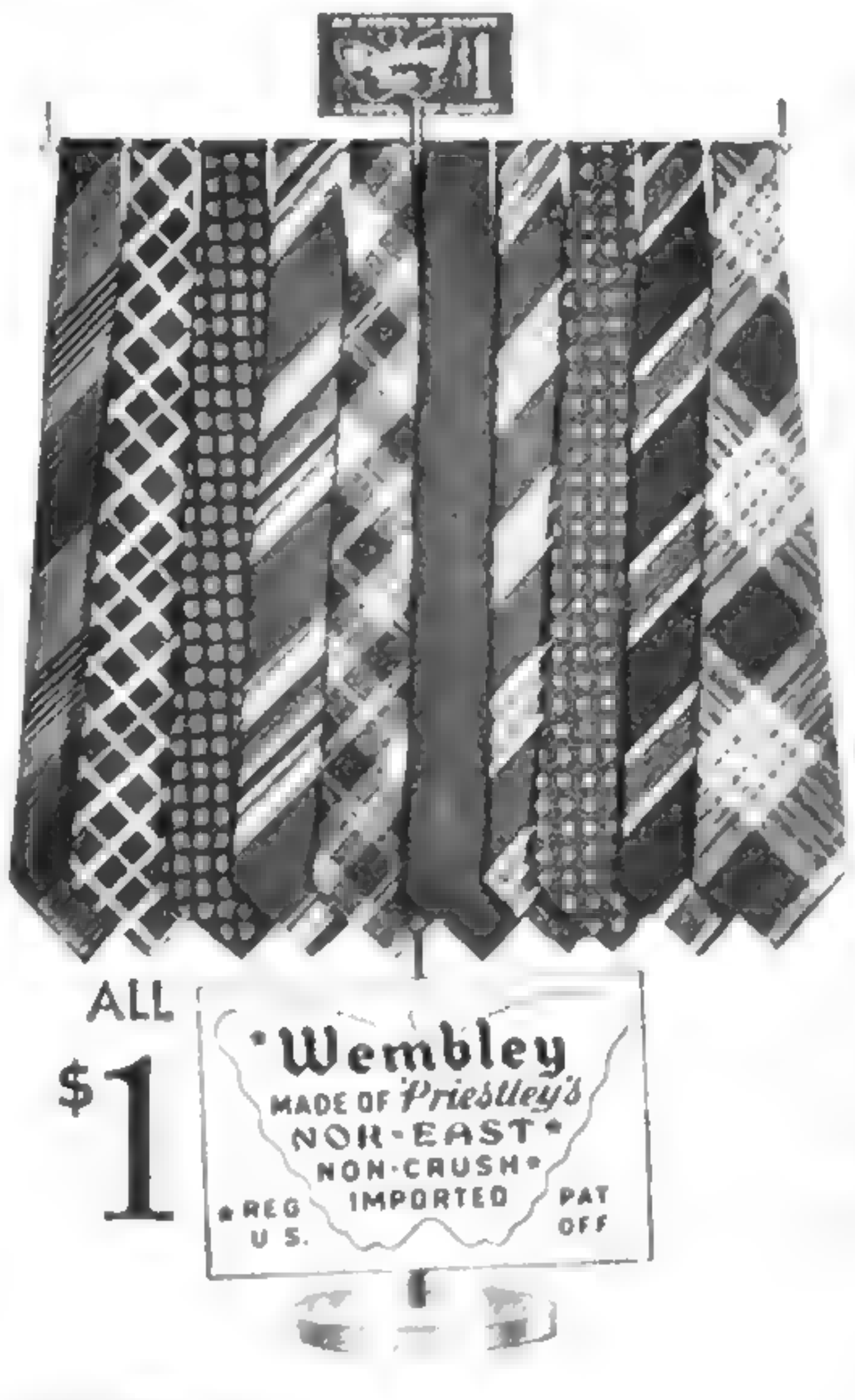

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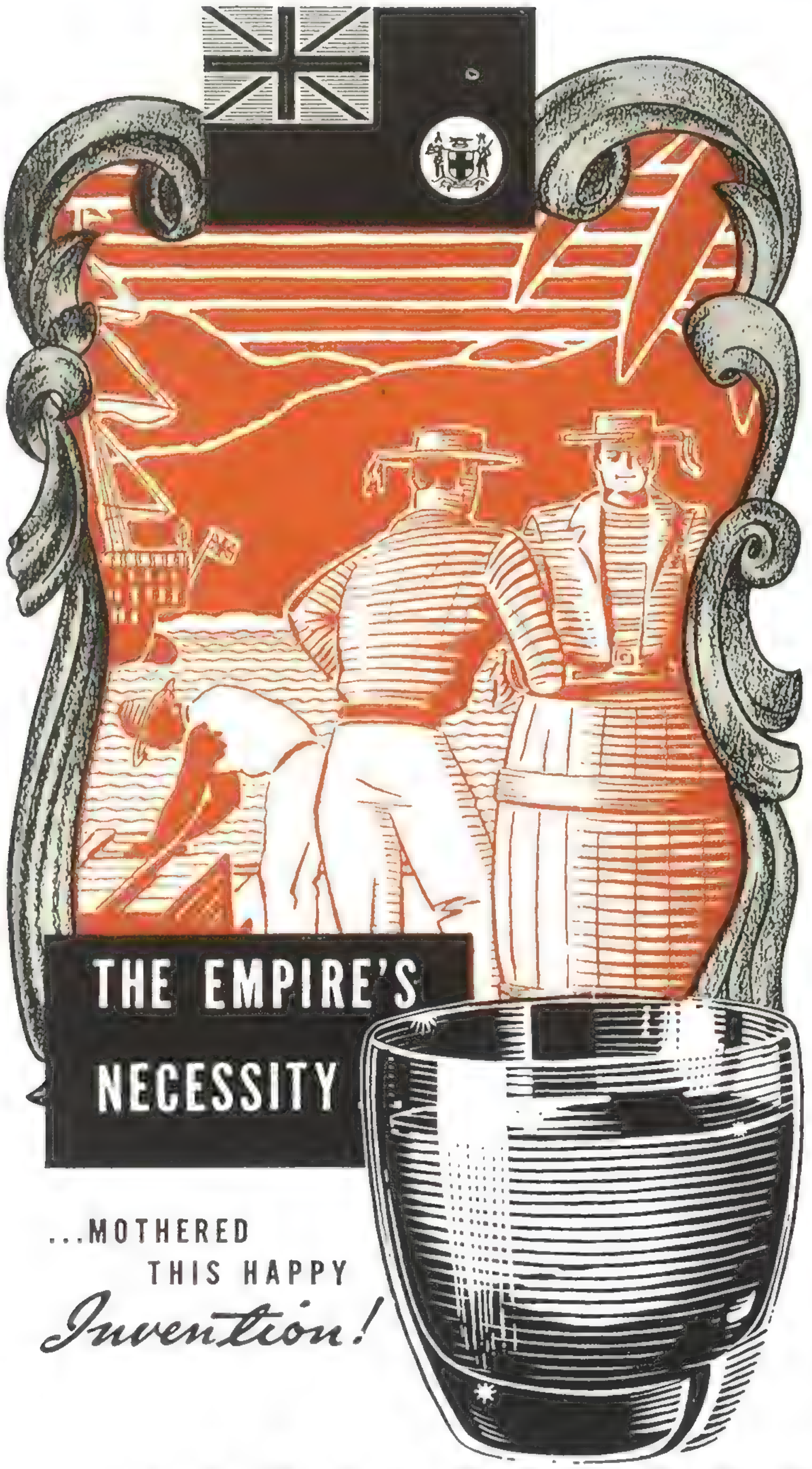

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The Master Drillmaster

Continued from pages 40-151

complicated process of loading a musket: *Poise—firelock! Handle—cartridge! Prime! Shut-pan! Charge with cartridge! Draw—rammer! Ram down—cartridge! Return—rammer!* (That was what a soldier had to go through in 1776 to be able to "give them ball for ball from behind each fence and farmyard wall.") But much of Steuben's regulations are as good as ever as, for instance, his observations on camp sanitation, guard duty, and the necessity that officers curtail their baggage to keep down the size of the wagon train. His dictum: "The field-pieces attached to the different brigades must always remain with them" foreshadowed our new triangular divisions in which an artillery battalion is grouped in close support with each infantry regiment.

Steuben's instructions for officers and non-com's should still be in the manuals. He counselled captains that "There is nothing which gains an officer the love of his soldiers more than his care of them under the distress of sickness." Here is a section on the duty of a lieutenant:

"He should endeavour to gain the love of his men, by his attention to everything which may contribute to their health and convenience. He should often visit them at different hours; inspect their manner of living; see that their provisions are good and well cooked, and as far as possible oblige them to take their meals at regular hours. He should pay attention to their complaints; and when well-founded, endeavor to get them redressed; but discourage them from complaining on every frivolous occasion.

"He must not suffer the soldiers to be ill-treated by the non-commissioned officers through malevolence, or for any pique or resentment; but must also be careful that a proper degree of subordination is kept between them."

First sergeants "should take great pains to impress upon their men the indispensable necessity of the strictest obedience, as the foundation of order and regularity." (How thoroughly and enthusiastically top sergeants took to that one, has never been doubted by any private on whom "great pains" have been taken.)

It was Steuben who made bayonet-fighters out of Americans; previously they had been using that weapon as a toaster. He taught them, too, to march in broader columns than their accustomed single or Indian file which strung them out too far and made the rear late in coming into action.

Working against time, the Baron turned the trick. In from five to six weeks he wrought wonders. His feat is called by one authority "perhaps the most remarkable achievement in rapid military training in the history of the world," while another declares that he "bestowed upon our ragged troops the greatest gift they could have received—the gift of discipline." It bore fruit when Lafayette made a foray, and the British thought they had him trapped; instead, our well-trained troops withdrew in good order. It saved the day at the Battle of Monmouth when Sir Henry Clinton, retreating from Philadelphia to New York, was attacked by Washington. A great chance for an American victory was lost when Gen. Charles Lee, the English soldier of fortune who had espoused the American cause, ineptly or treacherously ordered a retreat. But Washington galloped forward and, aided by Steuben, reformed the Continentals, turning a rout into a hard fought draw. Clinton, however, escaped. At the court-martial which suspended Lee from command, Steuben testified against him and was slurred by Lee as having been only a distant spectator at the battle. Whereupon the indignant Baron suggested a duel in which he would be "no distant spectator but desire to see you as near and as soon as possible." Lee didn't care for the idea.

The Baron fought on through the war. Though Washington, because of the jealousy of other generals, was never able to give his Inspector General as important a line command as he deserved, Steuben was immensely useful. In him the Americans possessed a trained General Staff officer more than a century before Secretary of War Elihu Root established the General Staff of our army. At Yorktown, Steuben led a division. After the surrender, he wished to give a dinner for captured British officers but he was without funds, for he had been contributing largely to the support of the destitute families of his soldiers. Having already hocked his watch, the Baron forthwith sold his horse and entertained handsomely.

Washington's last official act as Commander-in-Chief was to write Steuben a letter commending his invaluable services to the cause. After demobilization, the veteran drillmaster helped in organizing the militia establishment and in planning West Point. Belatedly he received an annual pension of $2,500 and a land grant. Honored by his adopted country he had served so well, he died in 1794.

Steuben after the Revolution had vainly protested the reduction of our Regular Army to one company of artillery. It was an unfortunate and costly custom we would continue to follow after all our wars. But the spirit the old Prussian instilled in the American soldier lived on, enabling us to overcome our unpreparedness in training before it was too late. It was our mainstay when we fought his fellow-countrymen in 1918 and it is strong today, giving us courage and reassurance that we shall be ready to defend our land against any foe. ##

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Ride of the Two Thieves

Continued from page 76

just to see the feast . . ."

"Jerusalem!" cried Rongus.

The older robber smiled.

"Have you forgotten?" added Rongus.

But still Barzor smiled.

"The things that hang in your mind," continued Rongus, "are foolish things; such as a jar of oil, a memory of long ago and how your father gave you learning with a stick. Foolish things! And the important things you forget."

"What could be important to gentlemen of our calling?" asked Barzor. "Our life is where we find it. Our needs are supplied as we can. We ask no questions and accept no answers. But I forget nothing."

"And you want to go to Jerusalem?"

"Why not?"

"Last time we were there, do you remember what happened?"

"Yes. But why dwell on our failures? It is more pleasant to think of our successes."

"But the whole plan was mad."

"No. I would even attempt it again. We came pretty close."

"Close to hanging."

"Hang now or later, what is the difference?" said Barzor. "I like a fair chance. I do not consider the dangers. We had a chance at the whole temple treasury."

"Yes. We spent two weeks digging under the wall and in the end the Roman soldiers were nearly upon us."

"So much gold and so much silver, we could not have carried it away. It was wonderful! And if we had succeeded, who would have been sorry? Not the Romans, nor the people of Jerusalem who hate their priests. You know, Rongus, compared to the temple rogues, we are truly honest men. What we do we do openly."

"It was your plan to rob the temple vaults."

"Yes, and it failed. But we are still here."

"Very nearly we could have been in heaven, enjoying Passover with your father."

"Ah! You make fun of a very sacred ceremony. Really, you would like to attend a feast. And in fact you should."

"But let us not venture into Jerusalem. The fear of the place would spoil our enjoyment."

"Supposing we died tonight!"

"Why should we die?" protested Rongus.

"I say, supposing. In our life anything could happen."

"Well, supposing we died?"

"Then you would never know what the Passover feast is like."

"No. I told you before we people came from the wilderness and had nothing to be thankful for. The feasts I never had I cannot enjoy, not even as a memory."

"Very well," said Barzor, "it is settled. We go to Jerusalem."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"It is dangerous."

"Not at this time. The city is filled with travelers from all parts. It is gay and we can mingle with the crowds. And I will show you what a feast is like."

The younger man was silent. "You are sure it is safe?" he said at last.

"There are large crowds. So many strange faces, how could they remember us? You would see what a feast is like."

"Yes, I should like it but it is a risk."

"No risk at all. I know."

"Very well, I agree, but only on one condition."

"What is that?"

"We go quietly and stay quietly and leave quietly."

"I understand."

"You understand. No sudden impulses. No matter what."

"No matter what. I understand."

"Supposing we pass a booth of fine amber ornaments. We are to look the other way."

"Of course."

"And supposing a rich merchant passes before us and his money bag dangles carelessly at his side."

"We are to look the other way."

"You promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Only on this condition do I consent to accompany you to Jerusalem."

"I promise."

"Very well. You have given your word. We may start when you like."

"A feast is a feast. You will never forget it. Let's start now."

They lost no time mounting two camels and rode out from between the rocks of their retreat into the wide desert. Here they turned the heads of their beasts toward Jerusalem.

After riding about a half day they saw some travelers before them and ran on with all speed to overtake them. The travelers also ran on, but at last were overtaken.

Rongus cried out: "Peace be with you."

And the woman who was riding with these travelers replied faintly: "And with you be peace."

They stopped and Barzor asked: "Tell us, is it true that we are close to the week of Passover?"

"Passover week," replied one, "is already with us."

"You see," Barzor said to Rongus, "I was right." Then he asked what day it was.

"Today is the first day, Sunday. Tomorrow is Monday."

"By noon tomorrow we will be in Jerusalem," said Rongus.

"Yes, from here it is not far," replied the woman.

The two rogues pressed on ahead through the desert and at night reached a place from which they could see the distant lights of the city. Here they rested.

In the morning when they started off, Rongus said: "Remember your promise."

"Yes, I remember."

"We come quietly and leave the same way—and we do nothing that could possibly attract attention."

"I agree."

These vows were made in all earnestness and the object of their ride to Jerusalem was only to witness a feast of Passover. They were led on by desire, longing, curiosity and even more. They were drawn to this place by some compelling and invisible force. It was as though dusty fate herself were playing them a little trick. Doom itself was impending. In a few hours it was to drop as a dark curtain over them.

They passed through the gates of Jerusalem unnoticed and mingled with the gay crowds. The appraising eye of Barzor took in every detail which indicated wealth. He saw in the streets wonderful silken mantles and robes of gold brocade. They passed a booth of silver dishes and also one of amber.

Rongus gave him a knowing glance and Barzor shook his head as though to say: "These things are nothing. I remember our vow. Quietly we come and in peace we leave."

They passed through the color bazaar and walked under the fresh clean awnings of the many booths which lined the street. They bought a handful of nuts and were chewing on them when suddenly they heard a great commotion and outcry.

Not far from them in the temple court something was happening. They ran up the steps to see what could be the cause of all this noise.

Before them a strange scene presented itself. The tables of the money changers had been overturned. Coins, scales and here and there a broken abacus or counting slate were seen scattered on the pavement. The vendors of pigeons had their cages torn down and many of the birds had escaped and were flapping their wings in the air. There were shouts and calls and several shrill whistles. People ran here and there. Temple bailiffs were whistling for the sheriffs and also calling for the Roman guard. But several Roman soldiers stood on the steps and held their sides in laughter. They were forbidden to enter the temple court and were enjoying the sight before them.

Above all this commotion and bedlam a loud clear voice was heard from a distant part of the temple grounds. Here a crowd had gathered and the voice of the Teacher was heard to exclaim: "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people. But ye made it a den of thieves."

"You hear," called Barzor. "And see the piles of gold coins on the pavements. They kick it under foot. In the excitement let's . . . Each for himself. Come on. We meet at the Fish Gate."

And forgetting all their vows and promises, they dived after the coins on the pavements.

"Gold coins only!" called Rongus.

"It's the Teacher!" cried some. "He was here and He lashed out and drove them away. He is the One who did all this!"

In the meantime the robbers filled their pockets and were about to get away with all speed when the Roman guard overstepped its boundary and fell upon them. There was a brief struggle.

As they were being led off Rongus said to Barzor: "We forgot our promise."

"Yes. How could anyone resist a street filled with gold coins? In the face of such a sight, who could think of a promise? It would not be natural."

"And I too forgot," admitted Rongus. "We must invent a story to tell the Procurator."

"What story?"

"Something reasonable. Something plausible."

"You tell what you like. I will merely state the fact that in my own domain I am a prince. I levy toll from all who pass. In Rome it is called taxation. In the desert it is called robbery. Pilate may be Procurator of Jerusalem, but I am procurator of the desert. I face him as an equal."

"What strange notion is this?"

"Not strange at all. I have my pride and I have my vanity. I will surrender everything, but not the little bold dignity which remains to me. He may take all I have, even to my life, but this last I won't surrender."

"Don't be a fool. Let's invent a story. This is real trouble and no time for varieties. Pocket your pride and save your neck!"

"No. I would rob and murder and do everything in violence. But this soft lip of lies is not for me. Let me face Pilate and we will talk man to man."

"We will hang."

"That holds no terror for me. We will die in violence for we have lived in violence. And somehow all my life I have felt something strange. Nothing was important or sacred to me in life. But in death I have felt a certain pride and glory which I cannot explain."

"You could keep the glory. I would rather have my life."

"No, Rongus. I know what I am saying. A man could not feel this pride so strongly and have it all turn out nothing."

"That's it. It is all nothing. You die and it is done forever."

"That I do not know. But I feel now that every man has his destiny and that ours is a glorious one."

"I never heard you speak this way before."

"I never felt this way before. Let us face Pilate boldly."

"Boldly we lived and now . . . Let it be boldly."

When these last words were spoken Rongus and Barzor had reached the open door of the dungeon. They stepped in boldly and the door was closed upon them with a heavy bang.

Inside it was quite dark. It was as though that curtain of doom was closing down over them. Barzor smiled to show that he did not care and his companion Rongus smiled in reply. #

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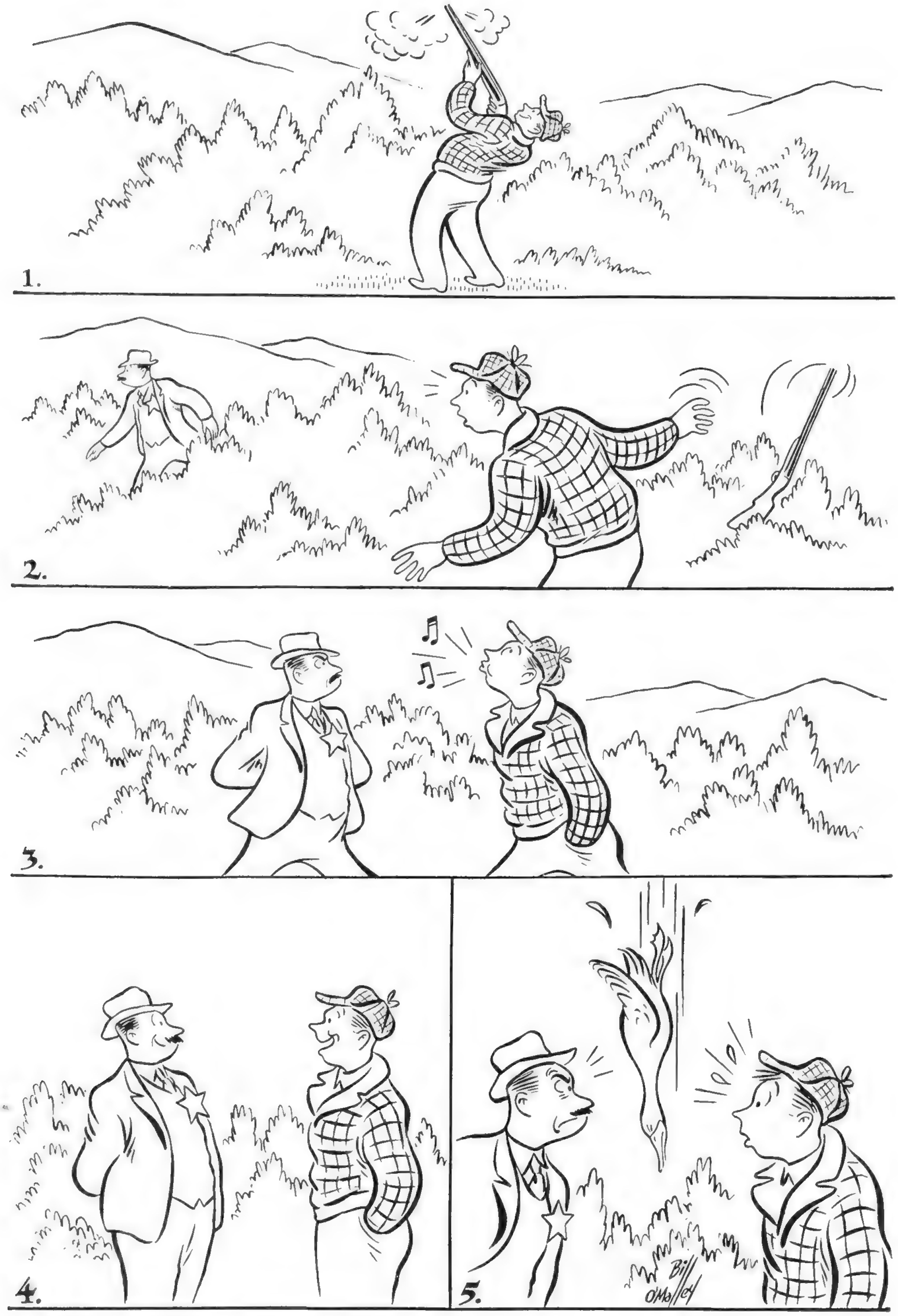
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How to Beat the Lie Detector

Continued from page 35

know that you refused to take a lie detector test. And if you're innocent, shun the machine like a plague. It might guess wrong.

The courts, with good reason, have refused to admit lie detector reports as evidence, and have not recognized the operators as properly qualified expert witnesses. Those who support the machine claim that this attitude of the law is reactionary, but the fact that the courts have admitted X-rays, photographs, blood tests, fingerprinting, chemical analysis and all other advances made by science shows they are ready to accept witnesses as soon as a reasonable degree of certainty is reached. The judges would have run to meet the machine long ago if it could have delivered. There can be no certainty in the pseudo-science of lie-detecting. Today, before an X-ray picture is allowed in evidence by the courts, it must be proved that the machine was in order at the time the picture was made. Before a lie detector report will ever be acceptable, proof will have to be made as to two machines: the polygraph *and* the human machine. So long as it is true that twenty per cent of us humans are out of line in some way which will have a direct bearing on the polygraph, the lie detector will have no legal foundation. Just as approval is withheld by the American Medical Association when the advertiser claims too much for his product, the lie detector should not have *your* approval . . . or mine . . . or the approval of the courts.

This legal protection of the victim is all very well and good where the courts are involved, for you can simply refuse to take the test and settle the whole question. Too few people realize this, however, and outside of court the lie detector has become a racket. The machine is now being used by big firms in an effort to detect thefts and other misconduct among employees, and the laboratories are getting huge annual fees for doing a hundred other bits of detective work—sifting out charges of infidelity made by one spouse against another, testing the truth of the claim of a mother as to the paternity of her child, searching into the truth or falsity of claims for damages or for insurance. It is highly unfair to demand, for instance, that a person who claims a loss under an insurance policy be required to submit to a lie detector test—especially when the operator is collecting from the insurance company. No such requirement is in any policy, and the law does not sanction it, but most ordinary people don't know enough to refuse to take the test. Then too, there is a large class of people not in a position to refuse to take the test. Bank employees, for instance, would lose their jobs on the spot if they refused to submit to tests when money is missing—so they must take their chances with a machine which all too often makes tragic mistakes.

So there you are—forced to take a lie detector test, not by law, but by the ignorance of your employer who subscribes to the "service" on the assurance of the psuedo-scientists. Some employers are sold on the value of the protection afforded them, brought about by the knowledge among employees that regular check-ups are to be made. The "service" includes washroom placards to this effect.

Okay, you say? You have nothing to fear? Take a look at this actual case, and see whether or not you think you can count on the machine to give you a fair shake.

A young woman was brutally assaulted by a man who broke into her hotel bedroom in Chicago. Having been knocked suddenly senseless with a brick, she could not identify her assailant. Suspicion attached to a young colored man named Nixon, who worked in a parking lot adjoining the hotel. Nixon was arrested by the Chicago police, but he denied his guilt. He was taken to the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratories and given a lie detector test. The wise man in charge said he was not guilty, so, since Nixon refused to confess and there was no evidence, he was released. Later the police arrested another suspect, this time a white man, a resident of the hotel named McCall. An elevator man told the police that on the night of the attack he had taken McCall from his own floor up to that on which the girl lived. Here was the guilty man, thought the police, even though McCall insisted on his innocence. McCall was given the lie detector test, and the operator said he was lying when he protested his innocence. So, with that confirmation, the police beat a confession out of him. When McCall went to trial, he denied his guilt and testified that his confession was false and had been forced from him. The girl couldn't identify him, but the police helped the jury out by adding a bit of framed testimony about finding the key to the girl's room in McCall's pocket. McCall was sentenced to Joliet Penitentiary for life.

When the investigation of the case had just begun, the Chicago police had sent Nixon's fingerprints around the country. McCall had already started on his term of imprisonment when the Chicago police received a wire from the police in California, saying that Nixon's fingerprints showed that he had been guilty of a similar assault and murder of a woman and her child in California. The Chicago police rearrested Nixon, and, when he was informed of the California charge, he not only confessed to the Chicago crime but described the manner in which he had gained entrance to the girl's room, took the police to the scene, and convinced them that he could not have known the details without having committed the crime. When Nixon was found guilty, McCall, an innocent victim of the lie detector, was released—but not before he had spent six months of his term.

When Nixon's confession was given publicity, it came out that the girl had confided to a friend that she was sure it had been a Negro who had raped her. But when the police presented McCall's confession, the girl was glad to be convinced she had been mistaken, and never revealed her first reaction until Nixon confessed. Everyone knows that police feel justified in concocting evidence against anyone they think is guilty. If the lie detector is to be relied upon as a basis from which to frame a case, no one is safe.

The guilty Nixon had come out of his lie detector test with a clean slate. Physicians later discovered that he had a low emotional center at the base of his brain. The operators "explained" their fatal mistake by saying that that physical abnormality had thrown off their gauges. But just think—no one of us is the perfect physical specimen. You may have an abnormality in the thyroid that makes you hyper-apprehensive, or any number of little reactional traits that will have their effect on the machine. The operator of a lie detector has no way of knowing your normal state. The operators, in most cases, are half-smart policemen seeking to better their position, broken down investigators and private detectives. Even if they were competent physicians and had the time and equipment to examine you thoroughly, their diagnosis of your mental condition would still be subject to error.

In the legal journals, Wilson and Inbau report that confessions have been attained in seventy-five per cent of the cases in which the polygraph indicated deception. They don't say how the confessions were obtained. Actually the police don't want to be bothered with the lie detectors when they have other evidence. The testimony of a Chicago Police Captain before the Wickersham Committee is typical of the police opinion of the lie detectors. The Captain, when asked why he didn't make more use of the lie detector, held up his clenched fist and said, "This is the best lie detector." Actually the police resort to the laboratories only when they have merely a suspicion. The machine might complicate matters by saying innocent to a guilty man. Not many police have book learning, but they learn a great deal from experience. Most of them know that the lie detector is a fake. They use the lie detector as they use anything and everything, legal or illegal, which they believe will help them build a case, where they have only a suspicion, plus a great desire to solve a crime. If their suspicions are borne out by the lie detector, the police feel justified in beating the victim to a pulp, if necessary, to get a confession. They have "science" on their side if the suspect should die of his injuries: they can "prove" that a guilty man got what was coming to him —"in an attempt to escape." So what are those seventy-five per cent confessions worth? Are they not a case *against* the lie detector and the third degree, rather than a case for the machines? We might ask, too, of what value are the statistics which show that only 12 mistakes in diagnosis of innocence or guilt have been verified, out of the 2,171 tests made by the Scientific Laboratory in Chicago (from January 1, 1935, to June 1, 1938)? How were those results which are *not* supposed to be mistakes determined to be correct? Was it after a trial, based on a confession obtained by the third degree? If you will think for a moment you will perceive how impossible it would be to obtain reliable statistics. Guilty men who are turned out are not always later apprehended, and the guiltless who are punished often maintain their innocence in vain throughout their term, or go to their deaths as the machine's victims.

Merely because an occasional thief is caught and made to confess should not justify the use of the machine on hundreds of innocent employees, any more than would the intrusion of our homes by the police be justified merely because lawbreakers are sometimes protected by the law which keeps the officers out. While the so-called gangster has ways of beating the machine, it's the poor and defenseless who are victims of such illegal practices. Don't let ignorance put you on the spot.

Another of the cases from the record of failures of the machine will show you how a basic knowledge of the lie detector might protect the guilty, while the poor, good, trusting innocents are taken for a ride. A messenger for the Brinks Express Company in Chicago, a fellow by the name of Hummel, handled money for so long he got attached to it and decided to take a few samples home with him one day. He walked off with quite a sum, and while he was in hiding he decided, just in case, to read up on the lie detector. He was finally arrested in the East, and brought back to Chicago. But he denied his identity, even in the face of overwhelming evidence. He took a lie detector test—he showed a clean slate, lied brazenly. He knew from his reading that the operators watch for a deep breath just before a lie and a sigh of relief right afterwards, so by voluntary control of his breathing he beat the machine. He was convicted and later told of how he tricked the operator.

When you've examined the record and realized that the whole game is a racket, you've actually blasted the lie-detector's first line

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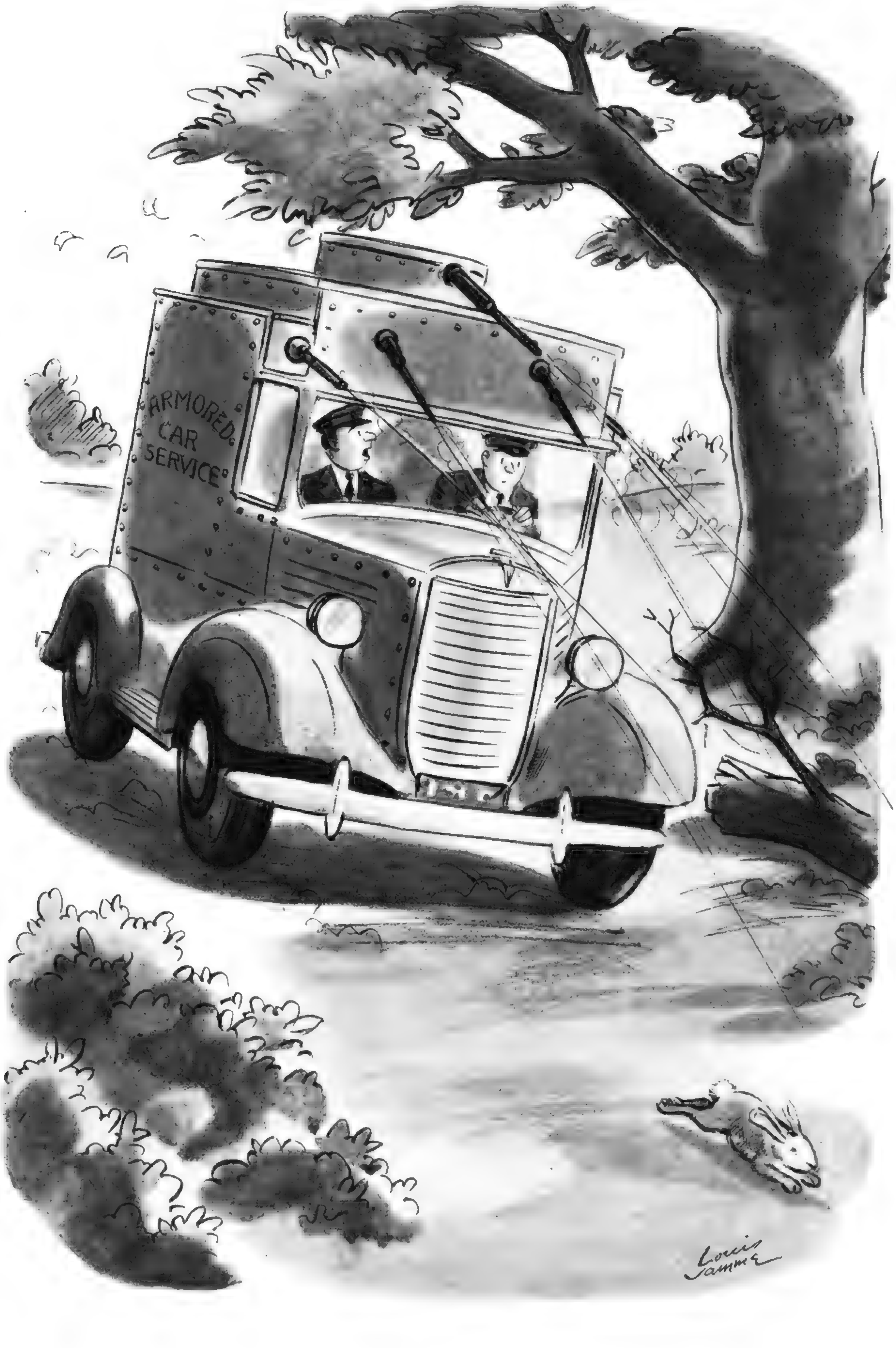
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How to Beat the Lie Detector

Continued from pages 35-158

of offense. If you can sit in the torture chamber, strapped into the model electric chair, confronted by the solemn operator and all his psychological tricks to scare you and gain your confidence, and still be convinced in your own mind that the system is the bunk, you're in good enough control of your senses to beat the machine. Your first impulse will be to try to conceal all emotion, but that is exactly what *not* to do. The physical effort required to conceal emotion shows up and could often be detected without a machine. So, in beating the lie detector, conceal no emotions; intensify them as much as possible, even on those preliminary innocent questions calculated to obtain your normal reaction. When you're asked a harmless question, think of something unpleasant. Deviations in the chart are not great in any case, and if you cause the needle to act up on innocent questions the operator will be baffled, whether he admits it or not.

It is really not necessary, in order to beat the machine, that you interfere with the operator, but by doing so you will be keeping your mind occupied with your own business. The blood pressure machine is influenced not only by the respiratory mechanism which the operator tries to register and allow for, but also by sensory impressions or sudden changes in the repose of the muscles. The operator, of course, will be watching for voluntary changes and actions in order to make note of them and allow for them in his interpretations, but if you bite the inside of your mouth or tongue on a question of no importance, unbeknown to the operator, he will begin to wonder what's the matter with his machine. You can make sudden muscular movements inside the skin, or twitch your leg in such a manner that the operator will see no outward sign of movement. Try moving your big toe inside your shoe, for instance. It's easy. Or, to confuse the test from the start, you might tense your muscles when the rubber is wrapped around your arm. If you appear to relax in spite of this tenseness, the operator will set his gauge to a false medium.

Of course, one who sets out to beat the machine should never admit that such is his purpose. Operators have little ways of testing, and naturally they have tricks to try to bluff the victim into thinking they know that an effort is being made to fool the machine. These operators will maintain that such effort shows guilt, but pay no attention to that. Talk to the operator as little as possible. Remember that he is not your friend, no matter what he says. He may pretend to be alone with you, and yet in all probability his room is wired for sound and a stenographer in another room is taking down every word that is said.

If, in spite of your nonchalance, the operator thinks you are trying to fool him, you'll be given the word association test. The operator explains that he is going to mention a word, and that you should answer with the first word which comes to your mind, such as dog-cat, soldier-army, girl-dress, etc. Then, while you're still hooked up to the machine, the operator calls off a list of words, noting the time required for the response and the emotion, as indicated by the machine. About three key words, connected with the crime, are included in the list, and the test is repeated at least three times with these words included. The theory is that a guilty suspect will reject in his own mind the real word which a key word suggests, and that in search of another he'll consume time as well as energy.

The way to beat the association test is simply to blurt out the first word you think of in association, whether you think the word is good or bad. Suppose you're suspected of a murder. The body was found in a park, so when one of the key words given you is "park," naturally the first word you think of, whether you're guilty or innocent, is "murder." When you answer "murder" outright, the experts are sunk, for the whole test is based on the assumption that a guilty person will try hard to conceal the fact that he knows what the crime charged is all about. That assumption is about as sensible as many they make. Anybody but an expert knows that even an innocent person will try to gain a favorable report on the test, so, therefore, innocent and guilty alike will hesitate to give words connected with the crime. If a suspect indicates that he knows the details of the crime, the experts have no way of knowing whether he got information first-hand or through the newspapers or questioning. Seeing that you appear to be not afraid of his machine, the operator will be naïve enough to think you innocent, when all of the time you are really nervous and scared. But, if the operators had good sense, and were honest, they would not be such racketeers.

No one should approve of the use of the lie detector any more than he would sanction the revival of primitive ordeals or Middle Age tortures. Think what a sad human tragedy it would be if anyone who could purchase a few diagnostic instruments, some scalpels, forceps and a white coat, could hang out his shingle and commence medical practice on suffering patients! Yet anybody can buy or build a polygraph and practice on the unsuspecting public! The machine today is a fraud upon the public's credulity, not only because it is unreliable, but because it is an adjunct to the third degree. It should not be tolerated in civilized society! #

Treasure and Trouble Islands

Continued from page 52

with coarse rock, and have moderate slopes leading to the shingle beach.

The amorous gentleman will have a month or more of waiting before his first wife appears. But come she will, her sleek head riding the waves through the mist. At once all the bulls nearby lumber down to the water's edge, bellowing, bobbing their heads, and doing their best to impress the lady. She must make her choice—for her pup of last year's breeding is ready to be born.

In to the beach she comes, and the favored male, having done with gentle persuasion, grabs her by the back of the neck and carries her up to his rookery. The graceful little cow expects no more gentle treatment, and ignores the fang wounds in her neck. Often within ten minutes her pup is born, although it may not come for several days.

A few days later she is bred again. This is made possible because she has two wombs, which function on alternate years. The period of gestation is a few days less than twelve months.

Meanwhile, the lithe little cows are arriving by the thousands and tens of thousands, and every one of them has her urgent need to get ashore. The clamor of the rookeries can be heard for ten miles abroad on the sea.

Each harem bull, with a male egotism unsurpassed in the world, tries to get as many wives as he can. Some of them actually acquire a hundred, but the average is around forty. Once a cow has made a selection, may heaven help her if she decides that the bull in the next rookery is more her type.

She has small chance of slipping away without being seen by her watchful spouse. With an outraged bellow—probably wounded vanity—he rushes after her, sinks his fangs deep, and with a tremendous heave tosses her back over his shoulder to come down with a resounding smack on the rocks of her own hearthside. One treatment is usually enough. The little lady stays home.

Aside from his family duties, the harem bull has his rivals to contend with. These are usually idle bulls—mature, husky young males lurking just to the rear of the rookeries, and sizing up the least formidable husbands with an eye for signs of weakness. Once an idle bull approaches a rookery, he has cast the die. He must win his fight, or be very nimble to escape with his life.

The harem master does not hesitate. With a terrific roar he rushes into the combat, and the two bulls slash and strike with their long fangs. If one goes down, gashed and bleeding, he is seized and hurled into the adjoining rookery, where the head man of that establishment promptly takes up the task, and in turn pitches the vanquished fighter into the next rookery. The victim ends up on the beach, a bloody and lifeless mass.

There are few dull moments for a harem bull in the breeding season. Day and night, for a period of three months, he tends to his household. And never takes time out for food or drink! Incredibly, he lives on his store of fat, growing thinner day by day. Though cut and slashed with the wounds of a hundred battles, he has the vitality to carry on. Here is one sultan whose ability actually measures up to his own opinion of it.

The strict segregation of various seal groups on the breeding grounds is very interesting. Behind the rookeries, inland, is an area called the hauling ground. This space is reserved for immature males, called bachelors, and very young cows. There is often a lane left open between the rookeries to allow passage for these animals back and forth to the sea. Otherwise they must circle the rookeries—to attempt going through would be to invite death at the fangs of the harem masters. The old bulls will attack anything living that invades their harems, be it man or beast. Photographs of the harems are obtained with great difficulty and considerable danger.

Bulls too old to take part in the mating are relegated to the sandy stretches of the beach—least desirable of all, from a seal's standpoint, for the sand gets in their fur. There they rest, perhaps sighing for their lost vigor, but more likely profoundly relieved to be finished with such arduous chores.

Toward the end of the season many young females who have not been previously bred, come into the rookeries. They are known as debutantes—"debs" for short. Each is seized by the back of the neck and packed into a harem with as little ceremony as her predecessor. Next year our little deb will be an old cow.

By the end of the breeding season, the latter part of August, each harem bull is worn down to a skinful of bones. Rookeries are abandoned, taboos forgotten, and the herd flows together in an indiscriminate mass preparatory to the fall migration. The grand old sultans are so totally exhausted that they drag themselves off to one side and sleep for several weeks—no fooling, they actually do! Many a green hand of the sealing crew has been unpleasantly surprised when prodding a "dead" bull on the beach.

It is impossible to say how many seals were in the herd when Pribilof found them. Estimates ran from two to seven millions. Why waste time counting, when a deft man with a knife could take twenty skins an hour?

Why care about age or sex? If a skin was good, rip it off! Mother's milk ran with the blood, and from the islands a stench rose to heaven.

Within ten years the herd was

Continued on page 162

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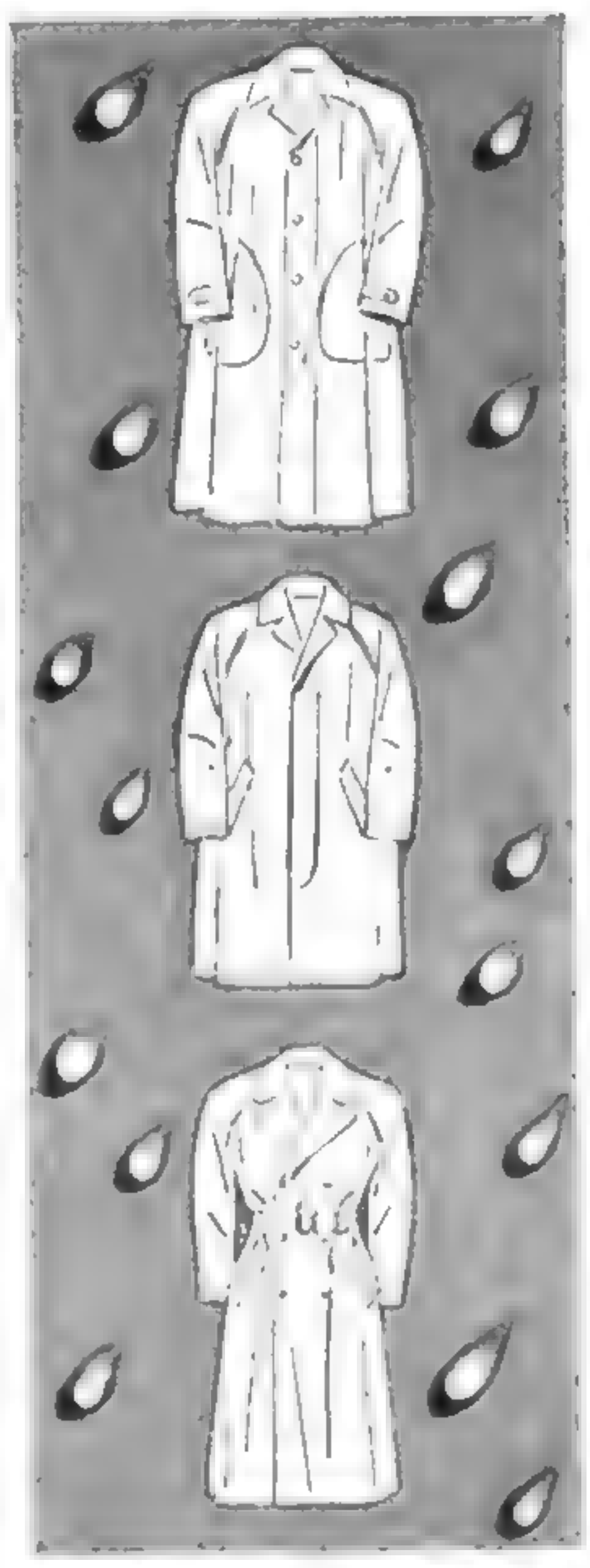

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Treasure and Trouble Islands

Continued from pages 52-161

so depleted that the Pribilofs had ceased to be a treasure house. The Russian government moved tardily to check the slaughter. Killing of males only was ordered. Finally, in 1812, all killing was stopped, and a sane policy of conservation firmly established. When harvesting of the rich crop began once more, it was done carefully, with an eye to the future. The Russians built up the herd until it was in flourishing condition when we took over, in 1867.

It would be nice to record that the United States assumed control with humane and orderly methods. We didn't. Chaotic slaughter began, and continued for several years, with every sealer for himself, and the devil close after the hindmost. In 1870 the government signed a lease with the Alaska Commercial Company for twenty years, and better conditions emerged.

For the first time the native workmen received some attention. The Russians had given them less consideration than the seals. These hardy people, first imported from the Aleutian Islands—the Pribilofs were uninhabited before discovery—were moved out of their sod huts into frame dwellings. Fuel, food, medical care and finally schools were provided.

In return, these Aleuts stolidly refused to consider themselves Americans. They were Russians. Were not their names adopted from the Russian nobility—Kochutkin, Kozloff, Lekanof? And Russians they remained in spirit, with their round-domed Byzantine church and their long-robed priest.

But in 1918 came horrifying news. The communists had taken over the Russian government! Conferences were held, words passed in anger. Solemnly they swore allegiance to Uncle Sam.

Other events turned more swiftly on the Pribilofs. Most significant was the practice of pelagic sealing. Japanese, Russian, British and American schooners set their wings into the northern sea, and lay in wait for the migrating seals like so many vultures.

The days when seal skins were numerous and relatively cheap were already gone. They were no longer used to line the inside walls of Russian houses, as protection against the cold. Tanning methods had been vastly improved, and milady's sealskin coat had become a garment of distinction. Handsome profits could be made from sealing on the open sea.

Each schooner carried a number of dories or canoes, and these small boats were manned by expert marksmen. A bobbing, sleek head riding the surface of a wave brought the flash and whack of a rifle. Then came a mad dash to get the stricken animal before it sank. Too late! Only a dark trail of blood leading ever deeper beneath the water. The sealer cursed, and sought another victim.

The schooner decks were slimed with blood, and streaked with the white milk of mother seals. For most of those killed were females with pups. There was a definite reason for this.

The Pribilof Islands, strangely, are in a section where marine life is not abundant. Favorite food of the seal is the squid, although many salmon and other fish are eaten. The nearest feeding grounds to the rookeries are a hundred miles distant, on the banks, or submerged plateaus and islands, north of the Aleutian chain.

After the cow has whelped her pup, she rests for ten or twelve days, without returning to the water or taking food, and is bred again. Then she must set out to find nourishment, both for herself and to create milk for the pup. For the little fellow is almost as helpless as a human baby.

He is a lovable mite, black as a soot spot in contrast to the sleek brown or gray of his elders. When he is old enough to learn to swim, his mother must herd him down to the beach, and with loving firmness shove him overboard. He goes under, comes up gasping and horrified, and flounders out as promptly as he can. And mother, who knows best, boosts him into the water again, until he learns the trick of keeping afloat. It takes him about a week.

The cow seal, one of the most gracefully beautiful creatures in the world, can swim at a top speed of sixty miles an hour. Even assuming she takes this terrific gait, it is a long jaunt to go 100 or 150 miles for breakfast. Often she is gone for several days at a time. Returning, she frequently has a considerable search to find her offspring among the thousands of almost identical pups herded together in great "pods," or nurseries. But find him she will, for she will not nurse any but her own.

What happens if she does not come back? The pup reacts like any baby. He cries. Tears flood his eyes, with their long dark lashes, and go rolling down his nose. He wipes his cheeks with tiny foreflippers, and begins his pitiful search for mother, creeping about as best he can.

The cruelest thing of all is the amazing vitality of every seal. He will not die quickly. He will live for a month, and end whimpering at the water's edge, his eyes still hopefully turned to the sea.

The pelagic sealers were cruel as killer whales. Jack London's *Sea Wolf* was one of them, and others of his breed. What did it matter to them if at one time there were sixteen thousand pups starving on the beach? Who cared about the uncountable future loss—for a cow seal may bear young for seventeen successive years?

Uncle Sam cared. Some of the sealers were rounded up, their vessels seized and hauled to port. Great Britain, owner of the captured ships, reacted promptly. The bitter dispute went into international court. We lost our case. The freedom of the seas to every ship, sealer or not, was proclaimed.

It looked as if the seals must go the way of the buffalo and the passenger pigeon. A cordon of vulture ships formed a tight ring around the Pribilofs, just beyond the three mile limit, and lucky was the seal that escaped.

Determined efforts were made to find a solution, but at first there was little progress. Great Britain sent a commission to study the matter. They reported blandly that animals examined had worms—so it must be the worms that caused the appalling decrease!

It finally became evident that unless something was done, and quickly, the great seal herd would be doomed. In 1911 a treaty was signed by Great Britain, Russia, Japan and the United States, prohibiting the nationals of these countries from sealing, or possessing a raw sealskin, and refusing the use of their ports to any ship engaged in sealing.

Entire administration of the Pribilofs was taken over by our government, and commercial interests excluded. Killing ceased. Coast Guard cutters watched over the herd night and day, both on the breeding grounds, and to and from the northern coast of California on their yearly migrations.

The seal herd was down to 123,600 animals. Within five years the amazingly resilient creatures had increased sufficiently to allow some pelting of surplus males—the bachelors. Seal pups of each sex are born in equal numbers, and as has been noted, one bull serves an average of forty cows. Obviously, the herd is not damaged by the killing of a carefully regulated number of selected males.

Studies were made by scientists—including such eminent persons as David Starr Jordan—and a useful mass of data began its accumulation. Our incalculably valuable property, the fur seal, was to be managed intelligently. The era of senseless and wasteful slaughter had forever come to an end—or so we thought.

The administration of the seal herd was placed in capable hands—at that time the Bureau of Fisheries, Department of Commerce, and later transferred to the Fish and Wildlife Service, Department of the Interior. Today the herd numbers 2,185,000 animals, and they are increasing.

In 1938, 58,364 skins were taken, nearly all from surplus three-year-old males. These had an average value of about $22.00 each.

The pelting is done in the most humane manner possible. It is made relatively easy by the fact that the bachelors have already willingly separated from the breeding seals, and congregated in the hauling ground.

Late at night the Aleutian workmen and government overseers quietly circle the hauling ground and begin to drive the bachelors inland. They are moved slowly, to avoid fright and overheating—about half a mile an hour, with frequent rest periods, during which the seals sit down and fan themselves with their hind flippers. When the killing ground is reached, animals to be dispatched are selected carefully. A single blow with a club brings death. To make sure, a knife thrust to the heart.

The pelts are expertly removed, and salted. Carcasses are converted into oil—30,587 gallons in 1938—meal for use as fish food in government hatcheries throughout the country, and fertilizer. This work is done with the same efficiency that characterizes a great meat packing house.

The skins are packed in casks and shipped to the Fouke Fur Company in St. Louis. This company has perfected a secret process for tanning the skins. It is a long and complicated task, involving over 125 different operations, and requiring more than three months of continuous treatment. All the long outer hair of the seal must be removed. These outer hairs have been compared to vacuum bottles, insulating the seal completely. Although it spends months away from land, the soft fur next to the body is never wet.

The finished product, dyed either black or brown, is stamped with an arrowhead mark, in which is printed, "U. S. Government Alaska Sealskin—Fouke St. Louis Dressing and Dye." If the skins in your coat are not so marked, they are not likely to be sealskin.

The skins are sold at public auction, under Uncle Sam's supervision, and the proceeds paid to the United States treasury. Britain takes her share of each year's harvest in raw skins. Russia and Japan are paid in cash.

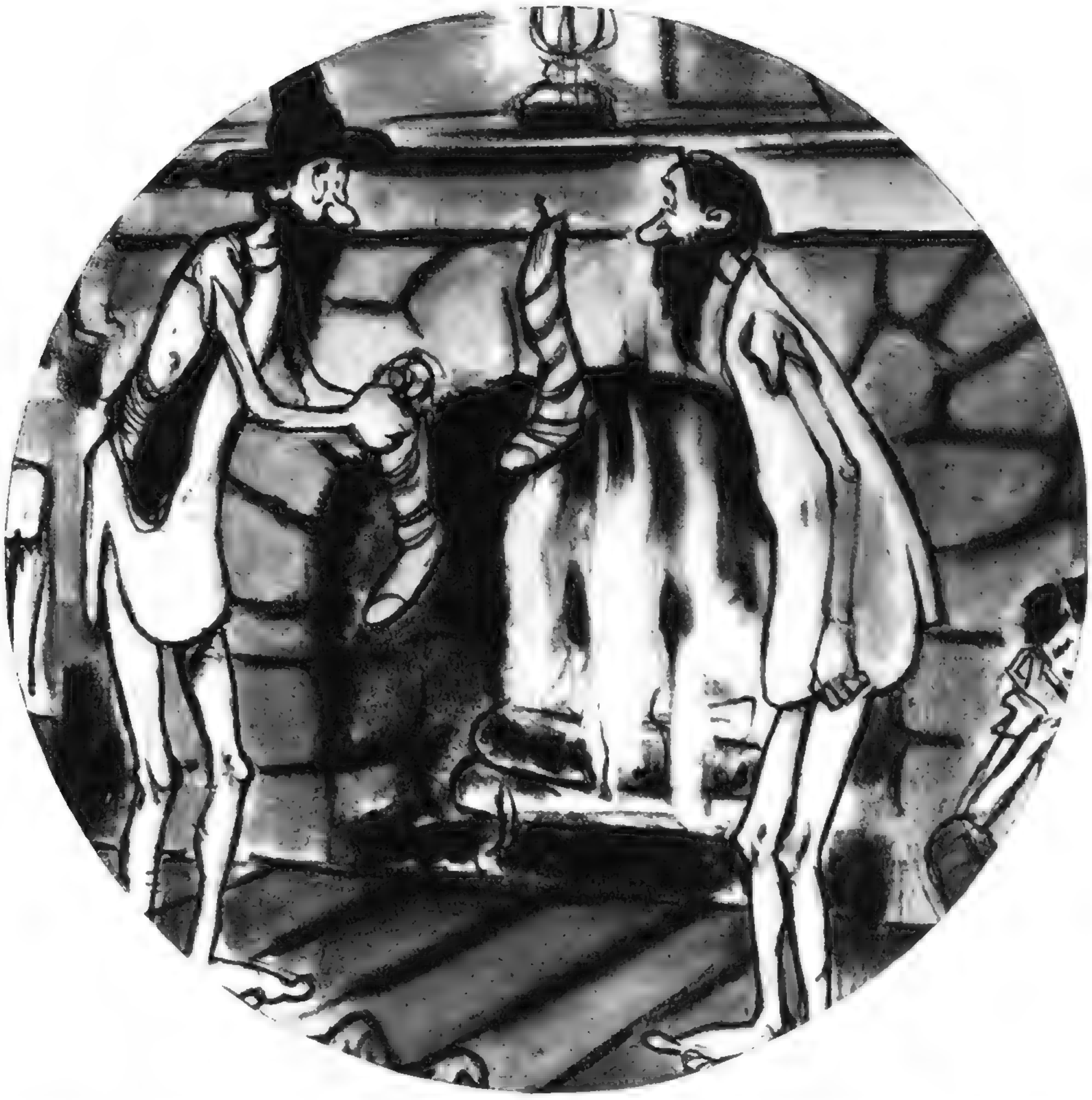
This arrangement has been satisfactory to all parties concerned—until Japan dumped over the apple cart. A possible glimpse at the future may be had by looking into the past.

In 1906, before the treaty was signed, an adventurous Japanese crew landed on St. Paul Island under cover of dense fog. They began a rapid and indiscriminate slaughter of all the animals within reach. A native Aleutian guard spotted them, and ran for help. Our agent, with natives, came.

For a few minutes the fog lifted, revealing the poachers at their bloody work. Shots rang out. The Japanese left five men dead.

There was an international furor about that affair. The exchange of diplomatic notes became so bitter, the situation so critical, that a trial for murder was held, with the agent and his guards before the bar of justice. They won acquittal.

Theodore Roosevelt was then President. There is a story—not official—that he said of the agent, "I wish we had more men like him!" #



"shore—tomorrow's only thanksgiving . . . but we might oversleep."

Maybe you're the kind of guy who congratulates his best friend on last week's birthday . . . gives his wife her anniversary gift a month and a half late . . . and spends most of Christmas Eve scurrying and worrying about last-minute gifts. This message is for you.

Or maybe you don't like Christmas crowds. Maybe you make out your Christmas list early, so you can relax and get a little fun out of the holidays yourself. This message is for you.

In fact, we can't think of anyone this message isn't for . . . because anyone who likes to give all-year-round remembrances at Christmas time, anyone who wants to skip the downtown slush and shopping mush, anyone who wants to take it easy on the bankroll without slacking on the good will Christmas spirit, will want to know that . . .

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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The Cattle of Tone

Continued from page 61

it's my turn to do something now."

Hans shrugged his shoulders under the warm blanket Adam had produced at Peter's bidding.

"It was nothing," he said. "Your rifle jammed, mine did not—that is all."

Peter gave a short laugh and his brown eyes twinkled.

"Quite enough, too! I wouldn't have been here tonight if it hadn't been for your presence of mind. Have you had any trouble with game coming up the mountain?"

The German kicked a burning log with his toe and sent a shower of sparks into the darkness.

"Yesterday there were elephants," he said. "I had to go a long way round. At night I sleep in a tree, but the monkeys cry all the time and shake the branches."

Peter smiled: "Poor fellow, you must be half dead! Why not turn in and chat tomorrow?"

Hans looked at him sharply: "*Turning in*—what is that?"

"Going to bed—turning in for the night."

"*Ach!* I see. I thought you meant something—never mind. Tonight we must talk. But, first, why are you here? How long have you been here?"

Peter drew his blanket closer.

"I'm on holiday," he said. "I've been here a week. It's crazy, I suppose, but I love this mountain. I love the sharp strength of Mawenzi and the aloofness of Kibo. I feel as the Wachagga feel that it stands for everything beautiful and strong."

The German nodded: "I too. But I do not like this place. The natives say when there is cloud on the mountain the herdsman, *Tone*, brings here to feed his spirit cattle. If, when they come, three men are walking on the mountain they will hear the cattle and smell the cattle and see the cattle and, when they are gone, one man will be dead . . ."

Peter pulled a face: "What a cheerful yarn! I've heard of the phantom cattle and their herdsman, but I've never heard the last part of your story . . . Anyway, there are only two of us, so we needn't worry. You know, Hans, I can never understand why you Germans are so superstitious."

Hans gazed into the fire.

"How can I say? It is our nature. We are people of dreams . . . of ideas . . ."

"And of war," Peter said sadly. "Has there been another Munich yet? We'll give in again, I suppose, because it's unthinkable that your people and mine can fight again . . . You and I, perhaps, though I owe you my life and we are friends. Your people are too easily led, Hans. They should assert their independence, not follow blindly, like cattle."

There was a pause, and then Hans said:

"We speak of superstitions and now we speak of war. Hitler is like Tone, and we are his cattle. We must do his bidding . . ."

"Even if it means war?"

"It is war."

Peter scrambled to his feet: "What do you mean . . . *It is war?*"

Hans got up slowly and faced him. His face in the flickering firelight was lined and drawn. His blue, Nordic eyes looked dark with emotion. Then with a sudden jerk he straightened his shoulders and the blanket fell to the ground. He brought his heels together and gave the Fascist salute.

"Heil Hitler!" he said and his voice rang.

"The German army has marched on Poland and the British and French have declared war on the German Reich. We are enemies."

"*Never!*" Peter said firmly.

His mind was in a whirl. Memories of his early youth came back. The farm in Kenya and his mother working with a handful of boys to keep it going till his father should come back. His father's letters which had stopped suddenly. He had died of dysentery during the long, weary march on Tanga. The farm had been sold and Peter's mother had worked in an office to pay for her son's schooling. Now he had a post on a coffee estate near Moshi. He must get back at once . . .

He voiced his intention, adding: "You'd better come with me, Hans."

There was a long silence. The fire was dying down and sky and mountain were growing mistily light with the silvery sheen of a rising moon. Hans said bitterly:

"My countrymen are put in concentration camps. I do not much like a concentration camp. I am a soldier of Germany. My father died for Tanganyika."

Peter said sadly: "Mine, too."

He waited and Hans went on: "Since two days my head boy comes and tells me: 'Bwana, the askaris come to take you away. I will show you a path on the mountain where you can go a long way to the house of my chief.' I follow the path, but the askaris come after me and I am in the forest. There are many tracks and I must go away from the elephants. I fear to go down the hill so I climb up till I can again see where is the north and where the south. That is how I come here. Now I will go and not trouble you more."

"But you can't," Peter said quickly: "Not at night and unarmed. You'd lose your way again and you might run into another herd of elephants, or have a leopard jumping on you."

The German made a helpless gesture with his hand.

"What would you that I do? If I stay I am your prisoner."

"Good Lord!" Peter exclaimed. "Somehow I hadn't thought of that."

He was suddenly aware of his quandary. He knew Hans well enough to be certain that he would not be turned from the path he had chosen. Hans had pride: he would not submit meekly to imprisonment. And yet, if he were to go, as he wanted to do, he might not live to see the morning. The forest belt in the daytime was full of hazard: at night it was infinitely worse, and the luck which had brought the German through it once in safety might not hold if he were again to risk its dangers. Besides, Hans was now an enemy. If Peter were to help him to escape he would be guilty of treason. Yet Hans was his friend. They liked and trusted each other. Both their fathers had died in the last war, but the young men had built up an understanding based on mutual respect and liking. Until this moment Hans had not betrayed to Peter his Nazi sympathies. Perhaps even now he was not a Nazi at heart, but like all Germans he was stirred by militarism. Peter laid his hand on his friend's arm: "Our countries are at war," he said, "but surely you can trust us, Hans. We don't go in for concentration camps like in Germany. You won't be ill-treated—"

"You think I am afraid?" the German asked angrily.

"I know you're not . . ."

"Then, that is all. I will stay now and at daybreak I will go."

Peter's hand dropped from his arm. He shrugged his shoulders: "I suppose I ought to take you prisoner. If I don't, somebody else will. You'll never get through to the coast, and I doubt if you'll get off this mountain alive. I'll give you food, of course, and a blanket. I can't give you a rifle."

Hans's eyes gleamed suddenly. His face in the growing moonlight was set and white. He said slowly: "We have been friends, Peter. I am now sad that we must be enemies."

He held out his hand and Peter took it. The moment was solemn and a little poignant. The silence around them was very deep. Even the forest had ceased its sighing and groaning: the nocturnal wild life no longer screamed and chattered and squeaked. The belt of grassland was half hidden by a girdle of mist above which towered the mighty crags of Mawenzi. The eternal snows rested on Kibo's summit like a silver crown. Hans said: "It is a night for *Tone* to herd his cattle . . . Good-bye, Peter, I go now."

The grip of their hands strengthened, relaxed, fell apart. Then, without warning, the German's fist shot out and caught the Englishman on the jaw. Peter fell, taken unawares, and Hans, snatching up the rifle and cartridge belt from beside the entrance to Peter's hut, made off across the tussocky grass towards an outcrop of rock.

Peter picked himself up: "Stop," he shouted. "*Stop!*"

Another rifle was inside the hut, but he did not stop to find it. Half running, half walking he started in pursuit of Hans, and Adam, his personal boy, roused himself with a jerk from a comfortable slumber by the campfire and followed him.

The night was now very still. The moon sailed up the sky in tranquil glory. Peter felt the intolerable thumping of his heart and the nausea of the high altitude. His knees felt weak and his feet dragged. The slope of the grassland was getting steeper and here and there he went on hands and knees, seeing faintly in the moonlight pale clusters of Kilimanjaro roses. Twenty yards ahead Hans was climbing slowly, but with unflagging determination. And then, without warning, the mist descended. The moonlight vanished and with it the dark outline of the forest, the pencilled outline of Mawenzi, the snow clad dome of Kibo. Adam called in a voice that sounded hollow and unreal:

"Bwana . . . Bwana . . ."

"Eko hapa . . ." (I am here) Peter called back.

He could hear the native's heavy breathing and his blanketed figure was close beside him.

"Bwana . . ." the native said: "Listen . . ."

Peter could hear nothing at first but Adam's panting and the thudding of his own heart. The thudding was so loud that he wondered if something more than mere altitude was affecting it. It sounded like the galloping of far away hooves growing louder and nearer. It was insistent, all pervading. It drummed in his ears, an irregular stampede of muffled sounds, and then suddenly Adam gave a loud cry and Peter felt himself pulled down on the ground and held in a convulsive grasp. The thudding hooves came nearer; the air was heavy with the sour-sweet smell of milk. He raised his head and looked in the direction where he had last spied Hans's stumbling figure. The mist was full of great, grey, galloping forms that snorted and tossed their horned heads. The sound of their hooves rumbled like thunder. Words which Hans had spoken lightly so short a time ago came back to Peter:

"*They will hear the cattle, smell the cattle, see the cattle . . . and, when they are past, one of the three men will be—*"

"Hans!" he shouted, struggling out of Adam's protective grasp: "*Hans* . . . my friend . . ."

* * *

The sunlight of early morning gleamed brightly on the corrugated iron roofs of Moshi township. At the European hospital the native servants padded lightly to and fro about their first tasks. The night sister, fresh in her white overall and cap, shook the thermometer and pushed it into Peter Walton's mouth.

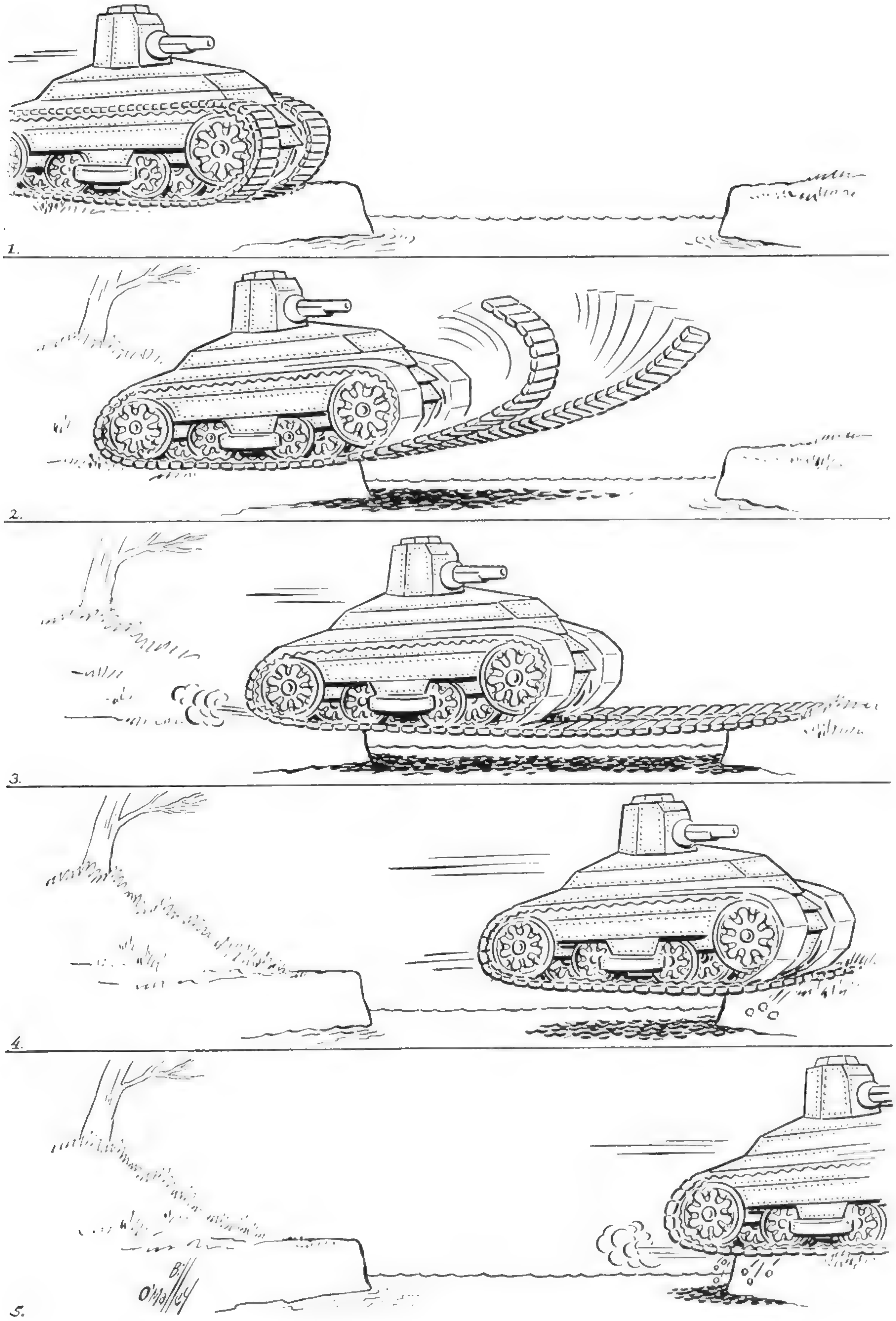
"Under your tongue," she commanded briskly and took his pulse. When she had removed the thermometer he spoke:

"How long have I been here? Who brought me?"

The sister replaced her watch and shook down the thermometer. Then she smiled faintly:

"You've been here three days,

Continued at top of page 166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The Cattle of Tone

Continued from pages 61-164

your porters brought you. You've had a severe attack of malaria brought on by cold and exposure. You probably had it on you for days before it came out. Your boy says you were talking to yourself the night you got ill and you started walking up the mountain in the dark. He fetched you back and brought you here next day.

"Where is Hans?"

"Hans?"

"Hans Renner—he was with me."

The sister stared and then, tight-lipped, went from the room and came back with the matron. Their whispered conversation at the door came to Peter's ears:

"I can't understand it. The temperature's normal and so is the pulse, but he's still talking—"

"Hush . . . I'll speak to him."

The matron approached his bed. "Well," she said brightly. "How are you feeling?"

Peter raised himself on one elbow.

"I'm perfectly well," he said firmly, "and I asked a rational question—*Where is Hans Renner?*"

Matron shot a surprised glance at Sister.

"*Hans Renner!*" she said. "Hans Renner was shot by a native sentry four nights ago when he was trying to escape from a concentration camp . . ." ‡‡

How They Brought the Bad News

Continued from page 66

because the aviation picture will take its place.

And finally, people get married, have babies, and spend more time at home; that accounts for the falling off in movie attendance after a certain age.

In 1937, in the same book for which Chaplin wrote the preface, I find these words, written, it appears, by myself: "...if every man, woman, and child who went to the movies could spend the time making motor cars, they would produce . . . five million cars a week, thirty billion dollars worth a year. Instead they go to the movies. They spend more time going to the movies than they do on anything else after their basic human needs and appetites have been satisfied. They go to the movies often because those needs and appetites are not completely satisfied. There are times when going to the movies seems to be *the one great universal impulse of all humanity.*" (I knew that people also stayed home and listened to the radio; I didn't, then, consider that they spent time, or made any effort, to get that entertainment. I was comparing going to the movies with going to the theatre, going fishing, watching games, etc., and I was speaking of the world at large, not America alone.)

If "the one great universal impulse of all humanity" is losing its intensity, why? What has been done or left undone? The Gallup poll, so far as I have seen the report, doesn't do more than hint. Obviously, current films attract people in certain age brackets; undone: the job of attracting the others. Obviously, stars attract audiences; but in spite of the lathers of the press agents, there aren't enough stars; and totally uncertain is the problem of paying the stars, for if the whole business were leveled down toward a lower standard, you still could have the same star-value and pay them half as much.

My guess is that the movies have forfeited their hold on a habit—the habit of "going to the movies" regardless of what was playing; the habit of expecting entertainment somewhere in a movie house. (Baseball magnates still profit by the habit of going to the ball game; a man has a free day and goes to the game, regardless; and the velvet comes when the occasional goer is added for special occasions.)

The movies forfeited their hold by producing too many indifferent pictures just as radio and sport crashed into the entertainment field. Sport is terribly important here, because it is actively withdrawing women from the movies—as in bowling; and it always has pleased men. The moment people go to the movies when they've nothing better to do, is the moment to sell swimming pools short. They'll be a dime a dozen soon.

Can you figure out how the movies fell into these evil ways? They produced the same kind of pictures as before, didn't they? Yes. They even produced the same pictures, and sometimes not as well as ten years earlier. They produced pictures in cycles—screwball, enocharden, cinderella, and combinations of all three, but they also produced the gangster cycle and that didn't do them any harm. They were loyal to stars who had no popular following—but what happened after Hepburn was called poison at the box office, what except *The Philadelphia Story*, which broke all records?

You can go on like that forever. I once discussed pictures with Sam Goldwyn—on the day Anna Sten left his employ. Sam gave me forty different reasons for the failure of Sten's first pictures to click—all the reasons except that they weren't good movies. And for every suggestion I made, speaking as a professional critic, Sam had an avalanche of answers. He learned nothing from me because he didn't need to learn by anything except experience; the public taught him a few lessons, and Sam was a quick and apt pupil. Like everyone else, barring a few newcomers, he is doing less and less, and his work while respectable now, lacks the fire and conviction it once had.

That is what, I think, has happened to Hollywood. It has gone into a tailspin of fear; it doesn't like its own pictures. Preston Sturges likes *his* pictures, I hope, and Orson Welles likes *his;* but Hollywood walks stupidly around wondering what it's all about. Outside of these two men, who has done anything so different, fresh, frightening, or even terrible as to make you remember his name? I have seen dozens of likeable films, because I like all films not actively bad; there are half a dozen attractive torsos coming over the horizon, but you can see as many, if you get up early enough, keeping nine-o'clock dates with typewriting machines, on the streets of New York. The producers and the directors have bad consciences; one Welles picture and they grovel—quite correctly, but what were they doing during the past five years? And at the end of their soul-searchings they do not say we can win the audiences back by giving them *better* pictures; they say, maybe we can win them back by giving them *fewer* pictures. That is not the way Hollywood spoke in its great days.

I wouldn't leave this subject without a few constructive suggestions. They will re-echo the suggestions made at intervals during the past ten years; but time hasn't staled them, and as they haven't been tried, they still sound good. First, let a few more people discover what makes the movies move—and let those people produce and direct pictures. Second, discover what people really want in the movies and satisfy these wants as intelligently as possible. Third, shoot one-third of the writers in Hollywood, or failing that, shoot only two-thirds of the dialogue written; fourth, widen the area of interest, get away from the formulas which limit and get into the formulas which allow unlimited appeal to the imagination; fifth, get new people—which means people who know the movies as spectators and can adapt their technical knowledge of the theatre or radio or any other form of entertainment to the movies. Get these people and don't let them be badgered by nephews any more than you let them run hogwild, unless you're sure you have a genius.

And now I will top my record of unbroken good will toward the movies by making another suggestion which will be rejected—as they rejected in 1920 or so the idea that you could do biographical films and historical drama. My suggestion is that the movies find a way to do what the radio stations do: give economically produced entertainment different in style and material from the great commercial programs. The sustaining show has more than once stood radio in good stead: from it have come some excellent commercial programs, some first-class talents; and above all, out of its sustaining hours radio has captured an enormous good will. Just what the movie equivalent of sustaining programs may be, I am willing to discuss with any producer who understands in advance that I am not referring to grade B pictures. ###

Olivia's Last Stand

Continued from page 96

San Francisco. Fishermen's Wharf. DiMaggio was raised on fish and he hit in 56 straight games. The players who come up to the big leagues from Los Angeles and Hollywood are great bunters. Lettuce.

"I think I know what you have in mind," Olivia said.

"Maybe," I said.

She reached over and placed a hand gently upon my left arm. "I thought of it, too," she said. "Do you want one more, or two more?"

"Two," I said.

"Same here," she said. She seemed pleased. "Aren't you glad I thought of coming here?"

"Yes," I said. I called the waiter. "Two more, for each of us," I said. He looked incredulous. They were very large crabs, the largest I ever had seen. "Two more, each," I said.

After while he brought them. "The last ones in the place," he said. "No more left. You better take your time. They're pretty rich."

We took our time.

(Out on a sun-baked mound beside the Little Big Horn, an Indian brave slowly cocked his rifle, took careful aim.)

"Bang!" I said spontaneously.

"What was that?" Olivia asked.

"Nothing," I said. "Eat your crab."

* * *

Olivia De Havilland is generally considered, in Hollywood, to be a genuine motion-picture actress. If this statement seems obvious remember a number of persons who appear in leading roles are nothing of the kind.

She had a rather hard time becoming one, not because she could not get into pictures, which was a pipe, nor because of any lack of native ability, but because of her face. She was the cameraman's dream come to life, and the minute she stepped onto her first sound stage they began to pester her, aiming their cameras at her from all angles, lighting her up with various kinds of lamps, telling her to hold still, and shooting Art.

She said she wanted to act.

"Say 'Ah!' " the directors said.

She said Ah beautifully. Thereafter every time Errol Flynn got into a duel you knew he was going to win because, while all the other fellow had was a sword and a gauntlet, he had our pretty lady someplace in the wings saying Ah with all her might.

"Enough of this, gadzooks,"

Continued on page 168

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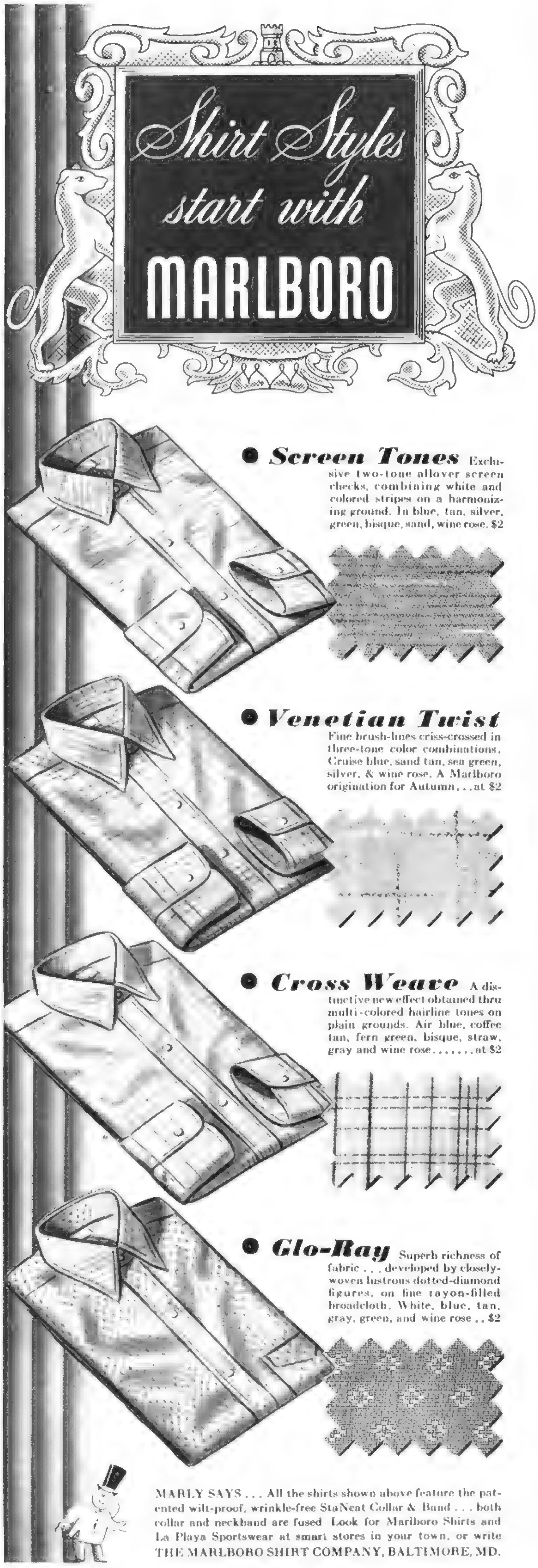

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Olivia's Last Stand

Continued from pages 96-167

Olivia said at last; "will somebody please let me get in there and pitch?" Only she didn't say it in the form of a question. Our heroine, though ladylike, is not the bit of Dresden china she appears to be in certain of her pictures. She is plenty durable, and able to speak her mind, of which she has a supply. Finally, after many tests of many applicants for the job, she was taken on as Melanie in *Gone with the Wind*, and in this performance proved that she could pitch more than curves: her high, hard one had a hop on it.

She did this on loanout to David Selznick, and now, back at her native Warners, she demanded further non-doll parts. They gave her a picture of her own, *My Love Came Back*, which turned out to be one of the most amusing comedies of last year. A couple of times after that notably in *Santa Fe Trail* she had to open and close her eyes for Mr. Flynn again; then she did great work in *Strawberry Blonde* stealing it away from the expert Mr. James Cagney and once more proving that she was an actress. On loanout to Paramount, she recently finished what is said to be a really fine performance as Emmy Brown in *Hold Back the Dawn*, opposite Charles Boyer.

When she reported back to her studio there was Errol Flynn, sharpening his sword.

"Say Ah," they told her. She was to go into *They Died with Their Boots On*.

"What's it about?" she asked.

"Custer's last stand," they said.

She said Ah.

Which brings us back to crabs.

* * *

"If you have nothing else to do this afternoon," she said, cramming the last crab leg into her handsome mouth, "come on down with me to Olvera Street. I've got to buy some Mexican stuff for a friend in New England I promised. We also," she added, "could have our fortunes told."

I said all right, and we went out into the hot sun.

This was a mistake. Having eaten four very large soft-shelled crabs, it is not advisable to go out into any hot sun.

Anyway we went down to Olvera Street, which is a narrow old street near the Union Station in Los Angeles devoted exclusively to Mexicans and Mexican shops and a drink called tequila. First thing when we got there, several young Mexicans came around with slips of paper on which they wished my companion to write her name. They did not ask me to sign, a circumstance which seemed to me rather short-sighted. I became discouraged about Hemisphere Defense. I stepped into a bar and had a double tequila, and was in favor of Hemisphere Defense again. When I came out, my beautiful consort was in the clutches of a bewildered palmist.

"You have been married," said the lady, glancing around in alarm, "fourteen and a half times."

"No; I'm still single," Olivia said.

"Maybe so," said the lady, mumbling into her beard, "but you've been married, in the past, fourteen—" She looked closer. "I see a tall, handsome—I see a short, red-headed—" She dashed the perspiration from her face. "There is a knight in full—Madame, you must have been born about 1668." She grabbed Olivia's wrist. "Look out," she cried, "for the Indians!"

"They've got him," I said. I winked at the fortune teller, who seemed about to go nuts anyway.

Olivia looked around at me. She appeared ill.

"Take it easy," I said. "As it must to all men, death at last—"

She turned away from the booth, and I followed. She looked pale in the soft light cast upon her face by a nearby popcorn wagon.

"Four was too many," I said.

"I was afraid of that. How do you feel?"

"Wonderful," I said, taking a deep breath. "Let's take a walk around the block and get some air."

There was a park across the street, and we took our walk in the park instead of around the block. We also sat down awhile on a bench. At this time I deeply regretted having drunk a double tequila. We did not talk; we just sat there. I felt Olivia's shoulder pressing against mine. I looked down at her. Her eyes were closed and she looked lovely. Her lips were parted a little. Suddenly they parted a little more.

"Olivia!" I said. "Don't!"

She closed her mouth and sat up. She was pale again, with the frail beauty of 1668. I felt overwhelmed. I said softly: "Well, now that Errol has gone away to another war, one from which, alas, it seems a cinch he never will—"

"Damn the crabs!" she said, verbatim.

"It was your idea," I said.

"Only the first two," she said.

My forehead felt cool and moist. I said, with a touch of gaiety: "Well, shall we go back and do your shopping?"

"Of course," she said. We got up off the bench and left the park. We were in the sun again. The traffic light turned red as we stood on the curb. A cab came along. It was empty.

"Let's go home," Olivia said.

"Your friend in New England," I said.

"I'm sorry," she said; "I can't help it."

I gave the driver her address. He started with more of a jerk than seemed necessary. "Take it easy!" I hissed, and slumped over into a corner of the cab. I looked over at my pal. She was curled up in her corner. Her lips were parted a little.

"Shoot me," she said, "with a poisoned arrow."

We had held out to the last man.

What a Piece of Work Is Mann

Continued from page 73

obvious practical stroke of the time, the breast stroke. It was also the obvious practical stroke three thousand years ago—there are Assyrian bas-reliefs which clearly show gentlemen with curled beards and sugar-loaf hats practicing this form of natation. In his career Matt has learned every improvement made in swimming in the last thirty centuries.

He was the son of a sporting publican, the proprietor of an inn known as *The Weaver's Arms* at Leeds in the north of England. The clientele were professional footracers and mixed-ale bare-fist fighters. One of the courtesies provided by the management was a tub of brine in an upstairs room. Around it always crouched a group of solemn pugilists pickling their hands to toughen them. Between the pickling and the roadwork, they sat at a table in the bar and played the world's slowest game: each one would lay a penny on the table in front of him and the man on whose penny a fly lit first would take the pot. Cheaters slyly dipped the penny in beer beforehand.

When he was six years old, Matt was taught the breast stroke as part of his school's sports program. *The Weaver's Arms* was two miles from a *beck*. In Lancashire, a *beck* is a small running stream, and Matt walked over there every day to swim. The beck received the refuse from a dye works and each day the young Mann would come home a different color, sometimes red, sometimes purple.

When he was in his teens, swimming made, rather tentatively it seems now, its first advance since Neolithic times. Some daredevil iconoclast developed the English overarm, a side stroke with one arm lifted out at every breath. It is easy to swim and the arm lifted out makes it look classy. Matt learned it and he won the Yorkshire quarter-mile championship with it in about 8 minutes. (The present quarter-mile world's record: 4 minutes 40 8/10 seconds.)

By the time Matt got to London where every young Englishman gets to eventually, he was apprenticed as a draper's clerk and he was swimming the *trudgeon*. A Captain Trudgeon had returned a few years before from a South Sea voyage with a new stroke he said he had picked up from the Fiji Islanders. It was a double overhand arm motion with a scissors kick. What the Captain really saw was probably a crawl stroke, native to the Pacific Islands, but he did not observe it accurately. It became the popular stroke and it supplanted the English overarm because it was faster.

But it did not last long as a racing stroke. Two Australians, Dick and "Splash" Cavill introduced the Australian or "true" crawl. It differed from the trudgeon in the kick. Instead of a scissors, the crawl kick thrashed straight up and down from the knees. It was spectacular, what with the splash and all, but wiseacres said it would never come to much. It was too hard; it took too much out of you. (These were probably the same men who insisted that the horse was irreplaceable.) Dick Cavill did not use the new kick much and he often won races with his feet tied together. When Matt learned the crawl he was in America—he had tired of the muslins and the calico and had emigrated to begin his coaching career. In his early days around 1904-08, he coached at Syracuse University; Brookline, Massachusetts; part time at Harvard and Yale (swimming was not a big enough sport then to need a full-time coach) and the New York Athletic Club. The current swimming champion was the great Charley Daniels whose best time for 100 yards, 54 4/5 seconds, was not beaten very much until Johnny Weissmuller came along.

While "Tarzan" was still a gangling kid playing around the Chicago docks, Duke Kahanamoku arrived from Honolulu, tall, handsome, and beautifully muscled. The Duke added the last refinement that made the "American" crawl. The power of the kick instead of originating at the knees began at the hips. It was a narrow toed-in waving motion of the whole leg. Matt, who had learned every method of human propulsion through the water, for the last three thousand years picked up the American crawl also, and when Weissmuller at seventeen broke a world's record in his first race, Matt began to watch and study him, the greatest of them all.

But Johnny, because he was perfect, was hard to study. No one feature of his swimming stood out more than another. You could not tell whether it was easy because it was so powerful or powerful because it was so easy. He set the present 100 yards record at Ann Arbor and Matt watched him while he did it but he could not fathom how. It took a man with obvious faults to show Matt how important relaxation was.

One night in 1926 in the Detroit Athletic Club pool, Arne Borg, the Swedish Olympic star, tried to break the world's 500 yard record. Borg was over six feet tall, shambling, sandy-headed, all shoulders and no legs, bunched at the top like Bob Fitzsimmons. At the crack of the gun, he flung himself awkwardly into the water, lit out for the other end of the tank, and at the turn, stopped dead, turned around sedately, took a huge push-off and started back. He kept this up—swimming fast but taking a slow turn. He looked bad. He did not have a flutter kick. He crossed and uncrossed his legs jerkily, and he threw his arms carelessly over and they lit with a big splash. No kick, no turn, no style. The watch showed 58 seconds at the end of the first hun-

Continued on page 170

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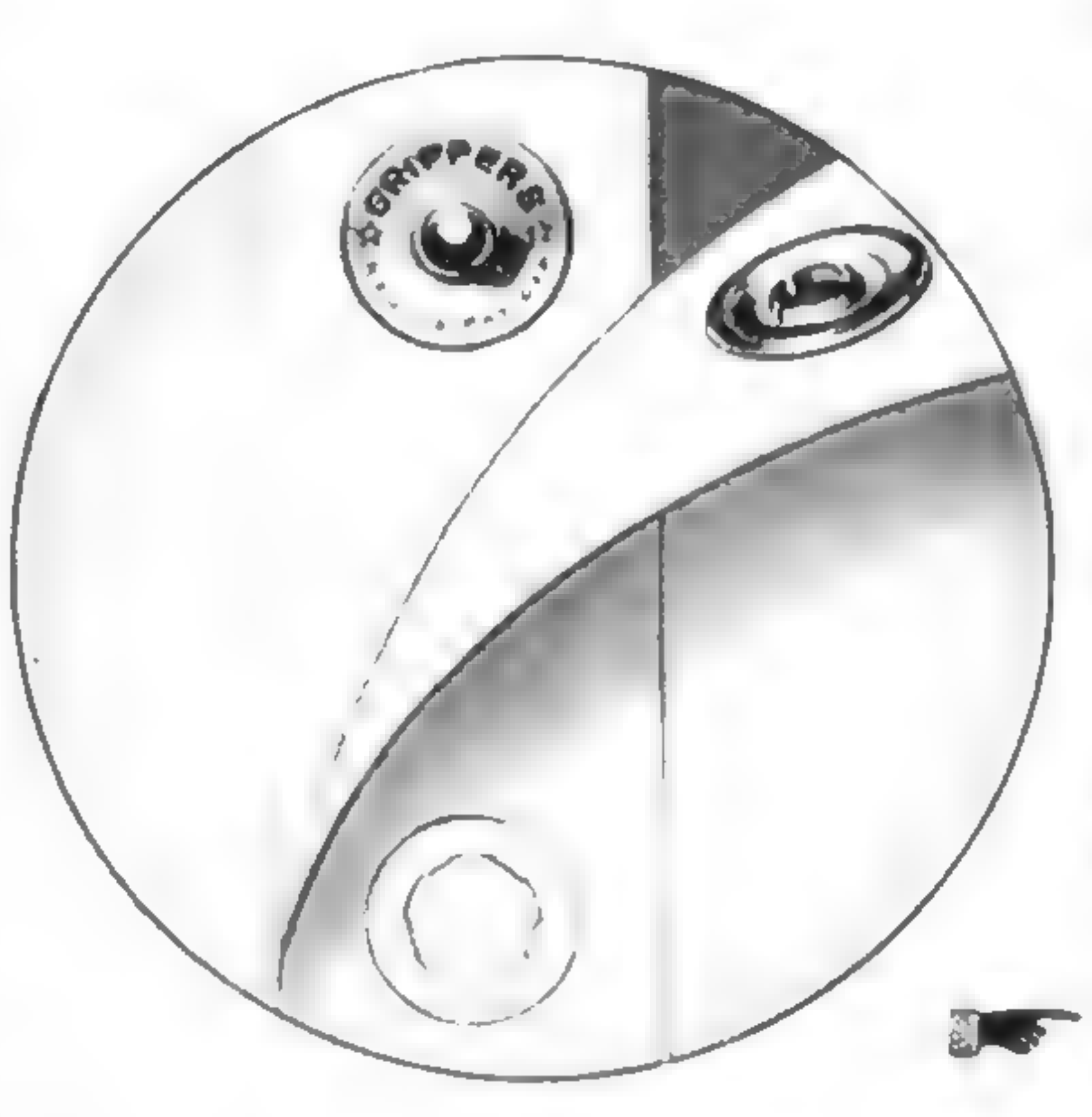

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What a Piece of Work Is Mann

Continued from pages 73-169

dred—any of Matt's freshmen could have kept up with him. The record looked safe.

But at the 220 the watch showed 2:13, only two seconds slower than the record for that distance and Matt sat up and began to watch Borg closely to see what was making him go. He kept slopping along at a regular pace, pausing for a big breath at the turns. Matt noticed chiefly his loose splashing arm stroke. There was no tension anywhere except when he pulled. Borg went on and broke the world's record by five seconds and climbed out apparently fresh. Borg had taken it easy all the way. He had been relaxed. Now if a man who swam as badly as Borg did could break a world's record because he avoided muscular tension . . . the conclusion was obvious. Thirty years of experience learning and teaching each new stroke as it was developed had taught Matt all the mechanics of swimming. Now he had the main principle of his style—relaxation, the hallmark of all Michigan swimmers, just as the tremendous kick is the sign of all Chicago-coached swimmers.

All his boys in the water can be identified by this loose free manner but no one Michigan swimmer has the same stroke as another. Charley Barker, the National Collegiate 50-yard champ, has a neat precise stroke, almost prim, while Gus Sharemet takes a long lax armpull that looks slow as you watch it. When the freshmen turn out in the fall, Matt does not tell them much at first. He lets them swim in the way they are used to. As soon as he sees the kind of arm motion and kick that are best suited to the individual's build and power, he begins to talk (and shout) relaxation. He may lengthen the stroke, speed up or slow down the kick a little but he has no rigid specification to which everyone must conform. The only ironclad rule is that everyone must take it easy a long, long way.

Most colleges begin swimming practice after Christmas. At Michigan it begins in October and by the Christmas holidays when Matt takes his team to the Swimming Forum at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the boys have wind; their muscles are loose and floppy the way they ought to be and they are in prime shape. It is not unusual for sprinters, the 50 and 100-yard men, to swim a half mile a day pretty fast before Matt times them for their special distances.

Some coaches time their men only once or twice a week. Matt times them every day if he can and they get so accustomed to it that there is no nervous strain. By the end of January when the schedule of meets begins, every man on the team looks forward to the meet, because that's the day when he will do the least work.

How does he get it out of them? Granting that he knows swimming from every angle, that he has a sound principle in relaxation, how does he make them work that hard? He doesn't *make* them. He takes it for granted. He didn't always—when he first came, Michigan had been an underwaterdog for so long that he had to convince his prospects that they could win a State, then a Conference and finally a National championship. In public he talked, threatened, prayed, and wheedled, and he drew each novice off to the side and talked to him alone, in the shower room or on the street. There were times when the swimming team quarters resembled a camp meeting, and it was Matt who converted them.

Now, however, a freshman feels speed in the atmosphere. The first time he comes to the pool, he sees the blackboard. Around the walls hang plaques emblematic of National Collegiate championships. On a shelf beside Matt's rolltop desk are dozens of cups. The flurry of foam and splash he sees in the water may be Charley Barker or chugging along a mile or so with a butterfly breast stroke may be Jim Skinner, the National AAU champion. In the locker room, the squad talks only in terms of the Nationals or whether big Gus Sharemet is going to break the most durable of Weissmuller's records — 51 seconds flat for 100 yards in a 25-yard pool. It has stood—and nothing changes faster than a swimming record—since 1927. Gus has done :51 8/10 and with luck he may nick it this season. In such surroundings a freshman knows he is in fast company, and it seems to be an axiom in sport that you will go fast in fast company.

They come from everywhere in the country. The best high school and prep school swimmers are eager to work under Matt. He is in what might be called a virtuous circle—he gets the best men. They make the best teams and because the teams are so good he gets the best men, etc., etc., although Matt has taken a man like Buck Samson, an Olympic standby, away from the football squad and made him the fastest college distance man in the country. Matt is not particular. Give him any male, for choice a male six feet tall with big hands and feet and strong muscles who is not terrified at putting his face in a basin full of water. Give Matt this male and a year's time and you are pretty apt to have a champion. If, however, the male is going to swim for Michigan, he will have to be fairly intelligent in order to keep up his university work. Matt's teams, year in and year out, have the highest scholastic averages in any of the sports.

The other day he got a letter from a crack swimmer in an eastern prep school who stated the times he had done, evinced great interest in coming to Michigan but the trouble was, he said, he had no money. What could

Matt do for him? It is an indication of the growing interest in swimming as a spectator sport—a good prep school swimmer can now get paid in some colleges. Matt wrote back that if the boy could scrape together five or six hundred dollars, he would be tickled to death to have him on the squad, otherwise nix. Matt does not need to pay them. And Matt *would* not pay them. He is an honest guy and if you ever swim with him, you know it.

There are now eight coaches in the high schools and colleges whom Matt has trained, men who swam on his Michigan teams. Last year every one of the eight had a championship team in his section.

Summers, Matt teaches swimming at his camp for boys, at Chikopi, Ontario. There he takes little tots and boys up to prep school age and has them swimming like fish in a season. This past summer he even made a sound motion picture there in full color, for Coronet Productions, an outfit specializing in sound pictures for school and college use. Into this picture he put every last nuance of his teaching methods, caught in the natural synchronized sounds of strokes and breathing. So while only eight schools and colleges to date have had the master's touch in their swimming teaching, by next year a thousand could have it. There was nothing commercial about Matt's making of that picture. He literally made it for fun. To him swimming is fun. He plays squash every morning and then he swims twelve laps of the pool himself, four crawl, four breast stroke, and four backstroke. There was a time when he paced his own quarter-milers but he is fifty-six years old now and the pace he has built up for them is too fast for him to cope with.

He still likes to swim, however, and that is probably the real secret of his coaching: he makes everybody else like it. #

The Pedigreed Cockroach

Continued from page 75

all the cockroaches in Mexico."

Pancho, clocked during his daily workouts, seemed to justify the faith placed in him by his sponsors. The week following his purchase, he was entered, at odds of five to one, in his maiden event. And he carried 1,000 pesos of Lupita's money, Laredo having advised his client not to risk too much at first.

But now comes one of the saddest parts of the story. On his first time out Pancho Villa didn't do so well. Out of a field of eight, he finished eighth, and at no time was he even in the running.

But how could Laredo tell Lupita that? She would, he knew, be bitterly disappointed if she learned the truth, and might lose confidence in him altogether. So, with the best intentions in the world, Laredo gave her a graphic description of the cucaracha's victory.

"Está bien," said Guadalupe. "Where is the money we won?"

"Oh, that!" said Laredo. "Yes—I'm glad you brought that up. You won—let's see—5,000 pesos, was it not? Your paper profit thus far . . You understand, don't you?"

"Sí," said Guadalupe.

"Well, that sum together with—shall we say 5,000 pesos more on Pancho's next race—will, if he wins at odds of three to one, give you a total profit of exactly 30,000 pesos. Bueno?"

"Cómo no?" said Guadalupe.

Pancho's second attempt was, if possible, even sorrier than his first, and again Laredo, the honest fellow, was compelled to resort to subterfuge.

Guadalupe was by this time as enthusiastic over her cucaracha as Laredo feigned to be. "Bueno, señor," she said. "I still have left 4,000 pesos liquid assets. I have some pearls on which a relative of mine, Tío Pedro, will let me have another thousand. So! We will have 35,000 pesos on Pancho to romp home in the sweepstakes. And at three to one—Oh, Boy!"

Lupita had learned this expression from Laredo.

But at this point Laredo's conscience began to trouble him. Suppose—as was more than probable—that Pancho failed to bring home the bacon. If he carried out instructions and played Pancho to win, he would have lost Lupita's last 5,000 pesos of ready money. Not only that, but he would have to account somehow for her 30,000 peso "paper profit," or at least for the 6,000 he had already lost, not counting the thousand tied up in the cockroach.

To make matters worse, both the alcalde and Señor Gomez were urging Guadalupe to arrive at a decision and to set a definite date for her nuptials. And moreover, as Laredo learned to his dismay, Gómez had found out about her operations, though of her motive he was still ignorant. This snake in the grass had gone so far as to cast doubt on Pancho's past performances and to discredit Laredo's good faith.

"Giving that Americano all that money!" he had said. "Have you ever seen even a centavo of it? How do you know that he is not a rogue and a fly-by-night, this gringo? How do you know that he will not skip out at the first opportunity or when he has got all he can get?

"And that other cockroach—Pancho Villa. Are you sure that he has won? I myself was at the Pista a few nights ago, but do not recall seeing his number flashed."

Again Lupita asked for visual evidence of her winnings. Wouldn't it be better to withdraw Pancho from the sweepstakes, sell him for whatever he would bring, and take the profits?

Had there been any profits,

Continued on page 172

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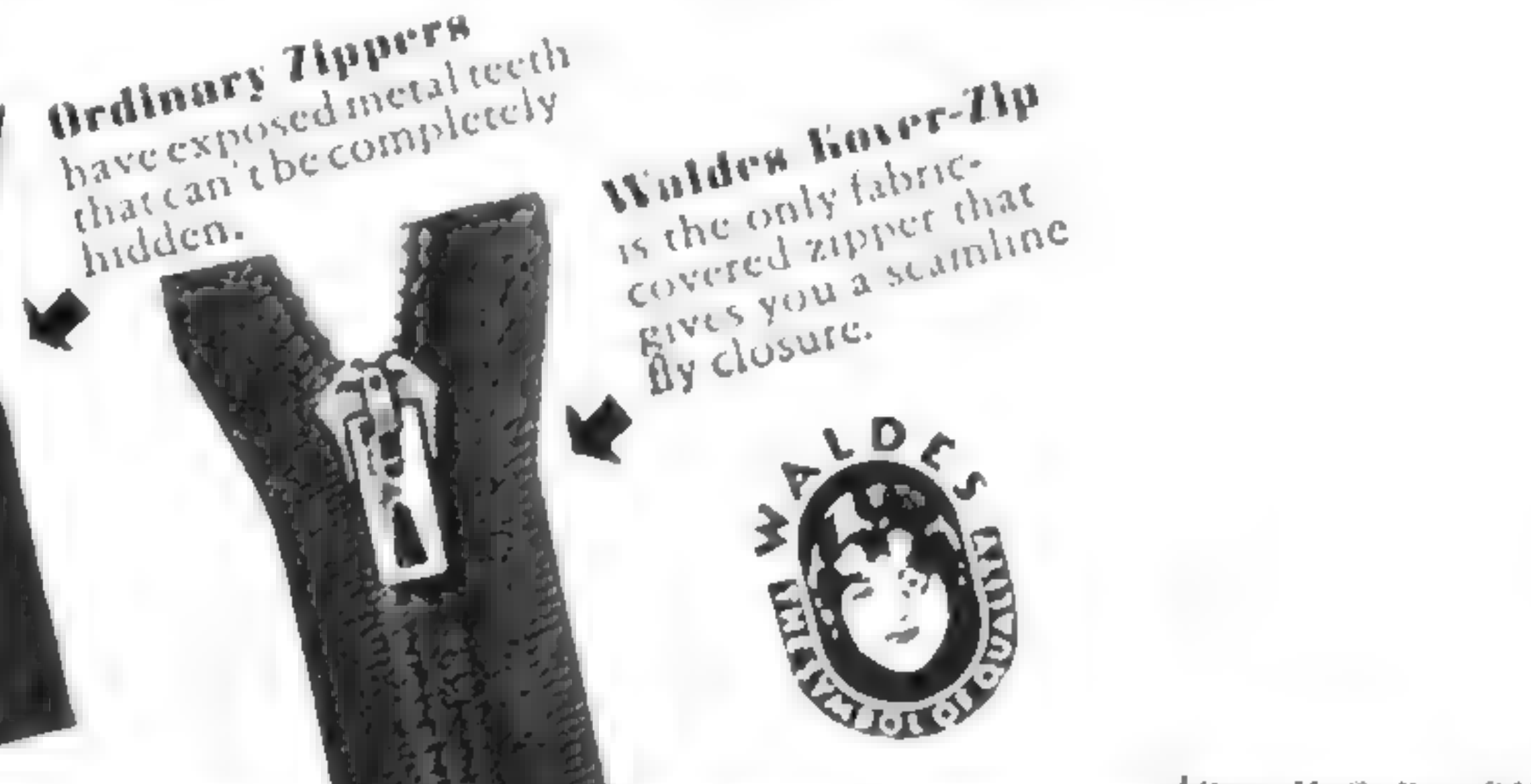
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The Pedigreed Cockroach

Continued from pages 75-171

Laredo might have agreed with this suggestion. However, he was in too deep for that. So again he was obliged to reassure her. It was on the very eve of the sweepstakes. Certainly she could have her money. He would write her out a check. But with financial independence just within her grasp, was this the time to grow faint-hearted—to lose confidence in him?

"Oh, I'm so sorry I mistrusted you," said Guadalupe, taking both his hands in hers. "Forgive, and I promise never to do so again."

"You yourself, chiquita," said Laredo, "will be there to see him win. I shall reserve a box for you and the alcalde. You shall see your Pancho leap from his trap door like a spider, lead the field all the way, and dash across the finish line a winner." And at the moment Laredo almost believed this prophecy himself.

Now, an unscrupulous person would have pocketed what money there was left and run out with it. But that solution of the problem never once entered Laredo's head. Pancho Villa could not hope to win. That much was certain. Lupita would be disappointed, but—there was one other way and this Laredo decided to take.

Dawn of a flawless May morning saw the caretaker of the Tapanzingo plaza dipping water from the fountain and sloshing it with his twig broom over the grass plots and the paths. For the great day had come. Since sunrise, Indians had been plodding in from the hills with their earthenware pottery and woven baskets. Dogs barked, sensing the excitement in the air. Refresco stands sprang up mushroomlike around the main entrance of the Pista.

The balloon man with his bobbing globes and squeaky little whistle; the helado man with his pushcart of ices; the old women with their baskets of morelianas made ready for the rush of customers. One could hear the gentle pit-a-pat of soft hands as brown-eyed girls flattened the tortillas. One could smell the savory meat and peppers which would fill the tacos and the enchiladas.

The bells of the big brasses flashing in the sun, the drum major twirling his baton, the trombones pumping, the municipal band in its smart uniforms strutted down 16th of September Street, the whole town following.

In a private box near the finish line, a box decorated with red, white and green bunting, sat the alcalde, his esposa and their pretty niece. Señor Gómez in a charro costume—sombrero, embroidered jacket, and tight-fitting trousers—was doing the honors at the entrance of the box, handing up oranges, bottles of sidral, paletas.

"Your Pancho Villa," he informed Lupita, "opens at fifty to one. Does that not arouse your suspicions? We will hope for the best, señorita, but don't be disappointed if you lose. However, count on me. I shall be on the watch for your friend."

The preliminary races were run off with the punctilio of a bull fight. Now came the seventh event—the 100,000 peso sweepstakes. Pancho's odds were still fifty to one, and for Guadalupe this meant either a fortune in pesos—nearly 2,000,000—or nothing. Is it any wonder that her heart was in her mouth?

A bugle sounded. They were at post. Tía María, a filly—if one may use that term in connection with a cockroach—a Guadalajara entry, ruled as favorite—five to three. General Prim, the Pride of Puebla, was regarded as the best take-a-chance bet—five to one.

A pistol shot rang out. Nine insects leaped from the trap doors. They're off! Pancho Villa leads by a length. Tía María second, General Prim and the field bunched. Around the first turn they fly in the same order.

"Vámonos, Pancho! Come on!"

Guadalupe's eyes were like stars.

Now Tía María has drawn up on even terms with Pancho. They are racing neck and neck, General Prim holding his own a length behind. Anybody's race as yet.

But Pancho never falters in his stride. It is as if he were animated by clockwork. Shaking off the challenger, he draws slowly away. How that little cucaracha can run!

"Vámonos, Panchos! Viva Pancho! Come on!"

Down the home stretch now, Pancho still in the lead. A breathless moment . . . Pancho wins!

Sombreros are tossed into the air. Pandemonium reigns in the Pista.

Laredo had not waited for the finish. He had seen it coming. With the best of intentions he had sold Pancho that morning to a Guadalajara syndicate and placed Lupita's money on the favorite—Tía María—to win.

Laredo managed to escape through a rear exit—only a jump ahead of Señor Gómez, who had had an eye on him.

Making his way into the mountains, he had borrowed a burro and a cotton suit—his present disguise—from an Indian, and ridden in to Mexico City, to arrive weary, travel-stained, and disheartened shortly before the honeymooners found him.

* * *

"Did you see this?" said Prudence the next morning. "Look here." And she handed Bill the morning edition of *El Universal*.

"Texan holds winning ticket in 500,000 peso drawing. Laredo Jones makes killing in the National Lottery."

"But here's something else—in the society column," she added. "'Fashionable Tapanzingo Wedding. Señor Victorio Gómez leads to the altar . . .' Oh dear! That isn't the right ending at all!" ##

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 95

und Isolde. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Victor Album 798. Should you feel that Toscanini is occasionally metronomic and Stokowski banal, this will be the definitive recording of Wagner's transfigured love. Romantic in the best sense, it swells with poetry and surges with passion, is never overdone nor distorted. This is a rewarding contact with the best musical feeling in present-day Germany and, lest you be fearful that in buying the album you are helping the Nazis, be it known that no royalties from the record sales leave the United States.

For the Season

Brahms: Academic Festival Overture. John Barbirolli conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. Columbia record. The sixth recording of this overture in my library (others by Walter, Mengelberg, Toscanini, Stiedry, and Weingartner) reminds me pleasantly that the German spirit was not always martial and malevolent. Brahms here paid tribute to the resounding healthy traits of his people and the orchestra sets it forth smoothly and spaciously. On the fourth side is Mr. Barbirolli's arrangement of *Sheep May Safely Graze* from Bach's *Birthday Cantata.*

Cavalcade of Famous Artists: 1910-1935. Jubilee records from the reign of George V. His Master's Voice 2454-2455. Convenient for those who like to reminisce. Thus an ideal gift for your grandmother. Samples of the art of Paderewski, John McCormack, Casals, Melba, Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, De Pachmann (who jabbers to himself and also stops to correct the mistake), Caruso, Menuhin, Galli-Curci, Chaliapin, Cortot, Gigli, Bachaus, Elisabeth Schumann, Horowitz, Melchior, and Elgar conducting "Pomp and Circumstance." A reminder of happier days in London.

Mozart: "Ah, Pieta, Signori Miei" and Catalogue aria, "*Madamina*" from *Don Giovanni.* Sung by Salvatore Baccaloni with orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Columbia 71040-D. First release in this country of foremost living bass-buffo, on whom the Metropolitan relies more and more to put over its performances. Unnoticed in his single season with the Chicago Opera Company during Insull days, Baccaloni is at last being accorded the fame he deserves. His diction is a joy to hear, and his impersonations have champagne-like sparkle; but they don't come off on this disc. You miss his 312 pounds and he seems a bit nervous and unsettled.

Puccini: "E lucevan le stelle" from *Tosca* and "*Ch'Ella Mi Creda Libero*" from *Girl of the Golden West.* Sung by Jussi Bjoerling. Victor 4408. Now that the bird has flown, our appreciation is the more keen. Bjoerling has a light voice—it is not as fat and rich as Gigli's, for example—but it is the best lyric tenor today.

Ravel: Quartet in F. Played by Budapest String Quartet. Columbia M425. Thirty-five years ago when this work was heard in New York for the first time, critics and public were dumbfounded, didn't comprehend. Today, its "strange progressions" are cliches of Hollywood's movie music. It has a strange, eerie beauty and is well-played. The surfaces are smooth.

Josef Suk: Serenade for String Orchestra (Opus 6.) Vaclav Talich conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor Album 779. Josef Suk died in Prague six years ago. He founded the Bohemian Quartet and worked with Dvorak, his father-in-law. This, written when he was 18, is ingratiating music lovingly performed. The melodies are simple, singable, and joyous.

For the Week End

From Bach to Boogie Woogie. Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist. General Album G-13. *Bach Goes to Town, In an 18th Century Drawing Room, Honky Tonk Train, Yancy Train, Yancy Special, Pine Top's Boogie Woogie, a Boogie Woogie Rhapsody.* Straight-faced effects on the harpsichord, the kind that will uncurl the old lady's curlers.

James Copp, III. Liberty Music Shop record. Copp is a college boy, complete with crew haircut and sack suit. He sits at the piano, pulls faces, and hisses monologues. And they come out funny. Listen to *The Bulb Snatcher* or *The Mystery of the Revolving Tree Trunk.* Surrealistic humor? This is it!

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Cuban Rhythms. Played by the Hotel Naçional Orchestra of Havana. Musicraft Album. Rhythms that insinuate, agitate, and warm from *Tumbando Caña* to *Dulce Densengaño* and *Blen Blen Blen.*

C. W. Gluck: Ballet Excerpts from Orfeo ed Euridice, Iphigenie en Aulide, Armide, and from the dramatic ballet *Don Juan.* Freely transcribed for orchestra by Felix Mottl and freely conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Victor Album 787. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra here plays rousingly tunes you know, though with a not too meticulous care of detail. The music of Gluck deserves to be known and this is an easy, if not profound, introduction.

Hollywood Screen Test. Directed by Ray Foster. Star Record Company, New York. According to the blurb, these records are loaded with love, pathos, excitement, and laughs. It depends on how much you put into them: you play out and act the scenes in pantomime: you should have a mirror and a good-looking girl and a . . . well, try it.

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Continued on page 174

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Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 95-173

Decca Album. The guy trumpets, sings a batch of vocal choruses in a dozen numbers including *Mahogany Hall Stomp, West End Blues, On the Sunny Side of the Street, Satchel Mouth Swing, Struttin' With Some Barbecue, Confess, Dipper Mouth, I'm in the Mood for Love, I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*. A collector's item if you keep jazz.

Melodies of the Thirties. Emile Petti and his Savoy-Plaza Orchestra. Liberty Music Shop. Good dance music, as it's served up in New York's swankiest night spot, makes pleasant background music for the lodge or the patio.

Rhumba with Cugat. Columbia C-54. Doing the rhumba with Cugat can't be wrong.

Sibelius: Malinconia. Louis Jensen, cello, with Galina Merschenskaya at the piano. Victor 17920. A chance to hear the lesser Sibelius, of which he himself says: "Sibelius loves all his works." There's a good melody, but somewhat diffused piano part. It's uneven.

Johann Strauss: Vienna Blood and *Voices of Spring.* Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 18060. To step you up when you are down, the brilliant Philadelphia Orchestra goes through its paces. Mr. Ormandy has a flair for waltzes: this is good for a turn.

Swinging the Classics: Hazel Scott. Decca Album 212. The Trinidad beauty who became High Priestess of Harlem, Killer-Diller of the Kilocycles, here introduces unorthodox rhythmic touches to De Falla's *Ritual Fire Dance,* Rachmaninoff's C Sharp Minor prelude, Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody,* Chopin's "Minute" Waltz, and finally "shoots the works." Even your maiden aunt will respond.

FOR THE INCINERATOR

MacDonald in Song. Sung by Jeanette MacDonald. Victor M-642. M-G-M's singing star should be seen, not heard. When she is on tour, the pain must be excruciating. Perhaps audiences who see her forgive her. This album remains a major indictment of how it was done in our era.

Moussorgsky: A Night on Bare Mountain from *"Fantasia."* Orchestrated by Leopold Stokowski. Played by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Mr. Stokowski. Victor 17900. Super de luxe sound effects. Mr. Disney likes them. Mr Stokowski adores them. Moussorgsky remains dumb. If you don't object to hearing great music stepped up as background excitement, it's tolerable. Otherwise, the disc is better broken.

Rachmaninoff: Floods of Spring and *Sorrow in Spring.* Sung by Donald Dickson. Victor 4548. A movie abortion that might be labelled: "Floods of Sorrow." Swallows and gulps will not suffice for Rachmaninoff. Take it away!

Richard Strauss: Zueignung and *Allerseelen.* Sung by Nelson Eddy, accompanied by Orchestra conducted by Nathaniel Finston. Columbia 17185. A dead-pan Bing Crosby rendition of Strauss; a lesson in how not to sing these songs. Mr. Eddy's fire and devotion have been bleached in Hollywood. Despite his beautiful voice he says as little as a man can without collapsing bodily. You are thankful only because it's over. ##

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5—*The Man I Love*	Columbia 55001

JOSE MORAND

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2—*"Maria Elena"*	Decca 3847
3—*El Manisero*	Decca 18071
4—*Vereda Tropical*	Decca 18085
5—*La Paloma*	Decca 3847

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4—*Are You All Reet?*	Okeh 6035
5—*Fifteen Minute Intermission*	Okeh 5644

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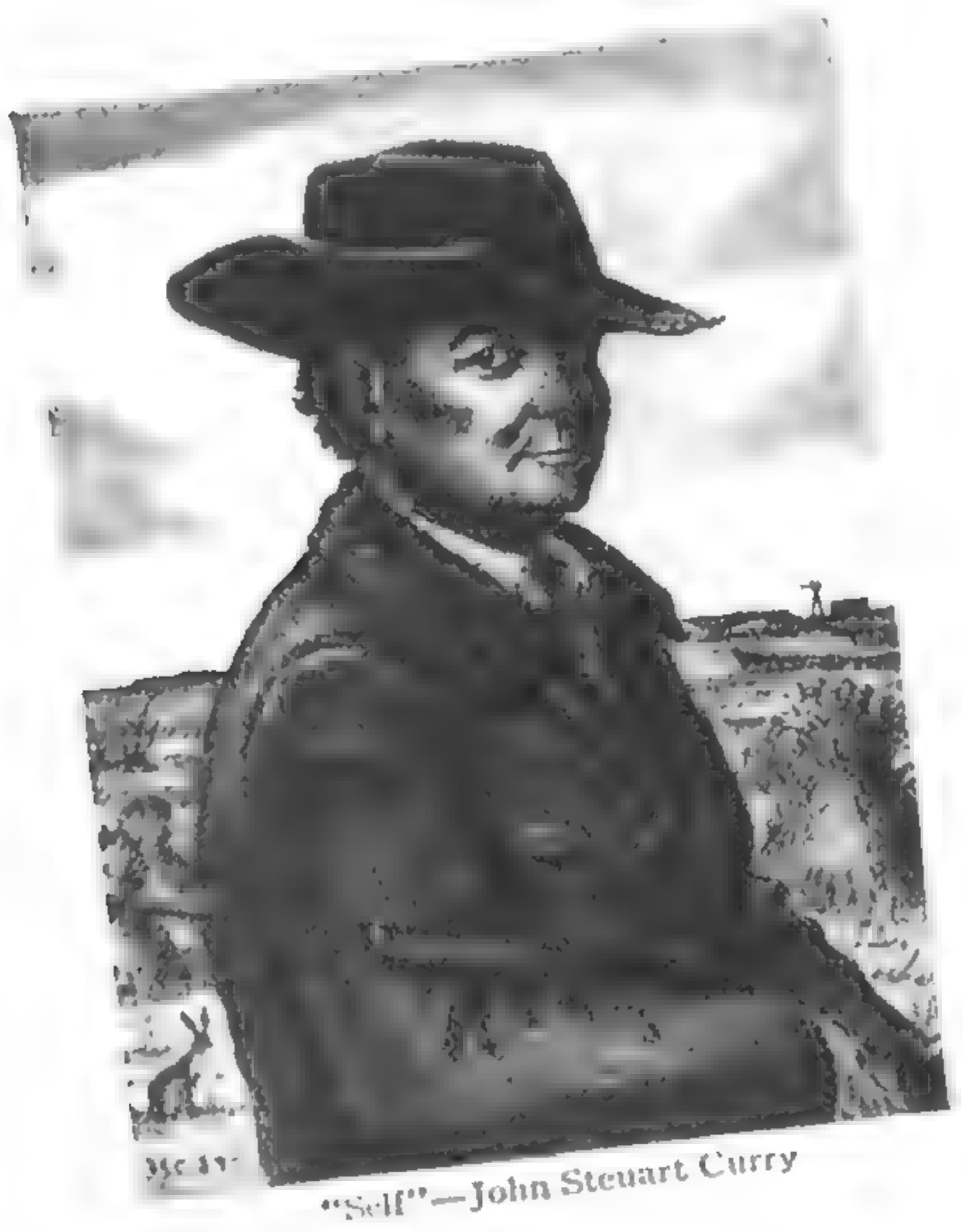

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Johnny-on-the-"Spot"

Continued from page 47

my own handbag. A lady had made a mistake.)

I imagine you have often cut up and sorted out the big moments in your life like I have mine. I have three groups—great, tremendous and colossal.

We will pass over the first two groups and start out with "colossal," where two incidents could, but don't, haunt me, much to the surprise of some of my best friends.

Number 1 Colossal dates back to November 2, 1936.

Northwestern's Wildcats were playing gridiron host to the Thundering Herd of Minnesota that day. Newspapermen called it the most important game in the nation for that week end. Northwestern was undefeated for the year. Minnesota hadn't been beaten in twenty-one games, nearly three years. It was one of those days when unusual things seemed doomed to happen. Sunshine, then snow, then rain. Low, overhanging clouds, forty-seven thousand people, a sellout, the first sellout in Evanston since Knute Rockne's last team played there in 1932.

And I was slated to referee!

I have a newspaper clipping from that day which I treasure highly because I think its author, Harry MacNamara, of the Chicago *Examiner* must have had a premonition. I read his pre-game story and excerpts like these hit me in the eye:

"—one of these officials—Referee Johnny Getchell—will be on the spot. He is a graduate of St. Thomas College in St. Paul. Also, he is a resident and business man of Minneapolis. Getchell's integrity and his ability as a referee are not questioned. The fact that Getchell may be obliged to make a ruling during the game which may mean the difference between victory and defeat for Northwestern puts the referee, and Griffith, too, in embarrassing positions, which the commissioner could have avoided by selecting another official . . ."

Mr. MacNamara called the turn about making a decision which meant victory for one team, defeat for another.

Late in the final quarter, the two great teams were fighting furiously. Neither had been able to put over a touchdown. Suddenly, Minnesota's Julie Alfonse fumbled and Northwestern recovered on the Gopher fifteen-yard line. On the second play following I saw Minnesota's All-American Tackle, Ed Widseth, rough Don Geyer, Wildcat halfback. There was nothing other for me to do than penalize Minnesota for unnecessary roughness, which took the ball to the one-yard line. From there, Northwestern scored the touchdown that won the game.

After the game I had forgotten about it. Naturally I felt sorry for Minnesota. Yet it was my duty to call them as I saw them and I saw that. I spent the next day in Chicago, and still didn't think of what the reaction might be. I returned to Minneapolis on Monday. And it was then I learned the whole town was aroused, as well as sports writers from coast to coast. Motion pictures of the game were featured throughout the country, with the play in question displayed in slow motion. Pros and cons were falling from everyone's lips it seems. Controversy fanned the flames of the argument into a white heat.

One newspaper finally, in desperation, appeared with an eight-column display the contents of which I repeat here:

CALLING FOUL 'SLUGGING' INJUSTICE TO BOTH WIDSETH, GETCHELL.

"The thunder-clouds of post game argument concerning the 6-0 victory of Northwestern over Minnesota last Saturday keep crashing together. And every time they crash, the phrase, 'if Minnesota hadn't been penalized 15 yards for slugging' comes thundering out, roaring an injustice to the two men most concerned—co-captain Ed Widseth and Referee John Getchell.

"Eastern, Chicago and other writers at the game persist in terming Widseth's alleged infraction of the rules as slugging. Whereas it actually was 'unnecessary roughness.' And, we ask you to believe this—if Widseth had been guilty of slugging, the Gophers WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF. For Northwestern, by almost wide odds, could not have scored. Let us look at the facts:

"The penalty for unnecessary roughness is 15 yards. And first down for the offensive team if committed by the defensive.

"The penalty for slugging is half the distance to the offending team's goal line and banishment from the game of the player who committed the foul.

"Therefore, had Widseth been guilty of slugging and absorbed the notoriety that goes with such an offense, he would have been put out of the game.

"And NORTHWESTERN WOULD HAVE BEEN ADVANCED FROM THE THIRTEEN YARD LINE TO THE SIX AND ONE HALF YARD LINE.

"—Widseth was called for unnecessary roughness by mussing up the ball-carrier's face in a pile up. It easily could be unintentional but still a 15 yard penalty.

"Widseth's record as a clean player through seven years of competitive football entitles him to be free of the stigma of having slugged an opponent.

"Getchell's record as a competent and fearless official entitles him to be free of the charge of not knowing the rules. If he had figured Widseth actually 'slugged' he would have put him out of the game and inflicted the half-the-distance penalty.

"—let us not do injustice to two men who are standouts in their respective football fields."

There were other repercussions,

a Widseth Defense Fund was talked of. Sports writer Joe Williams of New York questioned the wisdom of putting officials in important positions where their personal opinions can decide a game.

Some men of authority and expertness came to my aid. Frank Murray, then Marquette's coach and now at Virginia University said:

"I take off my hat to Johnny Getchell . . . In all my experience I have never seen an official in a tougher spot . . . Yet he had nerve enough to forget everything in the world except that he was an impartial observer, honestly trying to enforce the rules which he knew so well . . . I think coaches will generally wish that there were more Johnnys-on-the-spot."

Major Griffith was very kind in starting off a letter to me this way:

"I did not get to see you after the game last Saturday, but want to tell you that I think you worked a splendid game and showed magnificent courage and sportsmanship. I did not see the foul but know that you would not have called it if it had not happened. Of course, there will be a few rabid individuals who may annoy you but the majorityof our college men admire courage, honesty, and integrity and I am writing just to say to you that I would not let any of the other fellows bother me."

The United Press reviewed how the motion pictures showed the much discussed play this way:

". . . Referee John Getchell did not err in calling the roughing penalty. After Don Geyer plunges off Minnesota's left tackle, the pictures show him falling on his back with face upward. Ed Widseth dives at the fallen Northwestern player and strikes him across the face with his arm. He repeats the blow a second time . . ."

These words plus an offer, which I accepted, to referee the New Year's Day Cotton Bowl game at Dallas helped to sooth the wounds of battle.

During all those "warm" days, my wife and two children were real troupers, making the show go on around home as if nothing happened. Many times I wondered if they really thought I had pulled a boner in that game. I am convinced, though, they felt the way I did—that what I did was entirely justifiable.

In my own mind, I heard again those words my wife cried to me early in my career. Must I earn a living this way? To quit right then and there would have been an easy out. Yet was it the right way out? A quitter admits defeat. Somehow, I'm not built that way. I recalled how many times I've seen boys on the field show outstanding courage against great odds. I argued with myself to be just as strong. And I decided to stick to the ship.

That ship sailed out of the stormy seas that fall and through the basketball winter of 1937 and the football season of 1937. Once again I was at peace with the world. Things happened, true, but nothing more or less than what is ordinary to any other man in the whistle-tooting profession.

And then came No. 2 Colossal of my life.

Notre Dame and Carnegie Tech, two undefeated football teams, were fighting it out at South Bend on that never-to-be-forgotten day of October 22, 1938. Three-quarters of the game was over and the final quarter was three minutes old. Neither team had scored. Tech had the ball on its own 47-yard line, a yard to go for a first down.

I, as a referee, was waiting for the play to start when the Tech quarterback, Paul Friedlander, stepped over and asked, "What down is it?"

I promptly answered, "Third down." Friedlander called a running play in an effort to get that extra yard and a first down. Tech's back, Carnelly, fumbled but recovered, still short of a first down. Tech then lined up into a fourth-down kick formation. Notre Dame objected, took possession of the ball. That started the storm. Head Linesman, Joe Lipp, informed me it already had been fourth down and that the Engineers had lost the ball on downs. Right then and there I admitted I had made a mistake. I had called the wrong down.

The Tech players blew up. Coach Bill Kern of Tech rushed onto the field to protest as did Coach Elmer Layden of the Irish. There was nothing more for me to do but admit the mistake, and since the rule books don't provide a penalty against the referee, something I wish there had been at that moment, I had to tell the irate Techmen the ball belonged to Notre Dame.

Three plays later the Irish had a touchdown and that was the ball game. I have no doubt that the strong Carnegie team was disorganized by the decision. And probably the touchdown was a direct result of my mistake. There was no choice but to give the ball to Notre Dame.

After the game I boarded a train bound for Minneapolis. I was hoping the mistake would be forgotten. Bernie Bierman was on the train, too, having scouted Illinois that day for a future engagement. We sat together and talked. I told him what had happened. I remember he said, "There won't be much said about it. Forget it." His words made me feel better. Bernie having been in the national spotlight so long, I felt he had a better slant on public and press reactions. Yet the fact that I once had been a sports writer looking for hot news kept me awake wondering whether other sports writers would consider this mistake of mine "hot news."

Crash! The following Monday hit me like an earthquake. That Widseth incident was nothing compared to this. From Carnegie Tech's home in Pittsburgh, Bill Kern aimed a verbal blast at me

Continued on page 178

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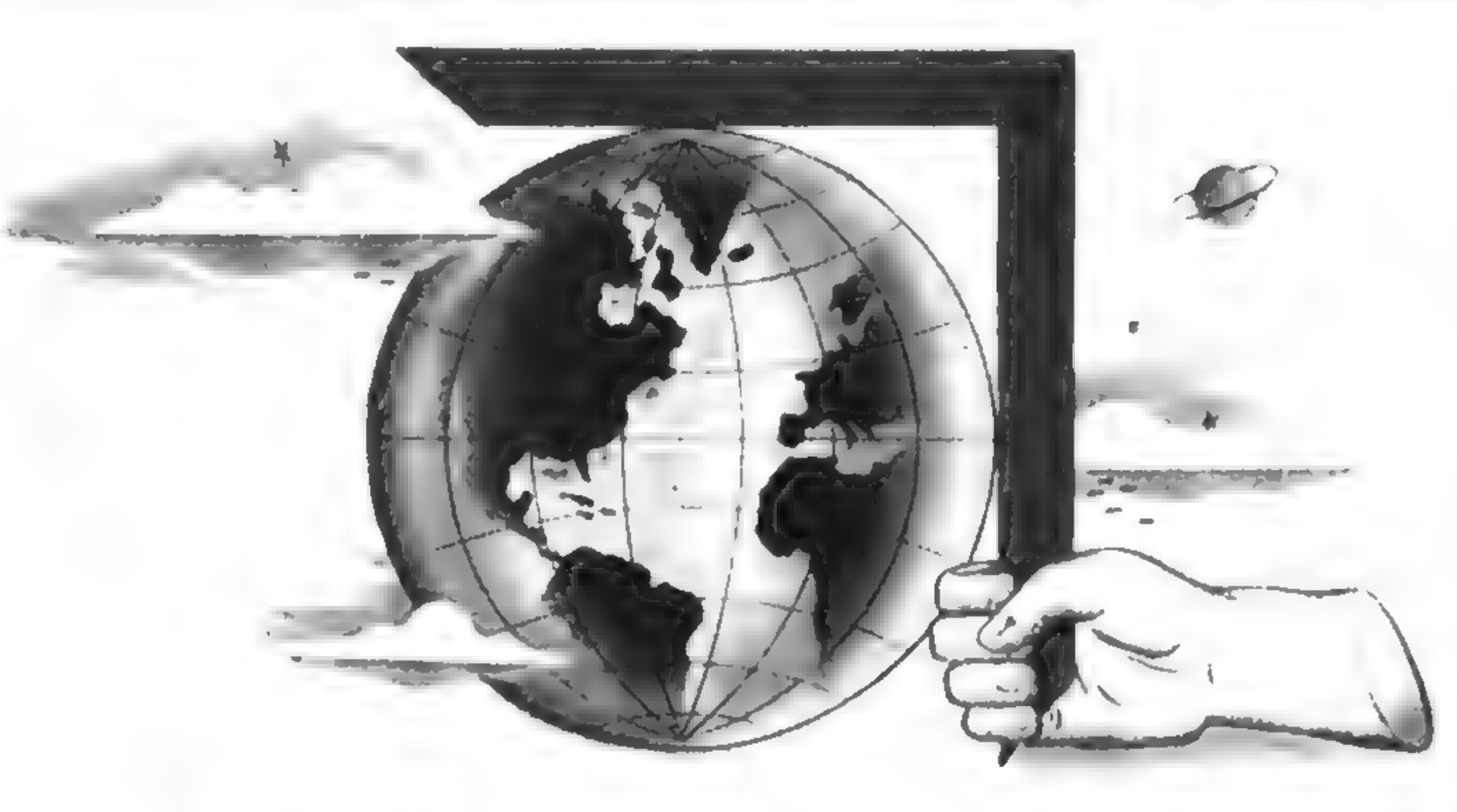

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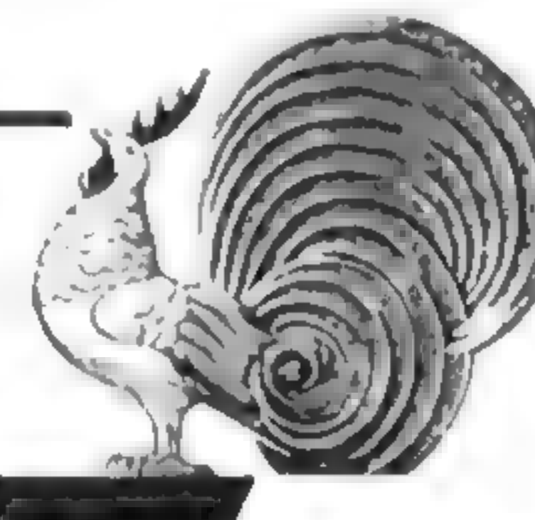

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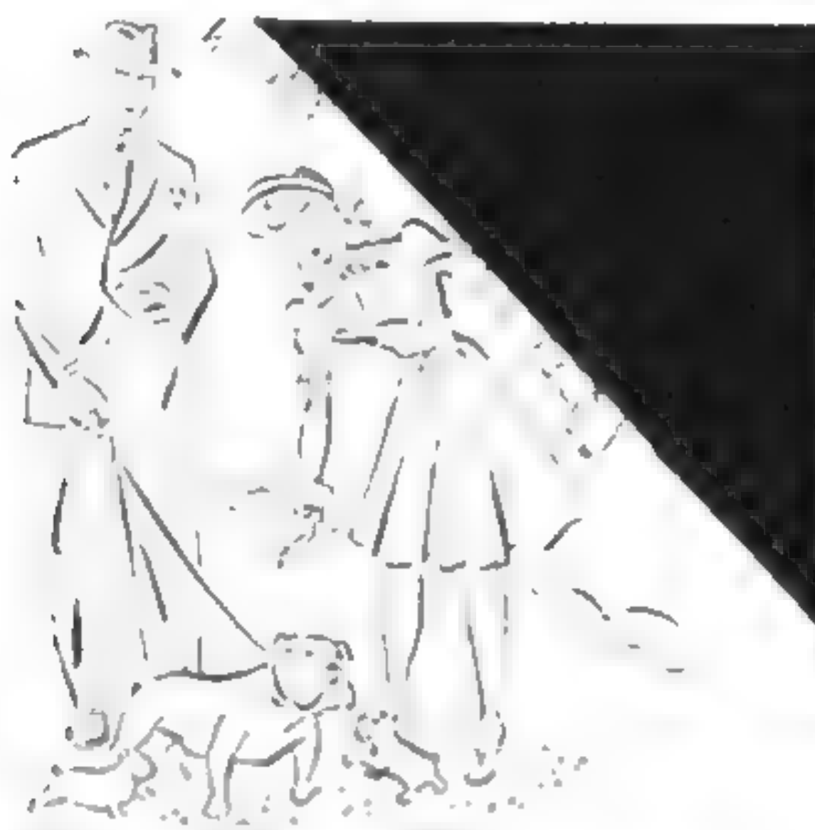

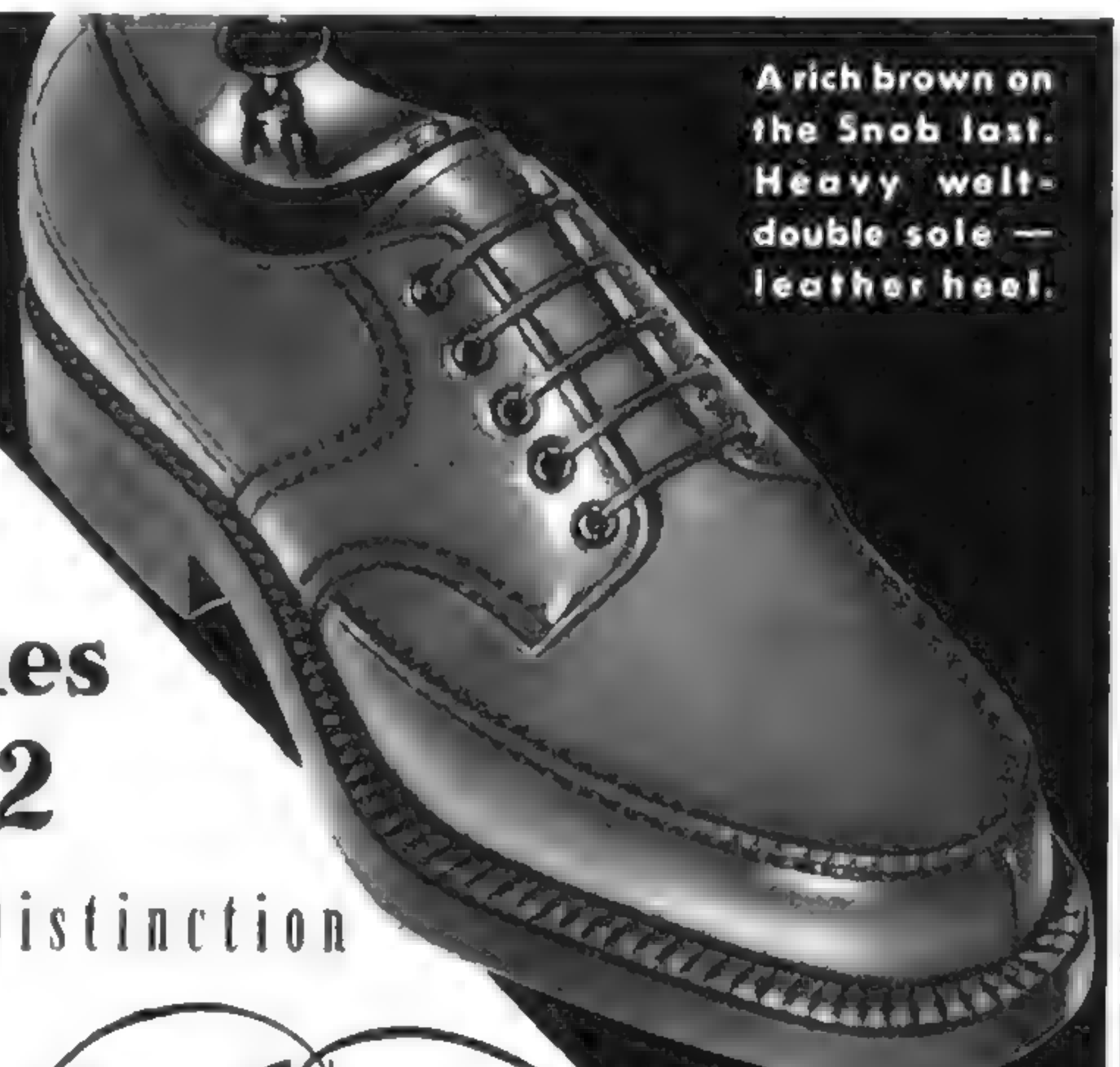

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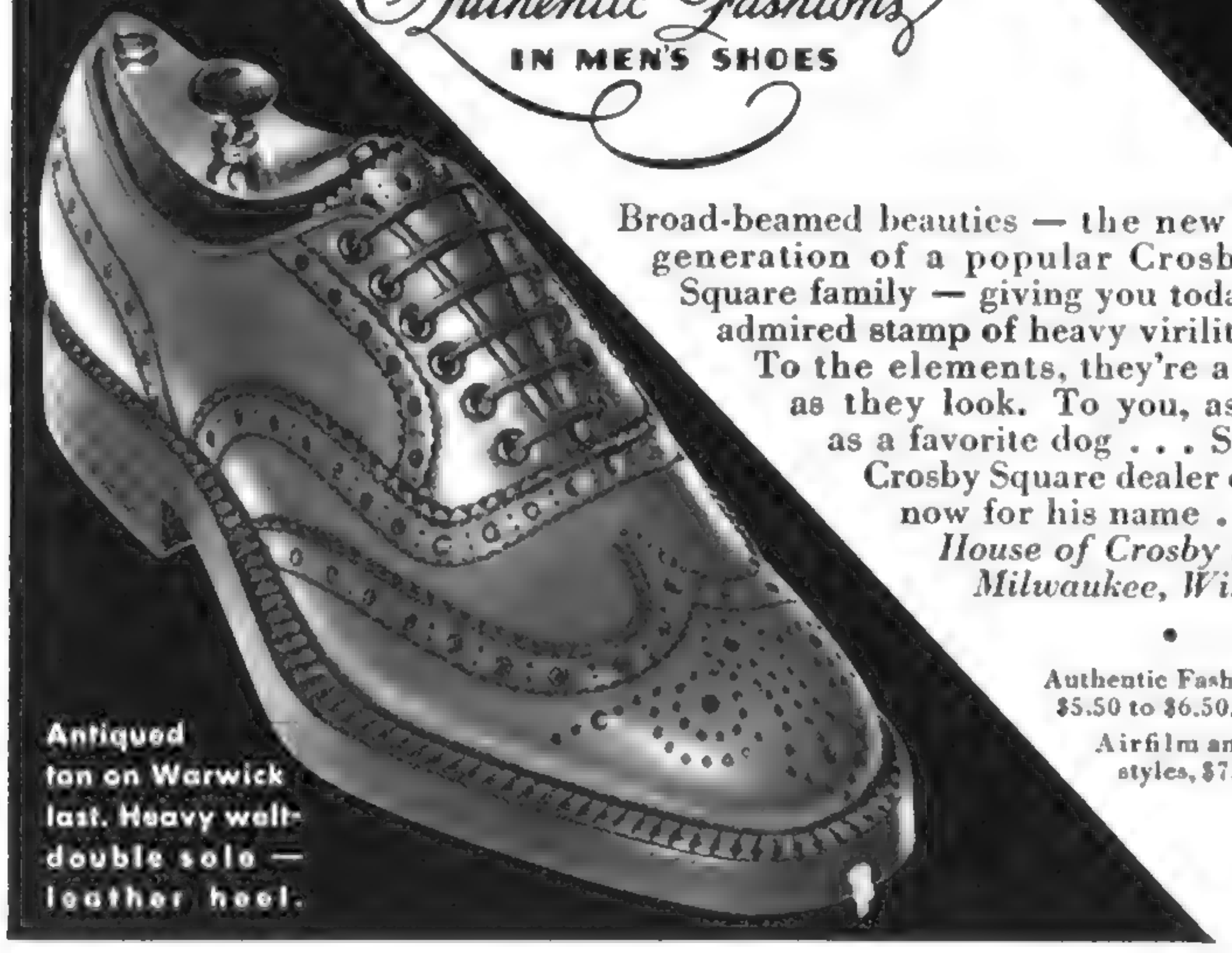

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Johnny-on-the-"Spot"

Continued from pages 47-177

that all but burned the Associated Press wires. "It was the biggest bonehead I ever saw pulled by any official," Bill said, and added, "It certainly meant defeat to us."

And my name took an awful beating from then on. They called me "Wrong Down Johnny." Papers wrote public letters asking me "What Down is it?" The mails brought me some twenty-five arithmetic books, seventeen whistles, various drawings by punsters from coast to coast.

I even overheard my youngest daughter, Mary, make this remark after the oldest daughter, Barbara, had said something about daddy being "the smartest man in the whole world."

Mary said, "Gee, he can't be so awfully smart; he can't even count to four."

I got wires from eastern newspapers asking whether the rumors were true that I was going to quit refereeing. Silly stage offers which were, of course, gags of some pranksters.

I admit my case looked mighty sad. And there I was with the honest but lame excuse, "I made a mistake." I knew then as I know now that such mistakes are made three to four times every year. But, in such a game, well—it just had to happen to me.

The griddle didn't start cooling until Elmer Layden issued a statement to the Press which said:

"The Carnegie Tech quarterback knew fourth down was coming when he called the play that led to the dispute over Referee John Getchell's ruling. The outcry against Getchell is, I think, unsportsmanlike in these attempts to malign a competent official who made a mistake any man might have made and who apologized for it. Any further discussion of the dispute seems to be in poor taste, but since I am asked to comment, I only want to point out that it is the quarterback's responsibility to know what down it is. The scoreboard and the head linesman's marker showed fourth down.

"The Tech players knew it was fourth down, because they checked signals when Friedlander called a running play. But he called it again, apparently trying to take a chance with official sanction."

Asa Bushnell, executive director of eastern intercollegiate athletics, didn't feel the same way about it. He issued this statement:

"If one of our eastern referees had been in a spot like that, I'd have expected him to run the play over. It might offend a few of the experts, but it would be the sensible thing to do and fair to both teams."

But the rule book didn't say such a thing could be done.

I thought of that, too, in fact, it was the first thing that came to my mind after I realized my mistake. But my Bible is the rule book.

Much of the tension was released later in the week when I received a wire which read:

"Reports of my comments on you personally very much exaggerated. Consensus of our own squad and myself that we forget the whole thing. We all wish you the best of luck.—Bill Kern."

I stuck to my schedule of remaining games, but everywhere I went the local newspapers kept recalling it. Friends and acquaintances embarrassed me by shying away from the subject until I took it upon myself to bring it up. Once I mentioned it, they were off on book length discussions.

In November Los Angeles newspapers greeted me with sport-page headlines reading, "Wrong Down official works here." A writer there wondered if my middle initial S. stood for "Something always happens." Maybe he was wondering right. I've wondered, too, often. Another writer called me the "hot water official of the Middlewest."

The only other anti-Getchell outburst occurred two weeks after the Tech-Irish game when Tech tumbled mighty Pittsburgh into defeat, which assured the Engineers of a bowl bid somewhere. The Tech students on the Monday following this victory went on parade and burned my name in effigy, along with that of Jock Sutherland, then coach at Pitt.

After the season closed, Tech was invited and accepted the chance to play in the New Year's Day Sugar Bowl game at New Orleans. I was glad for them.

Not long after, I was called to the telephone at my home one night, to hear the person at the other end of the line say, "Johnny, we'd like to have you work in the Sugar Bowl game. Let us know your answer."

I thought some of my friends were pulling a practical joke. Work in that game! The last thing I could expect, I thought. I spent the next fifteen minutes tracing the call—and found that it really had come from Bill Kern in Pittsburgh.

The announcement of my acceptance of the bid reached the newspapers about the same time the seventy sports editors taking part in the Associated Press annual poll voted that I had won the strange honor of contributing sports' outstanding oddity during 1938.

Let me tell you again, I wish October 22 hadn't played such a queer trick of fate on me. I'd much rather have had Johnny Vander Meer's two successive no-hit, no-run games win the honor. As it was, that Johnny got No. 2.

It wasn't many days before I realized the job down in the Sugar Bowl, in which Tech was to play Texas Christian, was going to be another of those predicaments where Johnny's on-the-spot.

I knew that the smallest kind of a decision in favor of Tech would be interpreted by some as an attempt to even things up. Or

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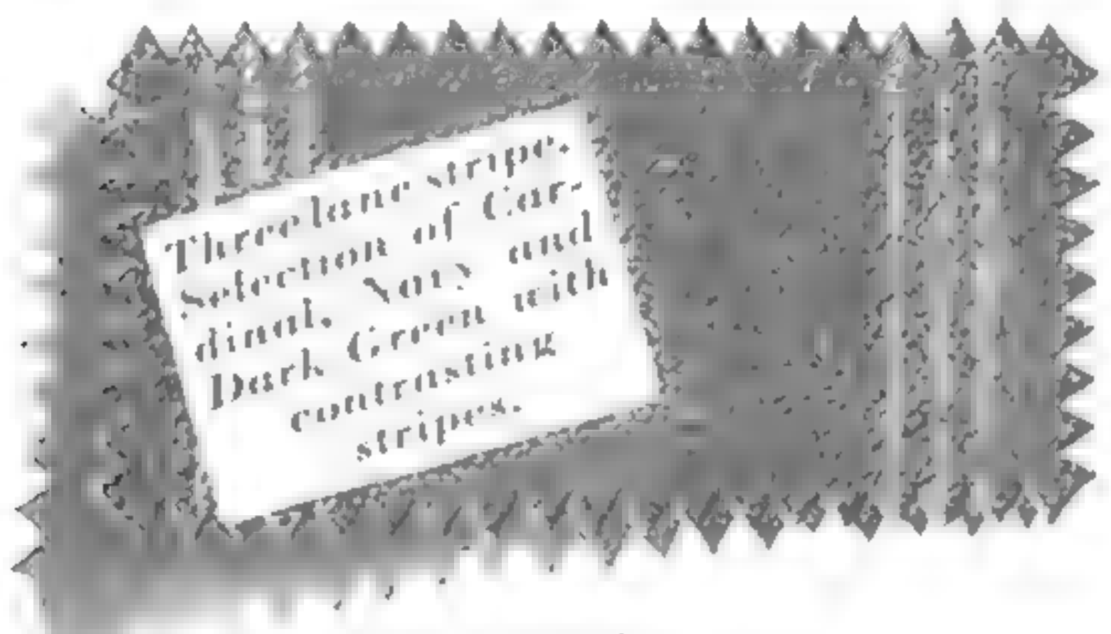
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a decision in favor of T.C.U. would be taken that I wanted to "get even" with Kern, or that I wanted to show I wasn't favoring Tech.

My wife and I arrived in New Orleans a few days ahead so that we could see some of the beautiful sights down there. We stepped into a sight-seeing car in which were sitting three other people. As we rode about town, the three gentlemen started discussing the big game. My hat nearly fell off when I heard one say:

"Say, it's a funny thing about bringing that Getchell down here."

"Yeah, that's what I think," another of the three commented.

"I think Tech's bringing him here to give the break to them this time," the third fellow said.

All the while I was edging closer and closer to my wife, my ears burning. Then one of the men asked me what I thought about Getchell.

I reached into my pocket, took out one of my business cards and handed it to him. You should have seen their faces. When we got out of the car a bit later, my wife said: "I want to apologize for something, John. I've always said you talk too much. Today you've proved you don't."

The New Orleans papers were fair to me and I felt very much at ease. Only one writer made comment, and that was to compare how I "backed into fame" somewhat like Fred Merkle, who, you remember, forgot to touch second base and cost the Giants a pennant, and like Roy Riegels, the only man known to have run backwards in the Rose Bowl.

I wasn't sure what kind of a reception I'd get when I stepped out on the Sugar Bowl field. You can bet I was surprised and pleased when the crowd gave me a big hand. Between halves when many asked for autographs, I signed them all "Wrong Down Getchell."

The game was one of the best I've ever seen and while the Texas boys won, there wasn't a decision that drew criticism. The players hit each other mighty hard but when a play was over, they helped each other to their feet and praised the other fellow's play. Wonderful spirit of sportsmanship, I thought.

The year 1939 was good to me, and while people still call me "Wrong Down Johnny," I know that No. 2 Colossal has faded into the past and left me no worse for the blunder.

I often wonder when and if No. 3 Colossal will come. Right now, I'll settle with the Gods of Fate. I want no more. Let the political candidates or the European wars have the headlines.

As for me, I'll call them as I see them, no questions asked. ###

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 84

slight modification to any others.

Subtleties of psychology and style have now come into play of which older composers and singers had no conception. Any tenor (or male soprano) who could sing one Handel operatic air could sing another: any soprano who could sing Pamina's *Ach, ich fühl's* could sing Susanna's *Deh! vieni, non tardar*, though the one aria is an expression of grief and another of love. But today the tenor who negotiates successfully *Celeste Aida* is far from ideal for *Tristan* or *Pelleas*, and vice versa, while the soprano who can easily bring out all there is in one Wolf song cannot bring out a fraction of what there is in another Wolf song.

In spite of the differences between the contemporary Bach and Handel, or between the contemporary Haydn and Mozart, it is true that from our perspective their resemblances override their differences, and that certain broad principles of performance are applicable to each member of each pair. In our day the differences between contemporary composers are wider than their resemblances, and the human instruments or the methods of procedure that suit one to perfection hardly suit another at all.

Those who know agree that a conductor who is admirable in one composer's music is often a failure in another's. We who hibernate in concert halls and opera houses know, through much pain, that singers are constantly attempting tasks for which they are not suited. The average recital program in this 166th year of our Independence is beyond the capacity of any living singer. The wise recitalist—you can count them on the proverbial fingers of one hand—is he who knows his limitations and chooses songs that lie well within them. The less wise concert-giver, who attempts in the same hour a Bach cantata, a Verdi or Puccini aria, a Purcell song, a succession of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wolf lieder, and melodies by Fauré, Ravel and Debussy, calling for an infinity of vocal timbres, of styles, and of intellectual and emotional understanding, merely advertises his limitations.

The tendency in this, as in every other branch of human activity, is toward further specialization. It is useless for a baritone, the secret of whose appeal is a moving natural elegiac quality and an intense sympathy with certain defeatist human moods, to try to sing heroic parts; and vice versa. Our singers will have to go the way of our actors, especially film actors. The days when an actor could impersonate Romeo tonight, Figaro tomorrow, and King Lear the next, are gone, probably forever. What happens now, broadly speaking, is that an actor is cast for the particular type of part for which his features, his stature, his voice, his manner, his mannerisms, and so on, especially qualify him, and for no other type to the end of his days. This has its disadvantages;

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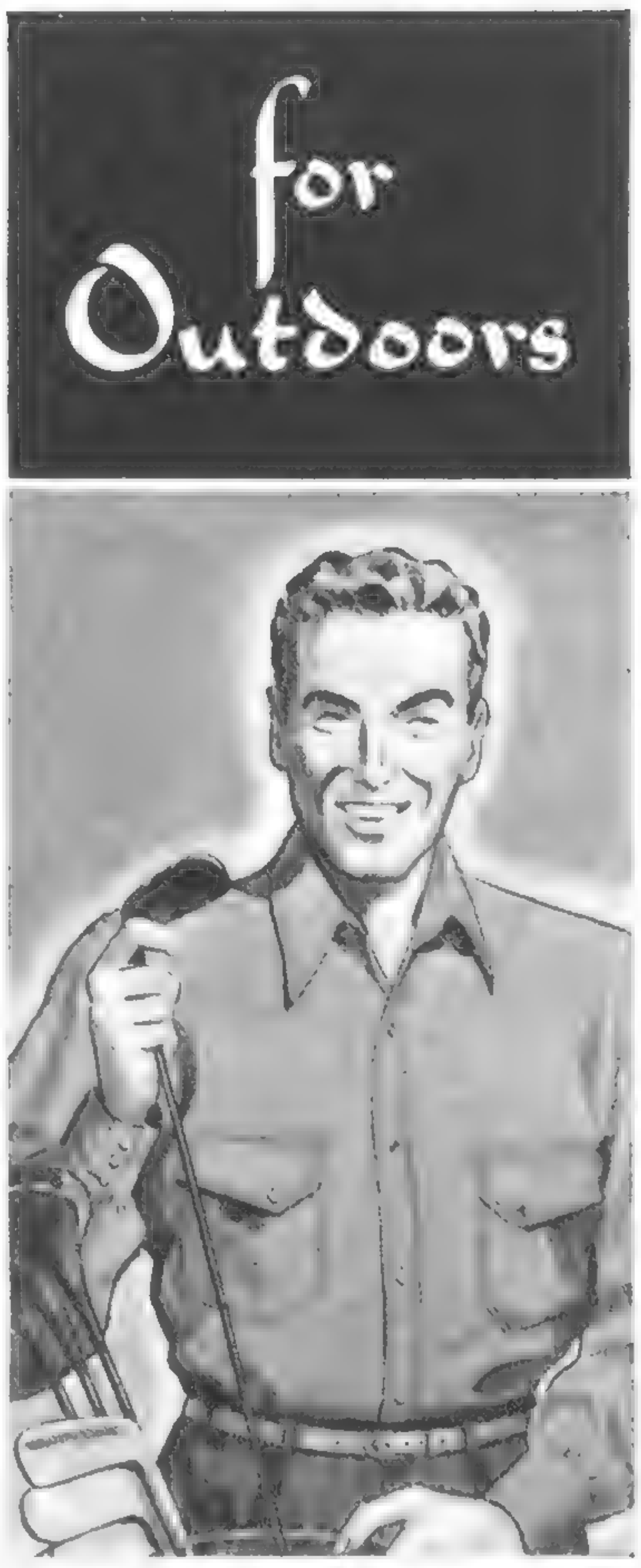

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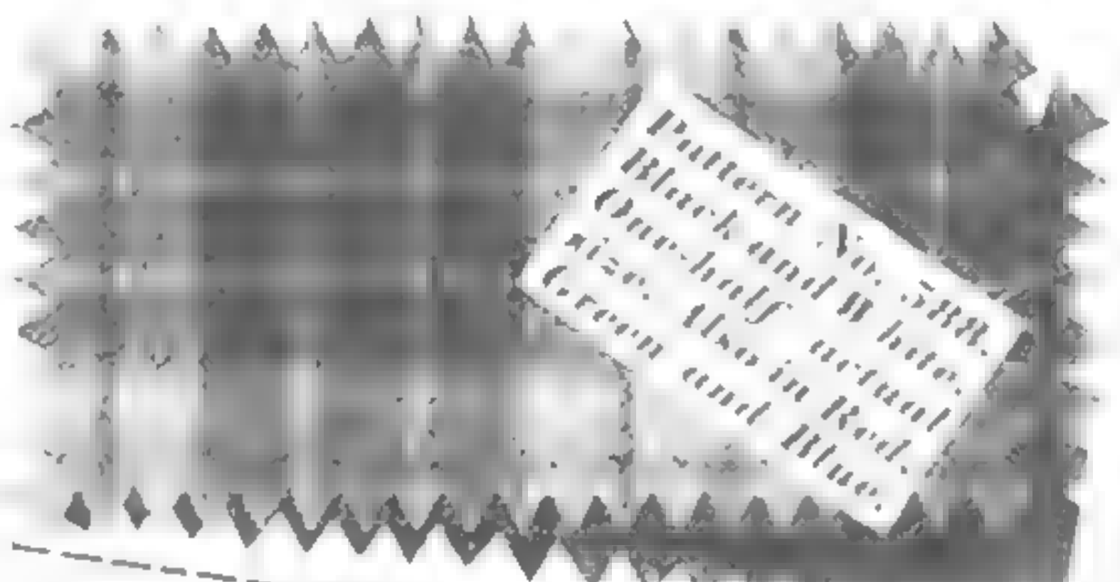
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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 84-179

but, however, it is inevitable.

So it will tend to become, more and more, with the singer. Already, in Wagner opera, a few singers specialize in certain parts to the exclusion of all others. That process will soon be extended to the concert hall. There will be no "Schubert singers," no "Wolf singers," for the simple reason that no singer on earth has all the varieties of vocal timbre, of style, of mental perception required to color every type of Schubert or Hugo Wolf song. What we will get is Wolf singers of the passionate type, Wolf singers of the elegiac type, Wolf singers of the ironic type, and so on.

"Singing" of the older abstract type, in which all that was required was a fine voice and good taste in the traditional style, is virtually extinct, except in connection with music that was explicitly written with a view to the exploitation of those particular qualities. A beautiful voice is no longer a passport to any and every kind of music; on the contrary, there may be something in the peculiar beauty of the voice that unfits it for interpreting certain characters or moods.

We have observed, for example, that Lotte Lehmann, who has a fruity, "woman-who-has-known-men" timbre exactly suited to the role of the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier* is out of place as the virginal fraulein of *Die Meistersinger* or even as Elisabeth in *Tannhauser*. Flagstad, on the other hand, who is easily heroic but never erotic, encompassed Brunnhilde more naturally than she did Kundry. Most Strauss lieder escaped her entirely.

Our audiences are as yet not aware of discrepancies and anomalies of this kind. But they will be increasingly conscious of them; and the time is bound to come when singers will see the wisdom of not attempting to cover more of the vast field of music than their natural limitations open to them. They will realize, also, that it is not enough to get on the stage and merely startle the natives. A few months of hullabaloo pass quickly: witness Marion Talley

Long live the singers who keep their voices until they are seventy . . . who don't, at forty, shake out hard, husky or veiled tones, who don't scoop, tremble, lose their breath, sing between the keys, break between registers. In other words, long live singers who are prepared.

INFORMATION PLEASE!

My question box is full of provocative puzzles. By the time you read this, we may both have the answers; but as I type it would interest me to know:

Will NBC succeed in retaining its Blue network and Toscanini or will Stokowski replace him?

Who will sing the *Queen of the Night* in the Metropolitan Opera's revival of Mozart's *Magic Flute?*

When will a good marching song come out of this war?

Will Stokowski manage to control the recalcitrant players of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra? The last time he conducted them ten years ago there were fireworks.

Will Risé Stevens maintain her artistic integrity or become Hollywood-ized? Most artists who remain there lose their souls sooner or later.

Will Miss Stevens' screen debut opposite Nelson Eddy in *The Chocolate Soldier* (to the story of *The Guardsman*) be a success?

What young maestro will be first to attain the prestige and fame of current stick-gods, Toscanini, Stokowski, and Koussevitzky?

When will the Boston Symphony make records again?

Will Tibbett eventually win over Petrillo in their jurisdictional dispute?

Will New York's Philharmonic-Symphony manage to get a better permanent conductor after this season?

What folk lore will Walt Disney and his collaborators find in South America?

Will Jussi Bjoerling return from Sweden in time for the Met's opening?

Which of Broadway's music-makers will turn out the best score this season?

Who will be the next violinist to barge into the Kreisler, Heifetz, Menuhin class?

Will Helen Traubel learn more roles and improve her acting?

What jazz craze will succeed Boogie-Woogie?

When will the USO get its entertainment program started?

What wise symphony will catch Sir Thomas Beecham for its permanent conductor?

When will Chicago's Opera employ permanent first-class conductors? For that matter, when will the Metropolitan?

What pianist will be first to take his place alongside the Rachmaninoff-Hofmann-Horowitz triumvirate?

Does anybody know what has happened to Nino Martini?

Will the radio ever offer first-class song recitals?

When will Fritz Kreisler play for us again?

Will Wagnerian operas without Flagstad continue to sell-out?

Will New York's *New Opera* be a financial and artistic success? Giving intimate opera in a small theater is something we have long needed.

Will *Fantasia* have a successor? Disney said it was a beginning.

When will some enterprising impresario present Marion Anderson in an operatic role?

What bright new vocal star will be added to the firmament this season?

Will the music critics, now that they are organized, agree that *it's a racket!* ⧣

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Continued from page 83

the field for a scheduled scrimmage. That afternoon saw Tom Harmon come into his own as a great football player. He played like the Tom Harmon we had been reading about. He plunged, pivoted, ran and passed all over the field on a rain-soaked turf. Nor did this splendid playing of his ever cease during the remainder of his collegiate career. Somehow he *joined* us that afternoon; his apartness disappeared. Never afterwards did he fail to take time out to thank his mates for helping him perform one of his famous long runs. On that day on the practice field at Ann Arbor was born the Tom Harmon who was later to win so many well-deserved honors.

I am still trying to find out just what Fritz Crisler imparted to Tom during their talk. Many times since I have asked Tom about it, but Crisler and Harmon have always held sacred what passed between them that crucial afternoon of Tom's career.

However, I do think I know what Crisler had in mind when he sat some three hours with his potential All-American halfback. He was trying to make Tom into just one of the ordinary Michigan players who wasn't bothered by public pressure and who was able to enjoy this great American game.

As our sophomore year came to a close, Tom was for the first time a member of the "in" group on the Michigan campus. Students no longer thought of him as a football hero, a nationally-famous celebrity, but rather as a well-liked member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. Shortly before school closed, Tom remarked to me one day: "Have you noticed how wonderful my life has been since the newspapers forgot about 'The Great Harmon'?"

This contentment, however, was short-lived, for the following fall brought "The Great Harmon" back to life again. Tom was greater than ever as a junior, and the newspapers were quick to capitalize on his sales value. Daily his pictures were featured in the Michigan papers, and all over the country. Sports writers began referring to the University of Michigan as "Harmon Institute." Refusing to be thrown off stride by this deluge, Tom continued to star. Saturday after Saturday found him flashing across the goal lines. But as this went on, Tom's teammates grew suspicious of him. Graciously as he accepted all the honors due him, the team never quite felt certain of his sincerity. They accepted him as a superb football star, but still doubted him as a fellow.

Talk ran rampant about how too much publicity given to one star would ruin the team. The other players thought that Harmon was striving to take in every individual honor possible, and that sooner or later he would sell his team short for an added glory.

Things happened that kept Tom in a state of almost constant embarrassment. One in particular was the stunt of his teammates taking him by the arm and introducing him to the opposing eleven when they came on the field, the trend of the introduction following this general pattern: "We want you boys to meet All-American Harmon. Take a good look at his face with that great big nose while you can, because as soon as the whistle blows all you'll see is his back!"

Tom is really touchy about the size of that nose of his, and don't think for a minute that his mates ever failed to take advantage of his high sensitivity. In the Northwestern game last year, a pass was completed in Tom's territory for a touchdown. One of our players promptly asked Tom if he had been sleeping back in the safety position. Another immediately came to his defense by saying: "It wasn't Tom's fault. When the ball is thrown to his left, his right eye is unable to see over his nose, and he can see only out of one eye!"

Meanwhile, however, the chisel-chinned halfback continued to burn up the gridiron. Not suspecting his teammates' reaction to his individual success, Harmon carried on his shoulders the responsibility of leading his team both in practice and in Saturdays' games. He set the pace for all of us. He urged the team to train, and was a perfect example himself. The only times we had trouble winning games were when the team's resentment of Tom's fame was too strong to hide.

All during that season of 1939 Tom and I grew closer together. I was unable to find any basis of truth for the accusations the others were making. It was true, of course, that he was catching the headlines; but that was nothing to blame on him. And it was equally true that we were all riding to glory on his back. With Tom running the ball an otherwise mediocre ball club became famous, and we were all mentioned as members of a great football eleven. I myself was given much undue credit for throwing blocks which made Harmon's touchdown runs possible. I tried my damnedest to believe it, but deep down inside I always knew that it was Tom's ability to set up my blocks with his lightning maneuvering which made it possible for me to gain recognition as a blocker.

It was not until we had suffered two defeats in 1939 that Tom's true purpose on the field was understood by his teammates. The boys finally realized his genuine unselfishness when we went east to play Pennsylvania. On one of our touchdown marches I called on Tom to carry the ball on every play because morale was low on the team as the result of two consecutive defeats. Time after time Tom ripped into Penn's tough line until he had carried us down to

Continued on page 182

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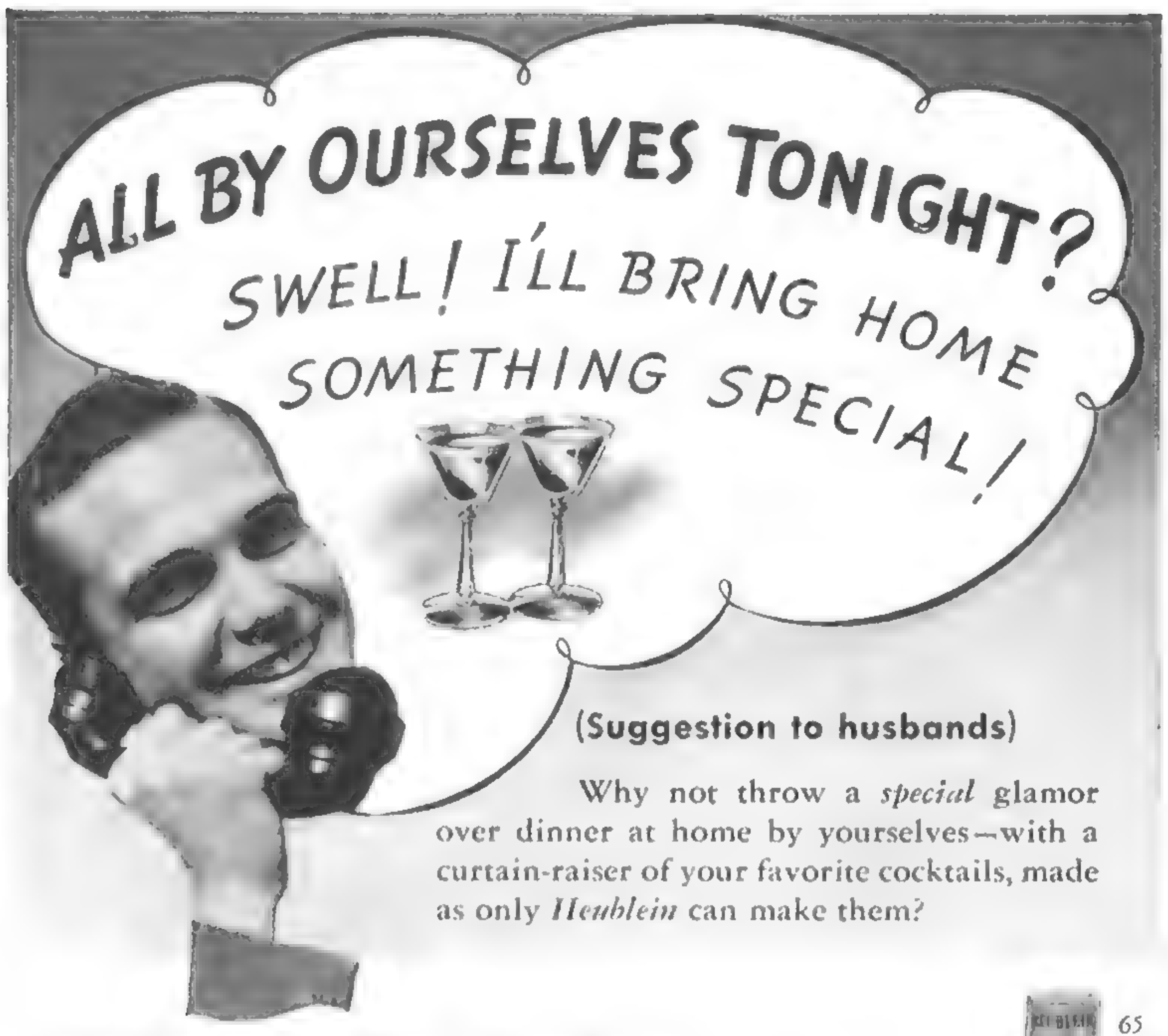
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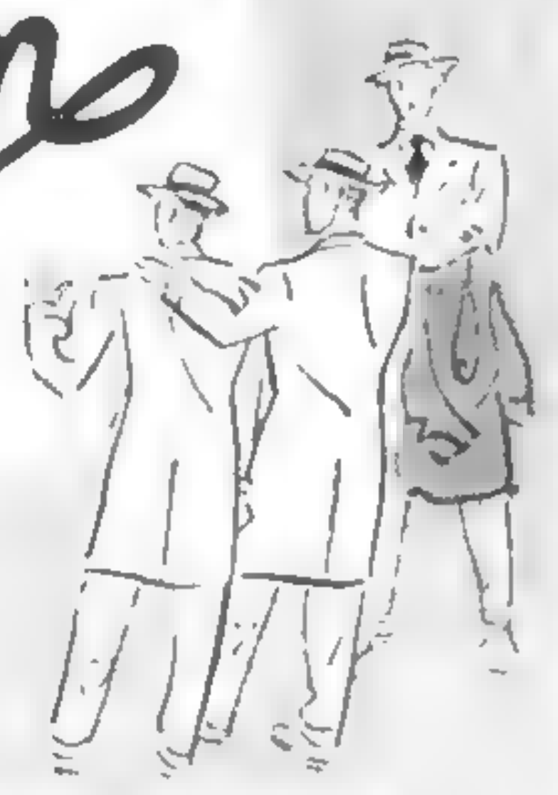

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Continued from pages 83-181

the two-yard line. As I walked into the huddle, Harmon, with blood streaming from his nose (and how that nose could flow!) panted: "Evy, let somebody else take the ball—I'll be better as a decoy." So on the next play, Tom took the ball from center, slipped it to Paul Kromer on a full spinner play, and then plunged into the line where the Penn linemen ferociously piled on him. However, Kromer was unable to get across. We tried it again with Westphal carrying the ball, but he also was stopped. So I finally had to say to Harmon: "You'll have to do it, Tom." And he went over on a straight power shot to the short side standing up.

Every All-American selection in 1939 included Tom Harmon, yet perversely enough he failed to receive the very honor he wanted most. When the team met after the close of the season to elect a captain, I felt certain that Tom would be the 1940 leader. When I was announced as the captain-elect, my heart went out to Tom because I knew the depth of his disappointment. There was nothing I could say to him because he had told me earlier that the greatest honor he could receive would be to be elected captain by his teammates.

You see it meant peculiarly a lot more to him than normally. It symbolized in a way the personal conflict he was waging—and still losing. He wanted that more than anything else—to be liked by these fellows he played so gloriously with, before the seething multitudes. As I knew him on the campus, in spite of all the artificial attention lavished on him, actually he was a lonely chap who wished most of all for real friends.

After the meeting, however, Tom was the first to wish me well. Nevertheless, as we walked homeward together, he stopped and said to me: "You know damned well, Evy, how much that meant to me. The boys will never know my feelings about it; but I must confess—they showed good judgment."

The next season, our senior year, Harmon had more snap and ginger than ever, and used it to help lead the team everywhere. He helped get the team to the train. He helped hold down overconfidence. From the opening day of practice until the final game I was dynamically and dramatically assisted in every way in my duties by the boy who had been refused the job. The boys on the team soon began to realize the fine work that Tom was doing and regretted their former ill-treatment of their newly-accepted friend.

Tom was greater than ever as a senior, and very often that hasn't been true of these remarkable stars. All the florid write-ups he received were not too far from the actual truth. We who knew him gathered more and more respect for him as we saw him stand up this time to super-publicity. Tom explained it all to me one day when he remarked: "Publicity is like perfume—to be inhaled but not swallowed. I started off on the wrong foot, Evy, as a freshman when I began taking those press clippings too seriously. But I've learned a lot here at Michigan, and on the field, that you don't find in the text books."

Tom Harmon became an over-worshipped god in the football world last fall, but he remained unchanged in the face of many devious paths which were opened up to him. The money-mad promoters were not long in contacting him. They had ideas which would bring him more money than he thought existed. Every way which was possible to exploit him was suggested by every crooked promoter in the country. Many shady schemes were planned to be hidden behind the popular name of Harmon. All-Star games were thought up to fill the pockets of these scheming promoters, the catch being that the players were to get only expenses while those who arranged the games were to divide the profits. I sat with Tom and listened while he was offered five thousand dollars to gather an All-Star team. And although Tom was noted among us as a penny-pincher (probably for a very good reason), as too many times has the Hoosier Hammer outfumbled me at a refreshment stand, he kept his own values through all of these money-offering schemes.

He was offered five thousand dollars by a cigarette company for the use of his name on advertisements, but turned it down on the advice of Coach Fritz Crisler. He was also offered twenty thousand dollars by a whiskey company for advertising use of his fame, but also rejected that on the recommendation of his coach. "That's an awful lot of money to me right now," Tom said, "but if you say to pass it up, Coach, why that's what I'll have to do, I guess." After that afternoon when Crisler had put him squarely on his feet, Tom never questioned for an instant that any suggestion his coach made was for his own best interests.

Yet it was during those very days that I was often asked the question: "How much does Harmon get for playing?" To this I can only say that Tom waited on table at my fraternity. He also held two other jobs, even during the football season. Working summers gave him enough money for tuition. A shorter explanation is that you can't pay anybody to play football the way Tom did.

Tom's last year of starring for the Wolverines began with one of his greatest games at California. The game happened to fall on Tom's birthday, but before the opening kick-off, nobody mentioned a word about that. Then just before California was kick-

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ing off to us, I trotted back to Tom and said: "This is your birthday, Tom, and the boys want to celebrate it. They'll probably kick the ball to you. If they do, you pick'em up and lay'em down, because we're going to knock down every man on their team."

Well, believe it or not, it happened just exactly that way. The ball was kicked to Tom, and we didn't leave a California player on his feet. Tom romped practically the length of the field for a touchdown, and followed it up with two other long runs as we rolled over a Berkeley eleven which, that early in the season, was not ready for such opposition.

Tom had a lot of great performances like that for Michigan; in fact every game he played was marvelous. One of his best was in the mud and rain at Minnesota last year. His punting with that slick and slimy ball was almost unbelievable, as was Franck's for the Gophers. Throwing a greasy ball that you could hardly hold at all, Tom completed ten out of fourteen passes, and except for three times when he slipped in the slop he would have had three touchdowns. It was a heartbreaker for us, but nobody could take anything away from Tom's playing that day.

The final game with Ohio State rolled around on the 23rd of November, and on another dreary, rainy afternoon, we wiped out some old scores on the Michigan escutcheon by humiliating a good Buckeye team, 40 to 0. Everything clicked perfectly for us that afternoon, as it sometimes does in football, enabling all of the seniors to end their football careers on a happy key. In the first quarter Harmon equalled Grange's touchdown record when he carried four Ohio players on his back across the double-striped markers. Not satisfied with that, Tom then went on to better "Red's" long-standing scoring record by making two touchdowns. Indeed, it was a wonderful day for us on the field. Paul Kromer, who was known as Harmon's "touchdown twin" as a sophomore but then fell a victim to adverse circumstances, breezed eighty yards for a score that enabled him to make his exit to the tune of a sweet note.

It was a great misfortune to our team that Kromer the year before had suffered a knee injury, as he would have *made* our team, which was crying all along for a right half. We had Harmon to go wide to the other side, and Westphal to smash. A good driving right-half to come back hard to the weak side would have given us a wonderful, balanced offense. Kromer could have helped Harmon some, but Harmon would have helped him a lot more, if he could have remained in our lineup.

We ran off the field into a locker room filled with reporters, happy friends and enthusiastic fans. But as I came in among the team I suddenly realized that we more resembled a losing eleven than a team that had just scored a momentous victory. We wanted to get out to parents, sweethearts and friends who were hilariously waiting for us outside the locker room, but somehow a unified emotion held us. It was all somehow because of Tom, all of us suddenly realizing that his last gigantic gridiron gesture already was slipping away into the golden lore of Michigan's honorable football tradition. It seemed to us then sad to think that a bunch of boys who had grown so fond of each other and who had enjoyed so many good times together were assembled in the same uniforms for the last time. A good five minutes elapsed before one of the players broke the silence.

I turned to see who had gathered the poise to speak. It was Tom offering thanks to the rest of us. "It's all over now so I can speak my piece," he said. "Every Saturday when I made those long runs, every one of them was the result of fine team blocking—not because I was a great halfback. You fellows have stood for a lot when I got the headlines on Sunday morning after *you* had played your hearts out on Saturday."

The stock reply of: "It wasn't anything at all" was chorused by the team. Now that we all knew how each other felt, shoes, pants and jerseys flew in all directions, showing that the fellows had just remembered the great victory they had won that afternoon.

Tom and I were sitting side by side on the dressing bench. As I glanced at him, I thought of all we had gone through together in those four long years past—his own steep path to this moment, when at last he had them all *with* him . . . his teammates, accepting him. To the thousands outside, his career seemed filled with nothing but ecstasy. But I knew it was different. I had seen the obstacles he had had to overcome . . . his continual sacrifices. He had known well enough all along that he had been tabbed by his own teammates as just another big-headed football star. The troubles he had had with his own team were not his fault at all. It was merely the result of the limitless publicity heaped upon him by those outsiders. But he had grown bigger as the result of this experience.

As we walked into the shower room I thought how different he really was from the average, spoiled, deluded All-American. In the shower room, he said: "I know the physical beating you took each time you threw a block for me, Evy. I just wish there was some way I could divide my honors with you."

No, the life of an All-American is not an easy one, as I have learned from my close association with Tom Harmon. Many other All-Americans have forgotten the contributive value of their teammates, but Tom never did. Probably he was a far greater football player for that reason. He fully realized all the false values set before an All-American. ###

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Great Western
AMERICAN
VERMOUTH

Red, White and American

Continued from page 103

wines, standing on their own feet and developing their own body of tradition and lore.

Roughly, American wines fall into two main classes: wines made from the same grapes as the classic European wines, and which approximate them in character; and wines made from our own special grapes, which are as much a part of our present-day civilization as Coca-Cola, cocktails, and Bourbon.

* * *

Now add in the geography: The American wine territory has done an all-of-Gaul on us. The three best-known regions are: (1) California which in turn has half a dozen separate wine-producing districts; (2) a circle in New York State's "Finger Lake" section, which takes in both Lake Canandaigua and Keuka Lake plus a sector along the Hudson; and (3) the Ohio territory of which the best-known section is near Sandusky, Ohio, which your plane flies over en route from Chicago to New York. This includes the coast of Lake Erie around Sandusky, and a few islands in the lake, near Sandusky. Also there is an abundant region near Cincinnati, where Ohio grape growing had its start.

These are our main areas: although they do not by any means tell the whole story. Almost every state, today, has at least one toe in the vat.

Excellent wines are being produced in Missouri, Iowa, New Jersey, Michigan, Oregon, Washington, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. And we can look forward to the time when a trip across the country will be exciting, from the wine-bibber's angle, as a trip through Europe used to be—in the happy years before the bomber's eggs hatched cuckoos.

In selecting wines, just be conscious of this:—the grapes that go into wines *are* important. But equally important are the integrity and skill which are lavished on the making, blending and aging. So look for the name of the vintner.

And let me suggest this, too. Don't be afraid to experiment. Part of the fun of wine-bibbing is the discoveries you can make. Several fine wineries have just begun selling their product on a nation-wide scale. Why not try them out?

And that's only half the adventure of sipping old wines in new bottles. Because you'll also learn things about yourself. It's like the gent who didn't like classical music because it was "depressing." Then he got a job at a radio station that played symphonic music 12 hours a day. Now, after three months of forced listening, he's a Beethoven nut . . . *Try* Zinfandel—or Delaware—or another wine that's just a name to you.

You'll be agreeably surprised to find out how much they appeal to your palate.

Obviously, all generalities are false; and you will probably find, in your bacchic perigrinations, that exceptions are as common, these days, as Nazi spies. All of which, of course, is an index to the value of a rule: a rule, in wine-palaver, is a yardstick with which you measure the quality of an exception.

For the most part, California specializes in wines which are produced from the European grapes; Ohio and New York in the products of our own clear, young, distinctive soil.

Our native wines are among the most distinctive wines of the world, even if they are often unabashed and a bit gamey—like our women.

* * *

A few more maxims, before the curtain falls: Don't be snobbish about American Champagnes, unless, of course, you are snobbish about Champagne itself—a wine whose sparkle and bite interferes with the subtleties and overtones of flavor.

The discovery of sparkling Champagne is ascribed, as you well know, to the convivial Dom Perignon, seventeenth century cellarer of the Benedictine Abbey at Hautvillers, a place between Ay and Epernay. The wine itself, is technically a "made" wine. Certain still wines are blended, after fermentation. Sugar is then added, about a pound to every fourteen gallons. The sugar causes a second fermentation to take place—*in the bottle*. It is the second fermentation that makes the fizz, the bubbles, and the pop.

Well, a great deal of Champagne is available in this country, made by the Dom's "true" Champagne process. A less-expensive Champagne is also available in domestic wares—the so-called "bulk-process" variety. In this connection, the second fermentation takes place in large, sealed tanks; bottling is undertaken later, under pressure.

A third type of sparkling domestic wine, sometimes labeled "Champagne," and sometimes "Sparkling Burgundy," also exists for benefit of the less critical. This is simply carbonated red wine.

* * *

In regard to Port we do not have as yet, in my opinion, what Dr. Johnson called "the unsounded purple sea of marching billows, deep-sea deep . . . our noblest legacy—a drink for men."

With apologies to Mr. Guest, it takes a heap of waitin' to make a wine a Port. The old McCoy Port, produced in the valley of the Duoro River, in Portugal, is expressed from such native grapes as the Tinta Cão, the Touriga, the Tinta Francisca, the Mourisco, and the Tinta Carvalha. The fermented still wine from these grapes is checked, at a given point, by

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the addition of Portuguese grape brandy.

But since none of these grapes is grown in California—or any other part of the United States, for that matter—American Port is by simple logic and simple arithmetic something different from the original Portuguese Port. But of its own type and character, the American Port is an extremely palatable product which, according to sales figures, seems to please the American public.

The Sherry story is more exciting. "A good sherrissack," Falstaff said, "hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit." And we, it should be noted, are producing excellent, though young, "sherrissack."

The chief Sherry grapes of Spain, the *Palomino*, and the sweeter "*P.X.*," or *Pedro Ximénès*, are also grown in America, and are used for our own "milk for aged."

The great Spanish sherries, of course, are blended and aged over generations by the romantic, if complex "solera" system—which can best be described as a bucket line of groups of aging casks. If and when a gallon of sherry is removed from a cask set down to age in 1841, this is replaced by wine from the next oldest cask; and this, again, from the cask next in age—until, at last, the loss is replaced in the final or "youngest" cask, with the wines from last year.

In this fast-moving country we have no "solera" system; probably never will have one. Time, tide, and space are more valuable here than the splitting of hairs on the palate. But barring all this, and comparing sherries on the basis of sound, young wines, California and other American Sherries stand on the first table.

We stand on the brink of a romantic era in viniyana. Vintages are in the making. The time is not far off when you will visit some little village on some obscure slope, and write from it to your publisher, saying, as the poet Hermippus did, around 400 B.C.: "there is a wine, here, that they call 'the mellow,' and from the mouth of its jar as it is opened, there comes a fragrance of violets, a fragrance of roses, a fragrance of hyacinth. A perfume of the gods fills this high-roofed house, ambrosia and nectar in one."

We will make wine journeys through the Appalachians, the Lake districts, the Berkshires, and the Missouri River Valley; new and less-dull virtues will turn up below the Mason-Dixon Line—and perhaps we'll all go South again, with our *bagnios* on our knee.

The phonies of the future will go on pilgrimages to discover some pseudo-rare vintage, some Hohokus '42, Hell Gate '44, or Sparkling Peoria; they will hold wine dinners on the Bowery—and will write reams on the best-suited plastic glasses for each new growth.

American towns might even follow the French custom and append with a hyphen the name of their best vineyard, giving us an endless succession of Scuppernong-Kalamazoos, Five Star-Pittsburghs, Grosse Pointe-Detroits.

We can look forward to endless cheesecake pictures of girls treading grapes, girls girdled with grapes, girls bathing in the blooming new wine. We may even revive the orgiastic joys of the classic bacchanal.

And we can create a national institution out of the saying of the old Tuscarora Indian's consideration of wine:

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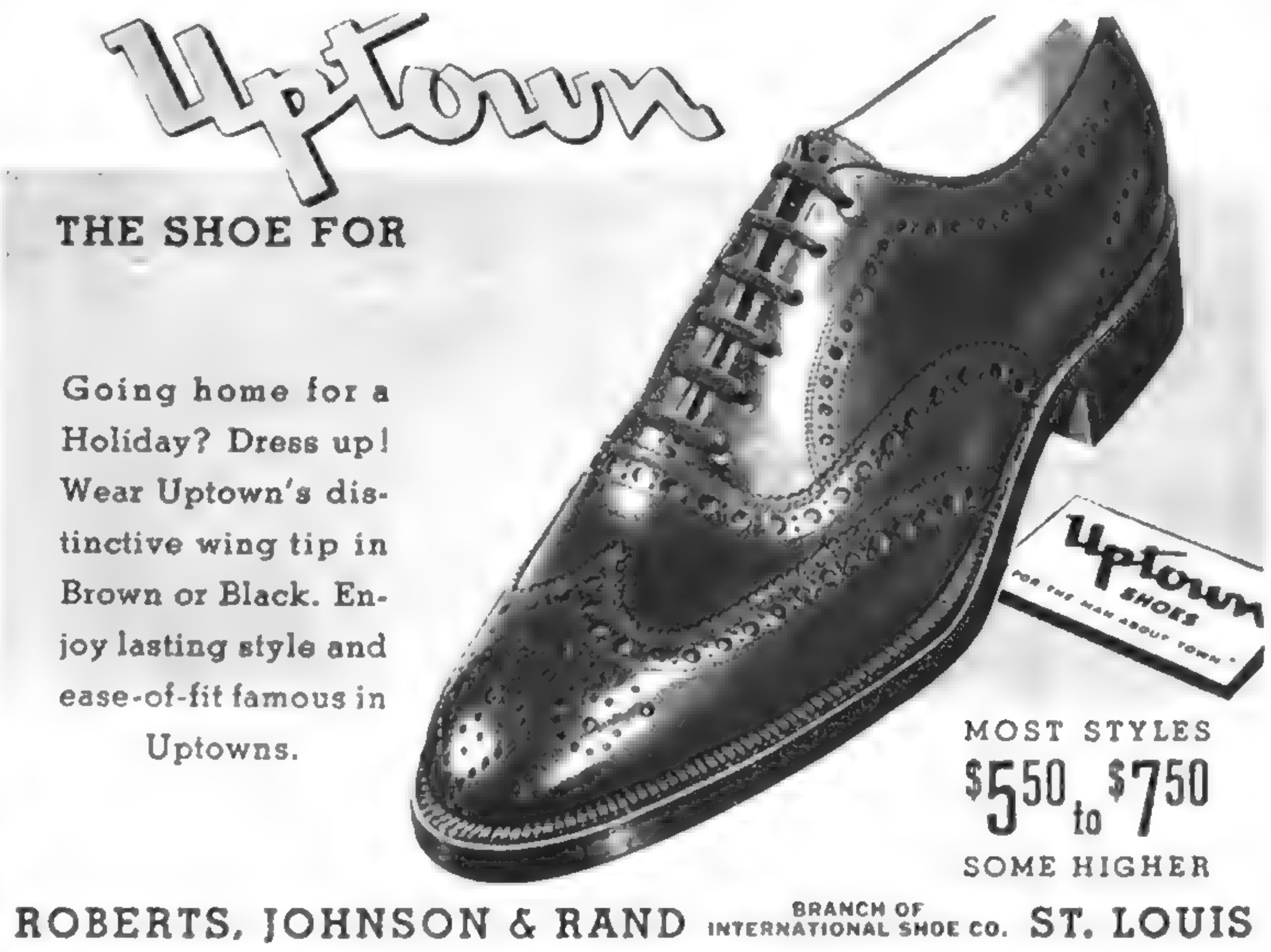

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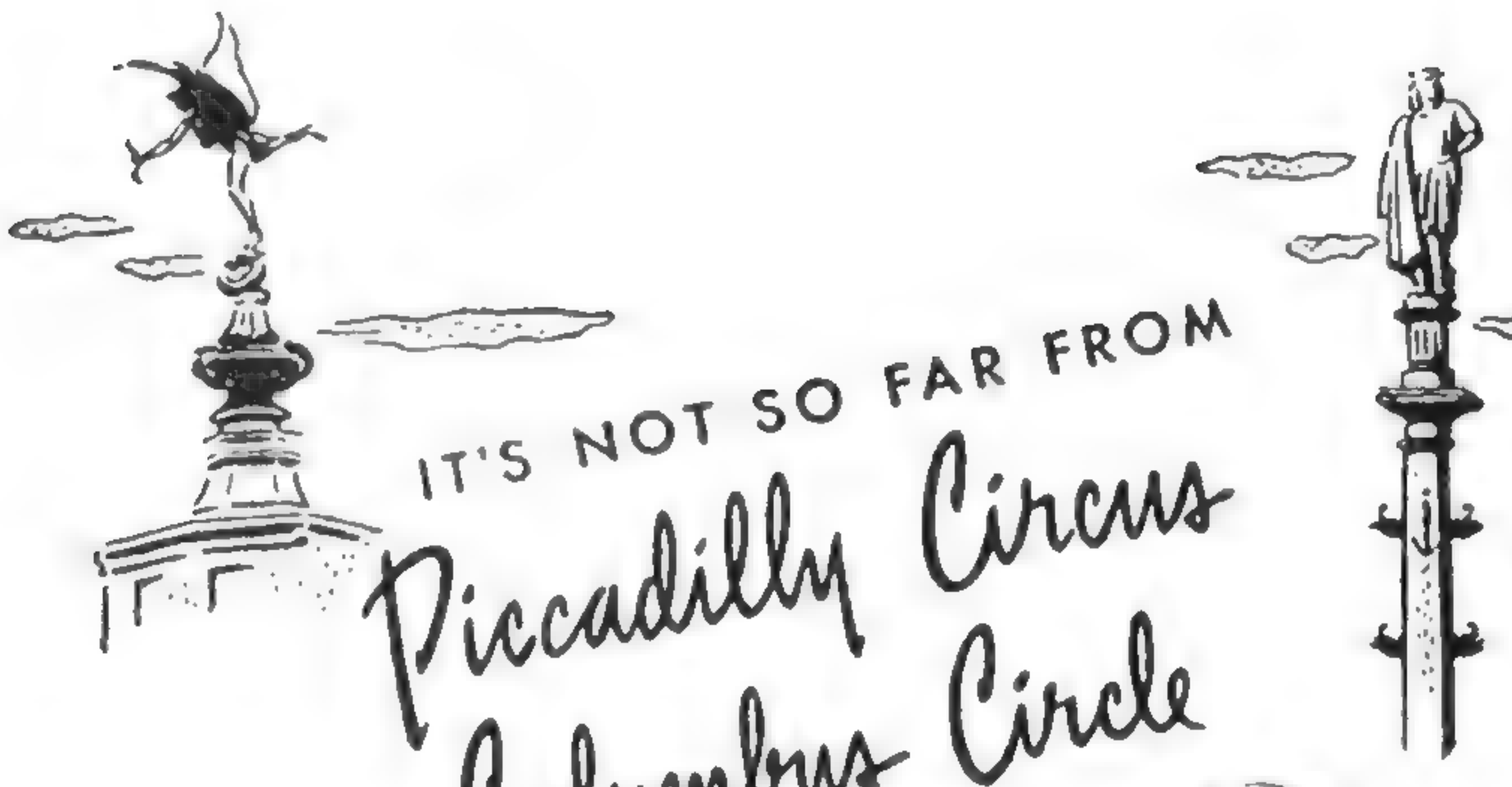

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 87

continual interest of the weather. Memorable beauty companions the sailor. I longed for morning watches in the tropics, or sunsets in the second dog watch. I longed also for the sight of ships and the interest of rigging. I missed the personal jobs which fall even to boys at sea. Sometimes even a boy will be trusted to do a neat little job in seamanship, such as pointing a rope, making a mat of some kind, putting a new becket, with Matthew Walkers, on a bucket, or in his spare time beginning a wonderful pair of shackles, such as no other chest could boast. Then, I missed very much, the link of the ship; no man can fail to feel for a ship as for a living thing, and though the affection can be very well disguised, it is there, she is a living thing, sometimes almost a divine thing, who demands and receives service.

"Then, she is always a beautiful thing, usually, in my time, a superlatively lovely thing, exquisite to see; no man could call the mill good-looking."

Now I quote these passages not merely to show Masefield's extraordinary gift for seeing beauty, but because it would be of enormous value to me and I think to others, if we could, while being conscious of the worse, as Masefield always was, be able to *see* the best. Well, I did that once in my life; while I was having an ulcerated tooth with a high fever temperature, I was travelling among lofty snowclad mountains.

I congratulate the publishers on their decision to republish in one volume the three non-fictional books of the late Thomas Beer, with the title, *Hanna, Crane, and The Mauve Decade*, and I congratulate them on getting the American poet and critic, Leonard Bacon, to write the Introduction. It is a fine piece of combined reminiscence and criticism. The death of Mr. Beer in 1940 at the age of fifty was a sad loss to American literature. He was graduated at Yale in 1911, and although I remember hundreds of my former pupils very well indeed, I remember *him* as clearly as if I had seen him yesterday. He did excellent work in the curriculum; but I had many intimate talks with him outside of the classroom. He had an original mind; and although he never took himself too seriously, he took literature and life with intense seriousness. It seemed that even as a little boy he must have been intellectually mature. Born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and educated at Yale, he was a broad-minded American, with a gift for irony; and yet never over-sophisticated, and as Mr. Bacon says, he recognized realities. In this volume, we have his biography of Stephen Crane, his biography of Mark Hanna, and his biographical review of *The Mauve Decade*.

He resembled Lytton Strachey in this; after Strachey had written his book on four Eminent Victorians, he wrote the life of Queen Victoria, and the groundlings licked their lips in anticipation; they were disappointed in discovering that in spite of "We are not amused," the queen was a dignified and powerful personality. Thus, when it was announced that Thomas Beer, the Satirist, was writing a biography of Mark Hanna, many were astounded to discover that Hanna appeared as a man of great intelligence and usefulness. There is no one living today more useful in the continual struggles between Labor and Capital than Hanna would be if he were only with us.

Mr. Beer was an aristocrat in literature; he wrote with distinction. I advise my readers—for Mr. Beer wrote for men—to get this book, which the publishers and Mr. Bacon have made so attractive. It is interesting to see how often the child is the father of the man. Leonard Bacon was Class Poet at Yale in 1909, and this year he wins the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry; Thomas Beer was a contributor to and later an editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* in 1911; and this year he receives the honor of the republication of three of his most distinguished works. In the Introduction Bacon describes how the two met, when Beer brought him his first contributions to the college magazine.

Observe: I do not recommend this book today merely because it illustrates the late author's mastery of English style, though it does; I recommend it because it is continuously interesting reading; devoid of dullness and full of vitality.

The death of Professor Kittredge of Harvard on July 23 removed one of the greatest scholars in America. He answered the question as to whether university professorships should be awarded for research or for teaching by excelling in both. He was one of the most erudite men I have ever known and one of the most forceful and striking personalities. I had known him intimately since 1891, and in my pocket book diary is the statement that he will give a Francis Bergen lecture at Yale on Nov. 3 of *this* year, the subject being *Fact and Fiction about Shakespeare*. During the last three years he has given an annual lecture at Yale, stayed at my house, where I always invited some of my Yale colleagues to dine with him. If I should begin to discuss his professional work, I should repeat what others have said; I took his full year course in Chaucer when I was a graduate student at Harvard. What has not been particularly emphasized was his amazing physical vitality. He did not change in his appearance or habits from the age of thirty to the age of eighty-one. In his early thirties his full beard and hair turned white; so that once at Sanders Theatre, when he was about thirty-two, I pointed him

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out to one who had not seen him before, and asked "How old do you think that man is?" "Sixty." Well, when he was eighty, he had the figure of an undergraduate, he moved with brisk agility, he never wore glasses except for reading, he smoked about twenty cigars every day, he ate and drank whatever he liked; and he had never played any games or taken any exercise except walking from where he was to where he wanted to go, usually a very short distance; and when at home in Cambridge, he usually went to bed about three a. m. His chief diversion was reading murder stories. Although he spent many hours in the day and in the night studying horrible print and queer MSS., in a smoke screen of tobacco, there had never been anything the matter with his eyes. Years ago, when I stayed overnight at his house, coming down to breakfast, I found the backs of four of the chairs at the table adorned with dangling galley-proofs. He had perfect health, perfect digestion; when I asked him at what time he went to bed, he said "When I feel like it." In his eighty-second year, noticing that he smoked one cigar after another, I asked him, "Have you ever in your life been told by a doctor that you must let up on smoking, or eating, or drinking, or working, or have you in any way altered any of your habits?" The answer was negative. Such a magnificent constitution which permitted him never to think of his health, is worth remembering. Although I never heard him talk about religion, he was a good Christian, took his family to the Congregational Church every Sunday morning, and always himself said grace before meals. That is the way he was from youth to old age; and a few days before his death he had a heart attack. What a life and what a death!

A good story is going the rounds of the press about Professor Kittredge, who noticed one day in his classroom a student who was asleep. The class was studying *Macbeth.* Kittredge called the student's name in thunder tones; he asked him to go on reading aloud "from this point." His seatmate handed him the book and pointed quickly to a line and the student read aloud:

> The devil damn thee black,
> thou cream-fac'd loon!
> Where got'st thou that goose
> look?

Now I suspect I know the origin of the story. I was a graduate student at Harvard in 1891, and I took the venerable Professor Child's course in Shakespeare, the same course that Kittredge taught after Child had retired. I will vouch for the truth of *this* story, for I was present in the classroom the day it happened. Child called on a student and told him to continue reading at that point. The play was *King Lear.* The student could not find the place. Child asked him a second time and then in a tone of absolute rage, called him the third time. At that moment the student found the place (it was indeed the right place) and read aloud in stentorian tones,

What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Among the scores of new books about Hitler; in addition to the two by that brilliant pair Henry R. Luce and Clare Boothe, Mr. Luce's *The American Century,* with comments by famous contemporaries and Clare Boothe's remarkable *Europe in the Spring,* thousands of Americans are reading every day *You Can't Do Business with Hitler,* by Douglas Miller, and William L. Shirer's *Berlin Diary.* Mr. Miller shows by what has already happened what will certainly happen to the U. S. A. if Hitler succeeds in conquering Great Britain. The picture is so appalling that it sounds like a madman's dream; but it is exactly the opposite of a dream, because it will come true unless—everyone can easily complete the sentence. The numerous people already conquered by Hitler are in the position accurately described by the words of Cassius in Shakespeare.

> Why man, he doth bestride the
> narrow world
> Like a colossus: and we petty
> men
> Walk under his huge legs, and
> peep about
> To find ourselves dishonourable
> graves.

Berlin Diary is like M. Paléologue's amazing diary in Russia before and during 1917; it shows the coming of the storm. It is written with a simplicity (admirable journalism) that adds to its force.

If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, but it isn't; the years from 1936 to (I am afraid) 1942, prove that the proverb is false.

And here comes the book I have been looking for without hope that it would appear. Here it is, and it more than fulfills my highest expectations. The title: *Murder for Pleasure: the Life and Times of the Detective Story;* the author: Howard Haycraft. The enormous increase of murder, mystery, and detective novels, the vast number of intelligent people who read them with delight, made it certain that at some time a scholarly research detective would detect the detective story as a subject for "original research." Thousands of graduate students in our American universities are wondering what on earth to choose for the subject of a doctor's thesis; for they must have that Ph. D. in order to find a job. I remember one of them years ago who had just finished his thesis saying, "yes, I have written a thesis, and if the Lord will forgive me for it, I will never write another." It is only occasionally that a truly scholarly thesis is either of any general interest or is in a field subsequently used in the classroom by its author. Well, *Murder for Pleasure* ought to awaken many careworn graduate students to the possibility of finding a subject rigorously researchful, and yet

Continued on page 188

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 87-187

in the popular category.

Mr. Haycraft shows the origin and the originator of detective fiction. In 1845 Edgar Allan Poe published in book form three stories. He had written and printed *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* in 1841. This is the beginning of detective fiction. I believe that Edgar Allan Poe is an immortal genius, one of the greatest poets in American literature, and one of the great names in the literature of the world. Thus it pleases me to see so admirable and painstaking a scholar as Mr. Haycraft giving credit to Poe as the originator of detective stories, exactly one hundred years ago. This book is, in addition to its merits, the celebration of a centenary.

There are nearly 400 pages; there are chapters on American, on English, on Continental detective fiction; there are chapters on various periods; and I am glad to say the book deals not only with stories printed in 1841, but with those printed in 1941—brought right up to date. The whole subject is analyzed and discussed theoretically also, but not dully; and a brave attempt is made to appraise living writers and their works. The late S. S. Van Dine's books and his hero Philo Vance are given due credit, while the characteristics that irritated some readers are also described; our American humorist Ogden Nash said

Philo Vance
Needs a kick in the pance,

(I am quoting from memory.) Yet I think *The Greene Murder Case* was marvelous; I read every one of Van Dine's stories and that one I shall certainly read again. Rex Stout, I am glad to say, is highly praised; but while no one admires Mr. Goodwin more than I, I do not think he "steals the show" from Nero Wolfe—the two help each other.

One of the most useful parts of this book is the tabulation of detectives, authors, novels, etc. These make long lists; they will be most useful to all who love detective fiction and who wish to reread or to recall various stories or characters. I am pleased to see one of my favorite characters, Race Williams, in the list and his creator Carroll J. Daly, another man from Yonkers; many readers of high-brow stuff have never heard of him, but one of my favorite pastimes is reading Daly's terrific yarns in German translations.

The most truly high-brow of all writers of detective stories is Michael Innes (in all cases I am giving the pen name). He is more high-brow than Dorothy Sayers or Mr. and Mrs. Cole, but his best work, like *Hamlet, Revenge* and *Lament for a Maker* is exciting. I had the honor of introducing his books to Professor Kittredge.

In addition to these long lists of writers and detectives, there are many photographs of living and dead authors; altogether the book is invaluable and everyone who reads murder stories should have a copy within reach. The majority of readers of such books are intelligent; they read them for diversion, to rest a mind that is really used on other things; silly people read sentimental slush.

Detective stories should never be sentimental, smutty, sexy, or obscene. They should be as antiseptic as mathematics.

I wish that Mr. Haycraft could have seen Percival Wilde's new story, *Design for Murder;* for in it he seems to prove that Conan Doyle was guilty of serious errors of fact—think of pointing out a mistake in my favorite, *The Speckled Band.*

Last year Mr. Wilde delighted me and thousands of others with his original murder story, *Inquest*, dealing with homespun characters in Connecticut; in *Design for Murder* his plot-setting and characters are totally different, yet equally ingenious and thrilling. Here he has a group of the smartest of the smart set, young, fair, rich, cynical; and their house-party results in a shocking murder. This book takes its place immediately in the top drawer of 1941. It is impossible to give any description; it is unlike anything else I have ever read, so comparisons cannot be made.

Another very fine murder story of this year is *Murder Gives a Lovely Light* by John Stephen Strange. This is somewhat longer than most detective stories, but I wish it were longer; it is extremely well written, and the excitement is cumulative and climactic; I guarantee it, because anyone who doesn't like it ought to do what the victim in the story does; consult a physician.

A novel that I do not recommend (though I have a sneaking liking for it) is *The White Wolf*, by Franklin Gregory. It is horror rather than terror; it belongs in general to the *Dracula* school, but is not nearly so good as that work, which will have readers fifty years from now, provided Hitler allows the reading of any books. *The White Wolf* does the wrong kind of killing.

Here is something I unaccountably missed last autumn and I found my review copy only the other day. But it is so interesting, so remarkable in its high level of excitement, so full of "inside" information about great European figures of the 19th and 20th centuries that I wish to call the attention of my readers to its glowing pages, feeling certain they will enjoy it, will learn much from it, and will keep it in their private stock of literary vintages. Its name is *Cities and Men* (recognize the quotation?) and the author is Inman Barnard, born in 1850 and died in 1939, in his ninetieth year. Hard work, continuous excitement, the very best food, good wines, and tobacco were the daily

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nourishment of his splendid constitution; and as he looked back, with an absolutely clear mind and memory on the events of his long life, he regarded himself as one of the most fortunate of men.

We owe this book not only to its author, but to its distinguished editor, Mr. Sisley Huddleston, who was the foreign correspondent of that admirable newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*. If some scholar, five hundred years hence, should come upon the files of the *Monitor* from its beginning until 1941, and should have no other source of information about America and Americans, he would get an erroneous conception of American culture. He would think we were a nation very much like the Athenians in the fifth century before Christ; he would imagine that we were all highly cultivated, that we valued the things of the intellectual and spiritual life above everything else. He would not know about our crass stupidities, our vulgarities, our surrender to cheap catchwords—but, anyhow, it is refreshing to know that the success of this newspaper shows that there are Americans capable of thinking.

Now Sisley Huddleston, living in Normandy and on the French Riviera and in Paris was perhaps Mr. Barnard's most intimate friend; and he persuaded the fine old gentleman on the verge of his ninetieth year, to write these memoirs; accordingly Mr. Barnard sat at his typewriter and tapped out these chapters himself; but they were arranged for publication and edited with an Introduction and a commentary-chapter by Mr. Huddleston. The last sentence in the book is:

"What changes I have seen in my ninety years—from Abraham Lincoln to Adolf Hitler!" That indicates the Decline and (I hope not) the Fall not of the Roman Empire, but of the world.

Although very few have ever been able to enjoy such privileges as Barnard had, this paragraph has something in it for us all.

"A longish life, as men count, and, I may truthfully say, a happy one. I have had my share of hard knocks, of private griefs, of disappointments; but I have found everything that happened, even when disagreeable, at least interesting. That is the only secret of happiness—to keep an unfailing interest in people and events . . ."

His journey to Europe after graduating from Harvard was miraculously successful; I use the word advisedly because the chances were a thousand to one against him. His strange career in Egypt was followed by becoming the Secretary and intimate associate of James Gordon Bennett. He had already met in his babyhood the great French actress Rachel, who kissed him; as a boy he talked with Lincoln in the White House and remembers everything Lincoln said; later he knew intimately that strange genius "Chinese" Gordon, Burton of the Arabian Nights, Alfred Tennyson, the Prince of Wales, Victor Hugo, Pasteur, General Boulanger, King Leopold—but this is only a small part of his experiences. He knew the Three Kaisers, William, Frederick, and William II; Bismarck and Von Moltke; and I agree with Mr. Huddleston that the most exciting chapter in the book is the one where he, on the night when the Kaiser Frederick was dying, was given by the Empress the whole manuscript diary of the dying man; he stuffed it under his waistcoat, escaped in the pouring rain, got it into the hands of the British Ambassador before dawn, who sent it to England; an hour or two after his escape, Frederick died, and Kaiser Wilhelm II, whose eagerness to reign had been sharply rebuked by Bismarck as an insult to his father and grandfather, ordered all the doors and exits closed, and a vain hunt made for the precious MS.

Mr. Barnard was "in" on scores of the most important historical events; it is an amazing narrative. Mr. Huddleston shrewdly doubts the alleged fact that Tsar Alexander I of Russia did not die at the time and place given in the history books, but escaped to the monks of Mount Athos, living there until 1864, where Barnard saw him and talked with him. This may probably be added to the false facts of history, like Audubon being King Louis XVII, and Ney being buried in America. But Barnard's account of his visit to these strange monks is one of the most picturesque chapters in the book. Well, I cannot exaggerate the exciting political and military incidents or the decisive part many of them played in modern history. This book is as rich a feast to the mind as Barnard's Parisian lunches and dinners were to the palate.

Although I am wholly American, and therefore cannot love England as Englishmen love it, I do not think any American loves England more than I do. When Hawthorne went over there to take up his residence as Consul, he said that he had had no idea of what patriotism meant until he lived with the English; they had a patriotism far beyond his previous comprehension, and yet in times of peace they did not talk much about it. But Nathaniel Hawthorne had a penetrating vision; he understood what they did not say. Even as, although he was a Democrat and the opposite of an Abolitionist, and had expressed his belief that John Brown was justly hanged; when he visited during the war President Lincoln in the White House, naturally his fastidious mind noticed the President's uncouthness; he wrote that he thought the country was safer in Lincoln's hands than in those of any other man.

Now I recommend without limit three illustrated quartos on England, recently published. They make me homesick. First, *I Have Loved England*, by Alice Duer Miller, whose *The White Cliffs*, I am glad to see, is steadily making

Continued at top of page 190

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 87-187-189

new converts. Her latest work is composed of splendid photographs of scenes and buildings in England, most of them accompanied by appropriate passages from famous English poets and prose-writers. The second book is *Eternal London: A Sketch Book* by Jack Frost, containing his drawings of famous places in the immortal city; and the third book, which I like perhaps best of the three—though all three are very fine—is called *This Realm, This England*, and is edited by the artist Samuel Chamberlain, with an Introduction by Donald Moffat. Mr. Moffat is accurate in saying, "The Englishman's sentiment for the country is quite different from the tolerant, familiar affection he feels for his cities. Cities to him are mere necessities of existence, the workshops in which he earns his living; places to avoid, and to get out of as soon as the day's work is done." Andrew D. White told me that the Englishman, as soon as he had made a little money, got a house in the country; the American, as soon as he had made enough money, went to the city. Paul Cohen-Portheim, the Austrian artist, said that in Germany the cities had different personalities; Munich, Dresden, Cologne, etc. In England, he said, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, had no personalities as cities; but every cathedral town and village had a personality of its own. This book is composed of etchings and illustrations by famous artists living and dead; they are indescribably beautiful. And I am glad to see that Samuel Chamberlain has put in a few of his own, for they are very fine.

Soon it will be time to begin thinking of what you will buy for Christmas presents; you cannot do better than choose all three of these volumes. They have that kind of beauty that Keats said was a joy forever; for "its loveliness increases." ☩

The New Huddle Muddle

Continued from page 54

year—they try in their humble way to influence God's decrees to some small extent—they really have no idea where their meals of year after next are coming from.

Of course everybody can tell you what you need for a great football team. "Physical ability, practice, high morale, alert thinking"—that's at least what the *New York Times* of November 17, 1940 found out. The question is only to find the boys who have all that and to develop them.

Since I haven't the foggiest notion (and as this is being written nobody else has, either) who is going to do wonders on the gridiron this season, I have decided not to make a ranking list of the unknown quantities, but rather to talk about the ten best tragic heroes as I see them.

1. Bernie Bierman—Minnesota.

He's keen and smooth, stands for precision in everything. His teams execute the fundamentals perfectly; he's a very exacting drillmaster. He's severe and businesslike, and dignified. He never raises his voice on the field, he never tries to key his team up emotionally, but on the contrary tries to keep them relaxed.

2. Bob Neyland—Tennessee.

Has many of Bierman's qualities. Is all for discipline—an army major. The Blitzkrieg man. His teams seem to be fooling around in midfield, and then suddenly, bang! touchdown! He rarely drives the length of the field for a touchdown, but plays for a break which gives him the ball in scoring territory. He is great on finesse and deception. He has developed the return of kicks to a high point.

3. Clark Shaughnessy—Stanford.

Last year's miracle man. Ten years ago he had great teams at Tulane and Loyola. Then he went to Chicago and served there during the decline and death of the football team. He seemed to be all washed up when he was called to Stanford, where he instituted his now famous T-formation, which he had developed when he was secretly the advisory coach of the Chicago Bears. He swept through all opposition, proving though he has always denied it that a good coach can do anything if given halfway good material.

4. Bob Zuppke—Illinois.

With Rockne, Stagg, Warner and Yost, one of the all-time greats. He had remarkable success and won many championships at Illinois, until proselytizing by other schools began to drain away his material. Though his teams have been poor in recent years, he consistently refused to employ similar means, which has aroused much opposition to him among his alumni.

5. Amos Alonzo Stagg—College of the Pacific.

In his seventy-eighth year he is truly one of the greatest influences of all time on intercollegiate athletics. Has invented countless plays and created countless players. After he graduated from Yale, where he had been a star football player and baseball pitcher, he declined an opportunity to go into big-league baseball, but went to the newly-founded Chicago University as football coach. He had super-teams there year after year, and many champions. After more than forty years' service he was retired against his will. He immediately took a job at a third-rate school, where he astounded the sporting world three years ago by holding the great team of the University of California—which the year before had won the Rose

Bowl Game—to a tie. He'll never quit.

6. Bill Alexander—Georgia Tech.

The dean of the Southern coaches. Gets the most out of his material and adapts his style of play very well to the team he happens to have. He's a driver on the field, but his boys worship him.

7. Carl Snavely—Cornell.

The schoolmaster type. Energetic, dry, colorless. He is the hardest worker among the coaches. He takes motion pictures of his practice sessions each day, and spends most of the night going over them again and again. Then he writes a letter to each boy on the squad outlining his faults and suggesting remedies. He has come up the hard way. Coached for years in high school, then got a job at a small college, etc. He took the Cornell job when the team was at the bottom and brought it to the top.

8. Jack Meagher—Auburn.

An old Notre Dame man and a contemporary of Rockne's. After the war, in which he was a captain of the Marines, he took a job as football coach at a small Texas college. Then he came to Rice Institute, where he developed champions in a very few years. He is soft-spoken on the field and off. Very modest—the perfect gentleman. He knows how to make first-class teams out of second-rate athletes. Always a threat, he's one of the best scientists in the game.

9. Dana Bible—University of Texas.

A studious, religious man and a good teacher. He came from a small college in Tennessee and had great teams for years in Nebraska. When he came to Texas, the team was in a bad state. He was given a ten-year contract, which is something pretty unusual. He has brought his teams steadily to the fore, and many think he will produce the champion of that tough league this coming season.

10. Lynn Waldorf—Northwestern.

Son of a Methodist Bishop, he played at Syracuse. Won the Missouri Valley Championship during his first year at Oklahoma. Then went to Kansas State where he won the Championship of the Big Six in his first year. Then Northwestern. Waldorf pulled it out of the cellar and won the Big Ten Championship in his second year. He has won another championship since, and last year had one of the best four or five teams in the country. He is a big, hale, good fellow, well-liked by his boys.

Last year, football attendance showed a gain of 2¼ per cent. An Associated Press survey of sixty-four representative schools from every section of the country showed a total attendance of 7,500,000 for 330 games. This rise should continue, especially in those sections of the country where defense work has created a boom.

On the other hand, will the growing expenses force small schools to do away with football—a deplorable development which started last year when Stetson University of DeLand, Florida; Saint Joseph's of Philadelphia; St. Edward's of Austin, Texas, and about two dozen other small colleges stopped their football activities. It cannot be said too often that this development will show its effects in big-time circles. Football, like every sport which constantly needs new material, depends on a very broad basis . . .

Some predictions:

East: Cornell has lost too many seniors, and this should be felt . . . Boston College is due for a letdown after losing its coach . . . Yale under a new regime should show some signs of life after many years of stagnation . . . Pennsylvania might be a real sensation if the draft does not hurt the team too much (they have already lost three of their best boys) . . . Pitt will go down further . . . Fordham might take the crown in the East . . . Navy should have a good team . . . Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard, Army—will not be exactly sensational . . .

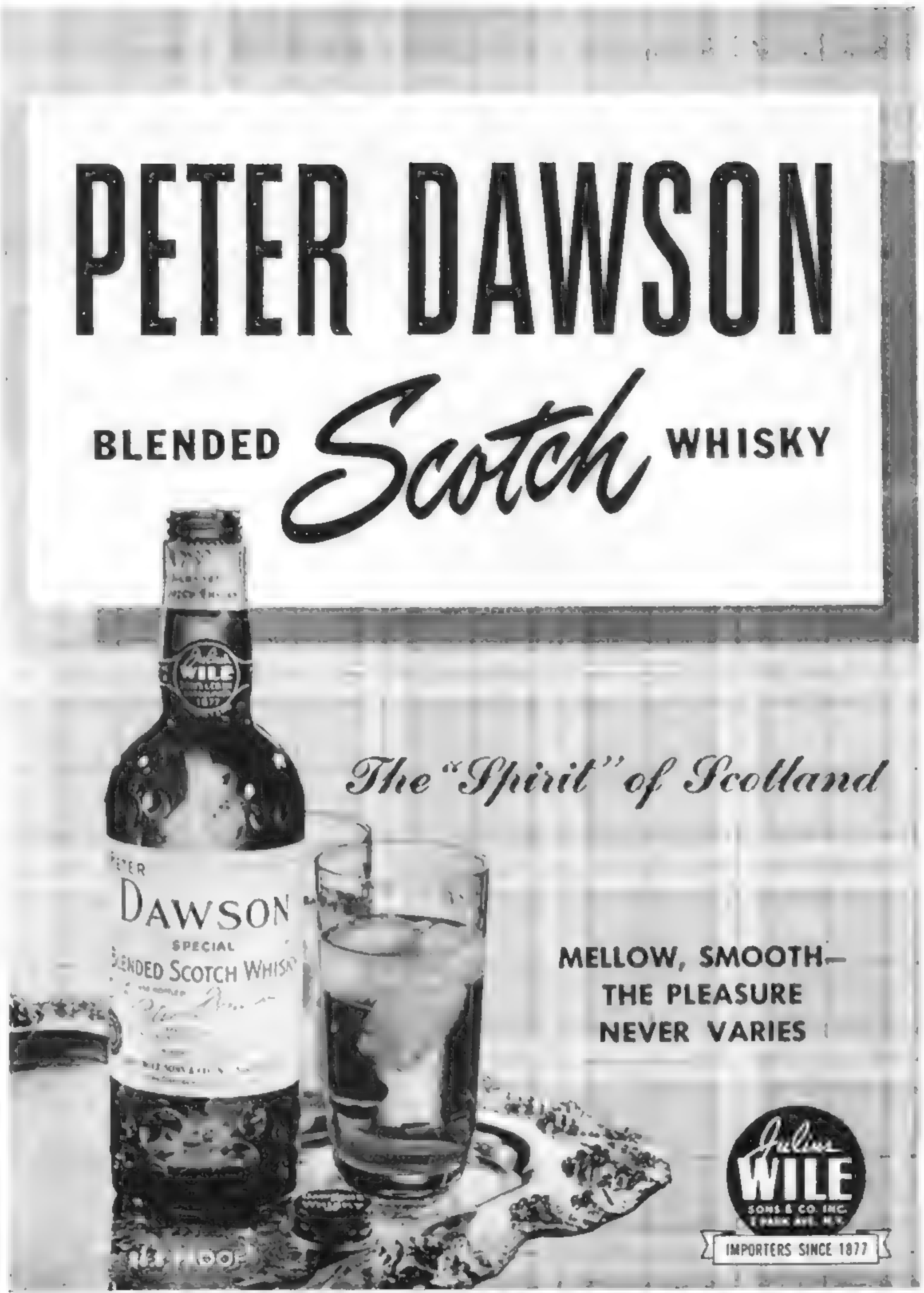
Midwest: Notre Dame is unpredictable under its new coach, but since he has proved himself one of the best and since Notre Dame never lacks material, the chances are good . . . Look for improved fundamentals and less razzle-dazzle at Ohio State . . . Northwestern with a wealth of material from last year's great team should be the class of the Big Ten . . . . But don't count out Minnesota as long as they have Bierman and halfback Bruce Smith. . . . Michigan without Harmon should not be as terrific as they have been for the past three years. But look out for Nebraska. Indiana, Purdue, Wisconsin and Iowa will be in the second division.

South: Alabama, with its wealth of good backs, looks strongest and should have its best team in several years. Mississippi State, last year's runner-up, should be considerably weaker without Elrod and Harvey Johnson. Georgia and Vanderbilt should be greatly improved, and Tennessee will always be a threat, even though it has lost Neyland and fourteen seniors.

Southwest: Texas looked surefire until Crain was called to Army service. Rice in its second year under Jesse Nelly should be greatly improved. Texas A. and M. without John Kimbrough and other brilliant seniors, should not be up to its last year's level.

Pacific Coast: Stanford has seven regulars, including Frankie Albert, from its great team of last year, and should make the race on the coast again, with Washington and Southern California as runners-up. . . .

Since I've mentioned so many names, I might as well drag in Socrates to the list. However, he must have been thinking of football when he stated that every day he knew with greater certainty that he knew nothing. At least, that is exactly how a self-styled expert feels when the gridiron season approaches. ⋕



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H. P., Hohokus, and Hocus Pocus

Continued from page 93

of his non-communicative five-word communiques, two years ago. "I am concerned," you will remember his saying, "with winning a war—not making news." He did neither.

I had a little better luck when I took the "out-of-date" figures to private sources. Many of these figures, gleaned from aeronautical and press sources, were bad and have been corrected. Blame it on the air-versus-liquid-cooled controversy, which has split the Army and Navy, the old line aircraft manufacturers and the newcomers to the field. It is good advice to disregard practically everything you have heard or read about American aircraft. The real dope is slowly seeping out, and I hope that I can anticipate some of the actual facts in the following paragraphs:

You may have read somewhere that the 12-cylinder Allison liquid cooled engines, which power the Curtiss P-40 and P-40 D, the Bell Airacobra and the Lockheed Lightning—the Army's principal fighters—had to be derated after production started. Actually, the original Allison engine, approved by the Army in 1937 and, therefore, picked up by manufacturers who were seeking speed and maneuverability, was a "sea level engine," its horsepower rating of 1,090 being available at that altitude but not in rarer altitudes. Remember, this was before the national emergency, before the British learned that they were going to have to do a lot of fighting up around 20 to 25 thousand feet. Since then they have to be prepared to make occasional forays to as high as 40,000 feet to be effective against modern bombers.

Faced with the necessity of reaching these altitudes, the Allison engineers swapped horses in the middle of the stream and got away with it. When the real production started, the engine was a 1,150 horsepower altitude engine. It is true that a few Curtiss P-40 planes, equipped with sea level engines, got into the air. It is also true that the Allison was, and is, a single stage supercharged engine. Above, roughly, 23,000 feet, the horsepower begins to fall off rapidly. Now—to avoid h.p. hocus pocus—you must understand that you don't do anything to the basic engine to get better performance up beyond 23,000 feet. A second stage of supercharging is added, and that isn't as simple as it sounds. Second stage supercharging is not part of the engine of American and British planes; in fact, the equipment isn't even made by the American engine manufacturer. Addition of second stage supercharging for better performance in high altitudes is common practice with not only the Americans and British but with the Germans.

The Lockheed Lightning has turbo-supercharging as its second stage. The Lightning has the highest published speed in the world, 458 m.p.h., and Army pilots say that it "just begins to fight at 35,000 feet." It is no longer a secret that Lightnings are now rolling out of the Lockheed plant in goodly numbers.

The Allison engine has been stepped up still further. Two months ago an improved engine passed the famous 150-hour test of the Army Air Corps at Wright Field with 1,325 h.p. altitude rating. The engine is the first to actually weigh less than a pound per horsepower—1,325 horses in 1,303 pounds of motor. Allison engineers packed 175 more horsepower, roughly the equivalent to two small motor car engines, into the same sized package, without redesigning, with so few part changes that the plant could be switched over to produce the more powerful engine in a few months. Now the engineers are gunning for 1,500 horses packed into 1,303 pounds. They already have a 24-cylinder Allison, expected to develop 2,400 horsepower, and if the situation calls for that much "soup," its development can be completed in a very short time. At the present time there is no fighting plane in existence that will take this particular terrific concentration of power.

But some of the British and German planes, now fighting, use engines of approximately 2,000 h.p. Does this mean that today these planes can fly circles around the best fighters our Army hopes to have by 1942? Not necessarily, say the liquid-cooled proponents, who point out: 1) the new Lockheed Lightning is powered by *two* Allison engines, kicking up a total of 2,300 h.p.; 2) radical American design made possible by the Allison engine gives an aerodynamic edge that more than compensates for boasted European h.p.; 3) high octane airplane fuel available to the British, not to the Germans, is an important factor. There is, you see, a lot of hocus pocus in h.p.; any valid comparison of two given planes would involve thousands of technical words and many tables of equations.

They say we have no night fighters. The Army experts shrug at this, but they don't look unhappy. "Wait," they say. A terrific amount of night flying is being done from U. S. Army air fields.

They say we have no fighters that can carry eight guns and adequate armor, at a speed of 400 m.p.h., to an altitude of 35,000 feet—where the big fighting is done. Yet you hear stories about greater speeds, more armament, better armor, higher altitudes for American planes.

The experience of England has shown that bombers require power-driven revolving gun turrets for adequate defense. Even our famous Lockheed "Hudsons" had to be rebuilt in England, to add the vital defensive feature. But power-driven turrets are only now

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being taken up in this country.

You have heard a lot of tall talk about the giant new Douglas XB-19 bombers—the bombers that can fly across the ocean and back, non-stop. But what you haven't heard is that up to the date of this writing, the Army hasn't placed any orders for the super-colossal wonders. The Army is conservative.

* * *

But look, for a moment, at the Army's pride and joy, the Curtiss P-40. Reports that its Allison engine overheats are countered by published reports from the British that it is performing beautifully over the Sahara. Then there are rumors about excessive landing speeds and groundlooping, but, remember, the P-40 is a high-powered ship for a pilot fresh from a trainer. The latest version of the P-40, the P-40D (called Kittihawk by the British) already is turning in such a brilliant performance record in competition with Spitfires against Messerschmitts that the British propaganda organization is publishing "brag" stories about it. It carries six .50-calibre machine guns, has better armor for pilots and has a speed approaching 400 m.p.h. Its maneuverability is one of the advantages that appeals to British pilots.

The Allison-powered tri-cycle landing gear Airacobra carries a 37 mm. cannon in its nose, a deadly feature made possible by a revolutionary new drive-shaft developed by Allison enabling engine placement behind the pilot. This is the heaviest calibre cannon in any plane in the world. *The Bellringer*, house organ of the Bell Aircraft Corporation, presumably with the approval of the Army, claims the Airacobra will be the nemesis of the *panzer* division and shows how its cannon can penetrate any existing tank armor. The Airacobra also carries two 50-calibre machine guns in its nose, four 30-calibre machine guns in its wings. The pilot can fire any, all, or a combination of this deadly armament by flipping a selector lever and pressing a universal trigger on the joy stick. When the Airacobra starts spitting three kinds of bullets, nose on the target, something drops.

But look at Europe: the Ministry of Aircraft Production, in England, has just announced specifications for the R. A. F.'s new Bristol Beaufighter. This plane carries four cannon in the fuselage, as well as six machine guns in the wings, is powered by two Bristol Hercules 1,400 h.p. engines, and has a range of 1,500 miles.

England's new Hawker Typhoon, said to be one of the most heavily-gunned and fastest pursuit planes in the world, is powered by the Napier sabre liquid-cooled engine of about 2,000 h.p.

On the credit side of the ledger, all experts agree, our bombers must be listed. Our bombers, particularly the Lockheed "Hudsons," the Consolidated, and the super-altitude Boeing "Flying Fortresses" are making history. Powered by Curtiss-Wright or Pratt and Whitney air-cooled engines, they embody the best genius of our production industry, according to the air-cooled engine party.

At La Guardia Field, a few weeks ago, I was told how some ferry pilots, taking one of the new Consolidateds over, were caught a few hundred miles off the English coast by four Messerschmitts. The pilots were not equipped for fighting; there was nothing to do but run. They dived to within fifty feet of the water, opened up full throttle, and "ran" completely out of sight—at 425 miles an hour.

* * *

The R.A.F. fights everywhere; but we still have separate air forces for our Army and our Navy. The two branches of the service take opposite sides in the liquid-cooled versus air-cooled controversy. The Navy has plumped for air-cooled; the Army favors the development of liquid-cooled engines for fighters, air-cooled for bombers. An independent air force, like the R.A.F., would use air-cooled or liquid-cooled engines, according to the mission or the fighting conditions. General Motors researchers developed the Allison from an original idea far back in the 1920s that a better aircraft engine could be built around the controlled cooling made possible by the use of ethylene-glycol. Packard is tooling up to produce the British Rolls-Royce, another liquid-cooled engine. The Napier sabre engine also operates on the liquid-cooled principle.

In short, the air-coolers who compare the Allison unfavorably with British engines neglect to add that the Rolls-Royce, the Napier, and other British fighter engines are liquid-cooled. If the British are the final authorities, why do they continue to order Allisons which the air-coolers denounce?

It has been rumored that General Motors, which finds itself in both camps—as the developer of the Allison and as a producer of Pratt and Whitneys, has reached the end of its patience.

Air-coolers declare that the Navy is progressive, because it powers its fighters with air-cooled engines, notably the 2,000 h.p. Pratt and Whitney engined Vought-Sikorsky XF4U-1, which they say is the fastest fighter in the world. On the other hand, the liquid-coolers point out streamlining deficiencies inherent in the use of any radial engine and claim that the Lockheed Lightning (two 1,150 h.p. Allisons) is the fastest fighter on land or sea.

The air- versus liquid-cooled controversy is vain. Production facilities for both types are available and would be utilized more effectively, I believe, by an unbiased independent air force.

The Army and the Navy, it is to be assumed, will always carry on their labyrinthine feuds, their

Continued on page 194

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H. P., Hohokus, and Hocus Pocus

Continued from pages 93-193

sectarian loyalties, and the traditional traditions.

Whether conservative, as the liquid-coolers say, the Navy—and I carry Billy Mitchell's argument a stepfurther—is irrevocably committed to the sea. It is, and probably always will be, as loyal to its guns as the sailor in *Pinafore.*

* * *

The Navy is wedded, by definition, inertia, and nostalgia, to ships. And it is no more enthusiastic about the business of flying than the ice man is about electric refrigerators, or Mrs. Dionne about birth control.

It is part of human nature to defend to the last ditch whatever point of view it has committed itself to in a moment of indiscretion; and the more connective tissue has replaced nerve tissue in the mind of any particular protagonist, (which is a roundabout way of saying the older he is) the more dogmatic he is likely to be in his sectarian stand.

It is submitted that we should dip the whole setup, like the Mad Hatter's watch, in a hot cup of tea.

* * *

Suppose we look, for a moment, at some of the strategic lessons of the present war:

1. The British navy was totally incapable of keeping the Nazis from crossing the Skaggerak to Norway. The *Luftwaffe* kept the lanes open.
2. The British navy was incapable of staving off the invasion of Crete. Crete was conquered almost entirely by air. Bombers, fighters, parachute troops, glider-borne troops, plane-borne tanks did the trick very successfully.
3. The British navy has not been able to bombard any port adequately protected with air defenses. The only ports the Navy has been successful in attacking were those in Italian Africa, where the defending aircraft were off making newsreels for Mussolini.
4. The British navy was not able to catch the fleeing *Bismarck*. The *Bismarck* was caught and crippled by a torpedo plane; the battleships only took care of the kill.
5. The British navy has done nothing, so far, in attacking the invasion ports of France. The real work has been done by the R.A.F.
6. The "miracle" of Dunkerque was performed not by the navy, but by the complete, thorough, mass coverage of the channel by the R.A.F. fighters.
7. Blockades can be carried on just as effectively by air power as by navies. The *Luftwaffe's* long range bombers are carrying consistent devastation to the British convoys. Anti-aircraft fire of the accompanying ships is rarely effective. The only dependable answer is long range fighters.
8. So far, whenever sea power has locked horns with mass air power, it has had to run at full steam. The British ships were secure in the Mediterranean, as long as they faced nothing more formidable than the Italian comic-opera air force. When the Heinkels and Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfes came on the scene, they had to scurry like a school of porpoises. The aircraft carrier *Illustrious* was barely able to get away whole.

In Crete, the British naval losses were enormous. Mass attacks with heavy bombs and airborne torpedoes took staggering tolls. A ship faces a hard situation when Stuka bombs rain down on it; it is like a hamstrung boxer fighting a man with a seven-foot reach. It can't deliver as many blows as it receives; it can't get to the target with the few blows it can strike; it can't maneuver for position—and it can't run.

The Navy, today, is no longer an attacking force; and only a second-rate defending force. It has become little more than a floating infantry, useful for mopping up operations, guard duty, and for rousing newsreel crowds to a frenzied pitch with charming seascapes rolling around to the tune of *Anchors Aweigh.*

This, of course, is not a criticism of the Navy—as such. Our Navy is perhaps as advanced, progressive, well-trained, alert, dependable, loyal, well-equipped, and decorative, as any Navy that has ever patrolled the mermaids' pastures. And when our super-colossal, big-gun, multi-gun, hyper-armored, two-ocean Navy is finished, we will practically monopolize *Jane's Fighting Ships* from cover to cover. Nevertheless, the Navy is done for; it is as doomed as the barouche, the brontosaurus, bustles, and *beri beri.*

The irony of the whole situation, however, is that in spite of the obsolescence of the Naval paraphernalia, and in spite of the sectarian limitations of the Army's mentality, the American air force is still in the hands of the old world bodies.

There is only one solution that is psychologically and seriously sound: a separate air force.

The progressive and astute Major de Seversky has been campaigning for this for a long time, taking the mantle of the late Billy Mitchell, who was so unhappily victimized by Brass Hat politics. *PM* and the over-simplified tabloids have done as much; and the result, at this writing, is that debates are now pending in Congress for just such a move.

During the third week in June, the Army with admirable forevision, lifted its own face. The Air Corps was superseded by a super-duper organization, "The Army Air Forces." The War Department announced this as "the unification of its air activities."

The Army Air Forces is comprised of (a) Headquarters Army Air Forces, (b) the Air Force Combat Command, (c) the Air Corps, and (d) all other Army air units.

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In addition, there will be the Air Council, "a body which will periodically review and co-ordinate all major air projects of the Army."

The aim of all this, obviously, is to give the Army Air services a kind of autonomy within the Army. But to this jaundiced eye, it looks like more water in the alphabet soup.

* * *

There is one happy conclusion to be drawn from all our confusion, our dilly-dallying, buck-passing, trial-and-error do-dabbing, and our eternal self-criticism: and this is important—modern wars are not won by Horatio Algers. Action for its own sake produces results only in the public speaking classes of Mr. Dale Carnegie.

Practically everybody in the American air picture has been criticized for not insisting that we decide what we want, "freeze" types, and plunge into mass production. Curiously, this has been our strength, not our weakness. For one of the ironies of the strange, new war is that the last man wins.

Italy went into mass production of war planes almost a decade ago. Mussolini stood in front of his latest mass fleets, boxing the compass with his pithecanthropoid chin. But, today, the Italian air force looks like something out of *The Barber of Seville*, a fabulous creation of Figaro for whisking some love-sick maiden out of the clutches of a gout-ridden uncle. Any twelve-year-old child in Kokomo could scatter it with a BB gun.

In other words, there is such a thing as "freezing" yourself completely out of the picture.

Take the Channel battles as another example: the Nazis counted on a short, swift, knockout war. Accordingly, they froze their designs, and cranked out planes in great quantities. But, unfortunately for them, they, too, froze too soon. The British started late. At first, they were hopelessly outnumbered. But their superiority, qualitatively, saved England. British pursuit planes have an edge of 25 m.p.h. over the Nazi pursuits; and on this point alone, Seversky holds, England has been safeguarded.

In attempting to estimate progress and loss, credit and debt, *meum* and *teum*, we must watch out for the bogey of numbers. The quantity figure for planes produced at any given time, must be carefully corrected for quality and for types.

Quality, as the deadly work of the R.A.F. has demonstrated, is just as important a factor as number. It is more important to turn out a thousand ships of a mid-1941 fighting and flying quality than five thousand ships of a 1939 design.

Further, total production figures generally include trainers. Trainers can be knocked out like doughnuts, whereas fighters take days—and bombers take weeks. In times past, the monthly figures always included more trainers than fighters and bombers. But in May, the ratio was, for the first time, reversed. Of the 1,334 military planes turned out by the U.S. in May, 45 per cent were trainers; 55 per cent were bombers and fighters. These are OPM figures, not the Army's. The Army holds that they give aid and comfort to the enemy.

But, to carry the rosy side of the picture one step further, consider these figures. England is turning out, now, an estimated 1,500 a month. Our schedule calls for a total of 2,000 a month by October—which, added to the British production of that month, gives us complete parity with the Nazis.

And for the future, there is this golden promise. As we swing into high-octane production, the quality of our planes will increase by arithmetic ratios, and the quantity almost by geometric ratios. Detroit is winging in, with all of its mass production experience and wisdom, and with that singular industrial drive which is characteristic only of Germany and this country.

Production in Germany, on the other hand, can be expected to decrease. The tremendous aerial offensives of the R.A.F., carried on night after night, must, of necessity, leave deep scars. Valuable man hours in vital industries will have to be lost—while skilled machinists sit in the factory bombproofs praising the Führer in falsetto, or shooting craps with *ersatz* dice. Vital materials will become scarcer, a good percentage of machine tools must, by the law of averages, play leap frog with the R.A.F.'s super-bombs. And who knows, but some of the Nazis' best craftsmen and their helpers may actually pass on, unwittingly, to an Aryan Valhalla.

We, in this country, have ample chance to profit by Europe's expensively-bought experiences. We have seen the need for greater speed, higher ceilings, heavier armament, increased numbers of guns and cannon, revolving turrets on bombers; the need for heavier bombers with greater range.

Our production will soon swing into high gear. We have in this country the greatest plane designers in the world, the largest production facilities, and vast resources.

And while officialdom has been arguing about authority, prices, profits, priorities, and personnel, these designers have been sweating over drafting boards, yammering over yawing slopes, and sowing whirlwinds in the wind tunnels. These men are not necessarily progressive, socially; they are not politically minded, and their labor policies are often naïve. But they do know how to make planes—and, at this late day and hour, the best fighting and bombing planes in the world.

On this fact, and this fact alone, balances the hope of what we apologetically call civilization. ##

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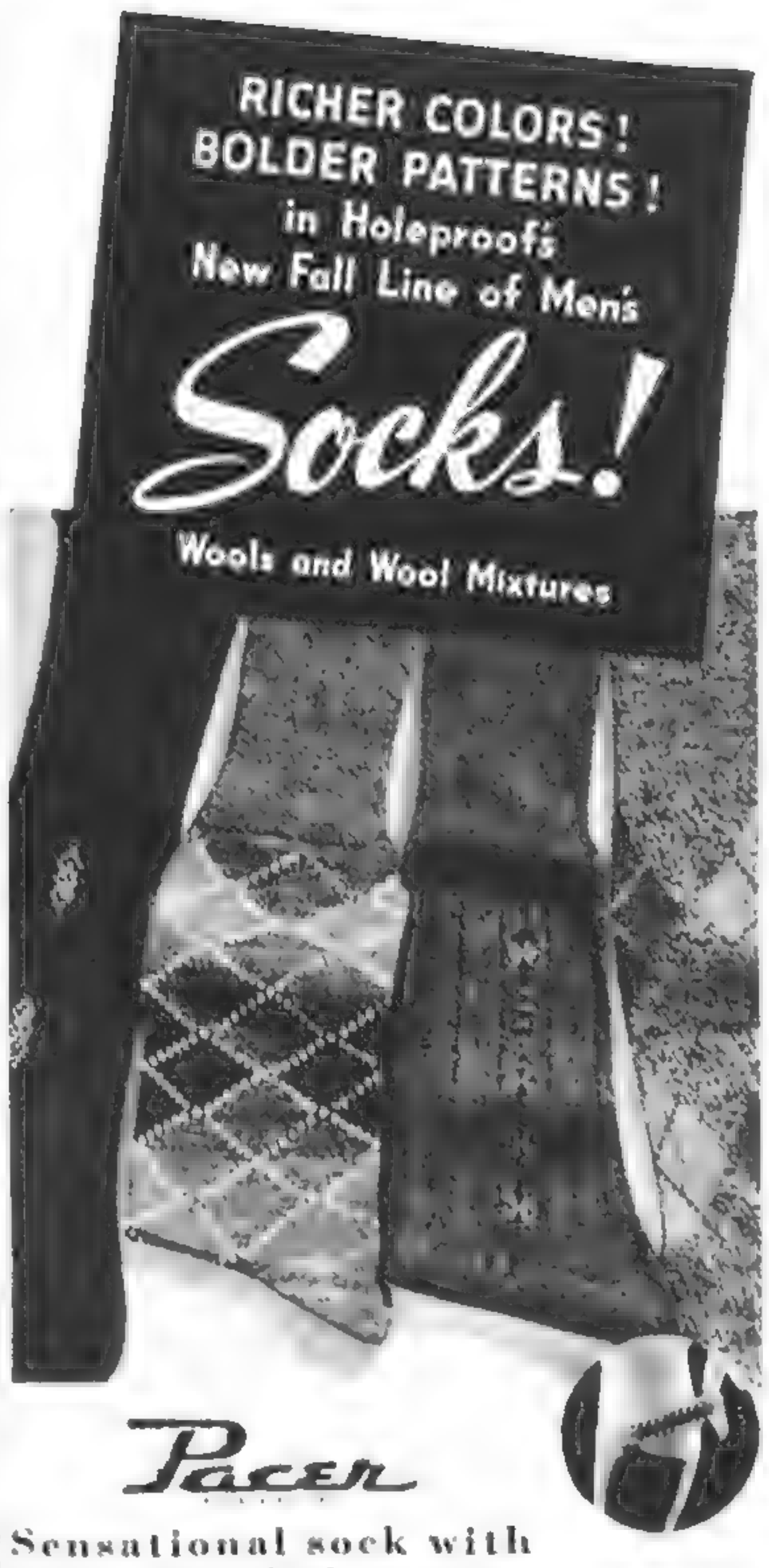

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I Had to Be Lucky

Continued from page 104

the world who had mastered the air. It never occurred to me for one instant that I wasn't one of the most finished aviators in the entire universe. Several times in the near future, I came very close to being just that.

The original Wright plane, with which I gave instructions at Montgomery, measured 38 feet across the wings and 30 feet from nose to tail. It weighed 1,200 pounds and had a carrying capacity of 200 pounds in addition to the pilot.

It was powered with a 30-35 h.p. motor and could attain a high speed, under the most ideal conditions, of 42 miles an hour. It had a 12-gallon fuel capacity and theoretically, could remain in the air for three hours, traveling about 100 miles in that time.

I stress the word "theoretically" for generally, on account of motor difficulties, a sustained flight of over thirty minutes was sufficient cause for beating of drums and clashing of cymbals.

The motor itself was a four cylinder, four-cycle affair, designed and manufactured by the Wright brothers personally and the only thing one could be sure of was that it would do something unexpected, generally at the most embarrassing moments.

Once at San Francisco, while I was some hundreds of feet above the city, the two halves of the whole motor laid wide open like a split orange. The rackety old plane jumped up and down, quivering like an animal in pain. I gave the wreckage only one fearsome glance and headed down, breathing a silent prayer that enough bolts would hold to keep it from crashing back through the rear plane surfaces and dropping me like a rock to instant annihilation.

It was one of the longest flights I ever made. Every second seemed an eternity, with Death, like a grinning ape, perched on my shoulder. I believe the height of earthly felicity was reached when my wheels touched the ground and I realized it wasn't the day for my number to be up.

We had no ignition switch to cut the motor. When we wanted to stop it, there was a little string hanging over the pilot's head which led to a sort of wedge on the motor. Pulling the string forced the wedge in under the exhaust valve and presto, after a few preliminary snorts and bucks, the all too willing power plant would give up and die. Of course, it couldn't be restarted until a landing was made and the wedge removed.

Pilot and passenger sat side by side. Between the two was the central control stick, which actuated the rudder and on its top, a smaller lever which controlled the wing warp, corresponding to the modern ailerons.

Practically all planes were fitted with dual control, so that the right-hand control stick of the man seated on the right side corresponded with and worked with the left-hand control of the man on the left. This lever controlled the elevating planes. Both used the center rudder control with the warping arrangement. The left foot worked the throttle and in later models, having wheels, the right foot worked the brake.

While I was undergoing instruction, I sat on the right, learning to work the controls from that seat. Consequently, all my future flying was done on the right side. I had the fixed idea that it would have been as impossible for me to fly from the left side, reversing the action of my hands, as it would have been to steer an automobile with crossed hands. Foolish as I was in some things, I had brains enough not to try to find out if my idea was justified or not.

The Wright plane was rigged to a fairly perfect lateral balance when there were two men aboard. But when I was flying solo as I did most of the time in exhibition flights, I had to carry a twenty-pound lead weight on the end of the left wing to compensate for the missing passenger. Several times, in the midst of some of my maneuvers, the weight started to work loose and I had to make a hurried descent to lash it on more securely and avert a catastrophe.

My first pupil was the devil-may-care Beau Brummel of the air, Arch Hoxey, later to become part of the first Wright exhibition team, together with myself and debonair, handsome Ralph Johnstone, my second pupil.

Hoxey and Johnstone were affectionately publicized as the Heavenly Twins and although the closest of friends on the ground, were bitter rivals in the air, seeking always to outdo each other in thrilling and death-defying stunts. Both were fated to crash to their deaths, Johnstone at Denver and Hoxey at Los Angeles, before the year was finished.

In June of 1910, after teaching Phil Parmalee and several other early birds, I signed a contract with the Wrights to make exhibition flights.

My first public exhibition was at Indianapolis. There I established two world's records.

I had been practicing for some time at Montgomery, putting the old bus into short turns with steep banks and developing it into a tight falling spiral. Everyone had said that if a plane were put so far on its side that daylight could be seen between the wings, it must slip to the ground, for there'd be nothing to hold it up. A ninety degree bank was considered not only impossible to perform, but absolutely suicidal to attempt.

Risking everything on my previous experiments, I put the plane, at less than five-hundred-foot altitude, into a ninety-degree bank and completed it in 5 and 1-5th seconds. The crowd was thrilled, but not half as much as I was. It was a world record that existed for

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a long time to come.

The other record was one which passed from pilot to pilot. A daring French flyer, Louis Paulhan, had come to America only a month previous and electrified the public by setting an altitude record of 3,700 feet. It was prophesied that this record would stand for a long time.

Picking out a day during the course of one of my regular exhibition flights when conditions were favorable, I nursed the groaning, grunting old Wright up to the uncharted spaces of the 4,200 foot level, climbing at the terrific rate of 70 feet a minute, as compared to the approximate 700 or a thousand feet per minute climb of modern planes. It was the greatest altitude ever attained by man in a heavier than air machine!

The glory of my altitude record lasted only a short time, for on July 7th, Paulhan set the new record of a trifle over 5,000 feet. Two days later, at Atlantic City, I went out to break that record and won a five thousand dollar prize for being the first man to fly over a mile high. It took me fifty-seven minutes to make the climb and seven to come down. I was credited with 6,175 feet, although my altimeter showed 6,500 feet.

The next meet, at Asbury Park in August, came very close to being my last, although it was actually no fault of mine or of the plane. It was a ten-day affair and I was scheduled to take the Wright ship up for the first flight of the opening day.

A crowd of fifty thousand was there to see the show. They had stands on all four sides of the field and with a cross wind blowing in from the ocean, taking off and getting in presented a problem.

But a far greater and unforeseen problem came into being just as I climbed into the plane. There were about fifty press photographers on the field. To the last man, they insisted on standing in front of my ship, their heads buried in Graflex finders, to get a picture as I was taking off. I had to stop the motor three times to keep from running them down.

Finally, after warning them to keep the field clear when I landed, I managed to clear a sufficient space to take off. I flew for about twenty minutes, then started down.

Of course I had to land into the wind, which was blowing diagonally across the field. This brought me in over one of the stands and the hospital tent. As I came across the top of the stand and caught a full sight of the field, I discovered to my horror that right where I intended to land were all fifty of the photographers!

I had pulled the cord to kill my motor and there was no way to start it again to fly over them. It was a question of risking my life or theirs. I took the only possible way out.

Gritting my teeth, I nosed straight down from an elevation of fifty feet and with eyes wide open, went smack into the fence in front of them, giving an excellent shot of a beautiful crackup to the men who were the cause.

All they had to do was raise the flap of the hospital tent and drag me in. I was unconscious seventeen hours and when I came to, I was told that when they picked me up, I still had my eyes wide open. I had a broken nose, a broken ankle and several teeth knocked out. The plane was a complete washout.

That was the first day of the meet. They sent another ship by express from Dayton and on the sixth day, I was carried out of the hospital to the new ship and I flew it every day for the rest of the meet. However, the officials were happy to comply with my insistence that photographers be barred from the field during the flying hours.

Then, toward the end of September, under contract with a Chicago newspaper, I gave the first aeroplane exhibition in Chicago, winning a ten thousand dollar prize for fulfilling its conditions and making the longest flight in history!

H. H. Kohlsaat, the progressive publisher of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, wanted to have Chicagoans witness the wonders of aviation. So he offered ten thousand dollars for four flights, two to be made at twelve and five on one day and two at twelve-thirty and five-thirty the following day. The receipt of the money was contingent on all four flights starting on the minute.

I set up a tent in the middle of Grant Park, along the lake front, just off Michigan Boulevard and spent forty-eight hours in assembling the ship and tuning up the motor. I worked and fussed over it as I had never worked over a motor before. I wasn't taking any chances, for to a kid of twenty-one, ten thousand dollars seemed like a powerful lot of money.

At eleven fifty-nine on the first flying day we started the motor. At precisely twelve noon, the ship left the long skids and took the air. I began to spiral up immediately. When I reached an altitude of about a thousand feet, I levelled off and looked down. I saw there what no man has ever seen before or since.

One solid mass of people, five hundred thousand in number, the largest crowd ever brought together in the history of the world to witness a single event.

No words of mine could possibly describe the thrill of seeing those half million close-packed, upturned faces. I'll see that picture until the day I die.

I soared around for perhaps twenty minutes, giving the huge crowd what to them was a sensational exhibition and started down. Then I got my thrill and what a thrill!

I found that a west wind, breaking over the high buildings on the west side of Michigan Boulevard, was turned up by the ground and was rising in a perfect blast right over the center of the park. When I first hit it, it hoisted me three

Continued on page 198

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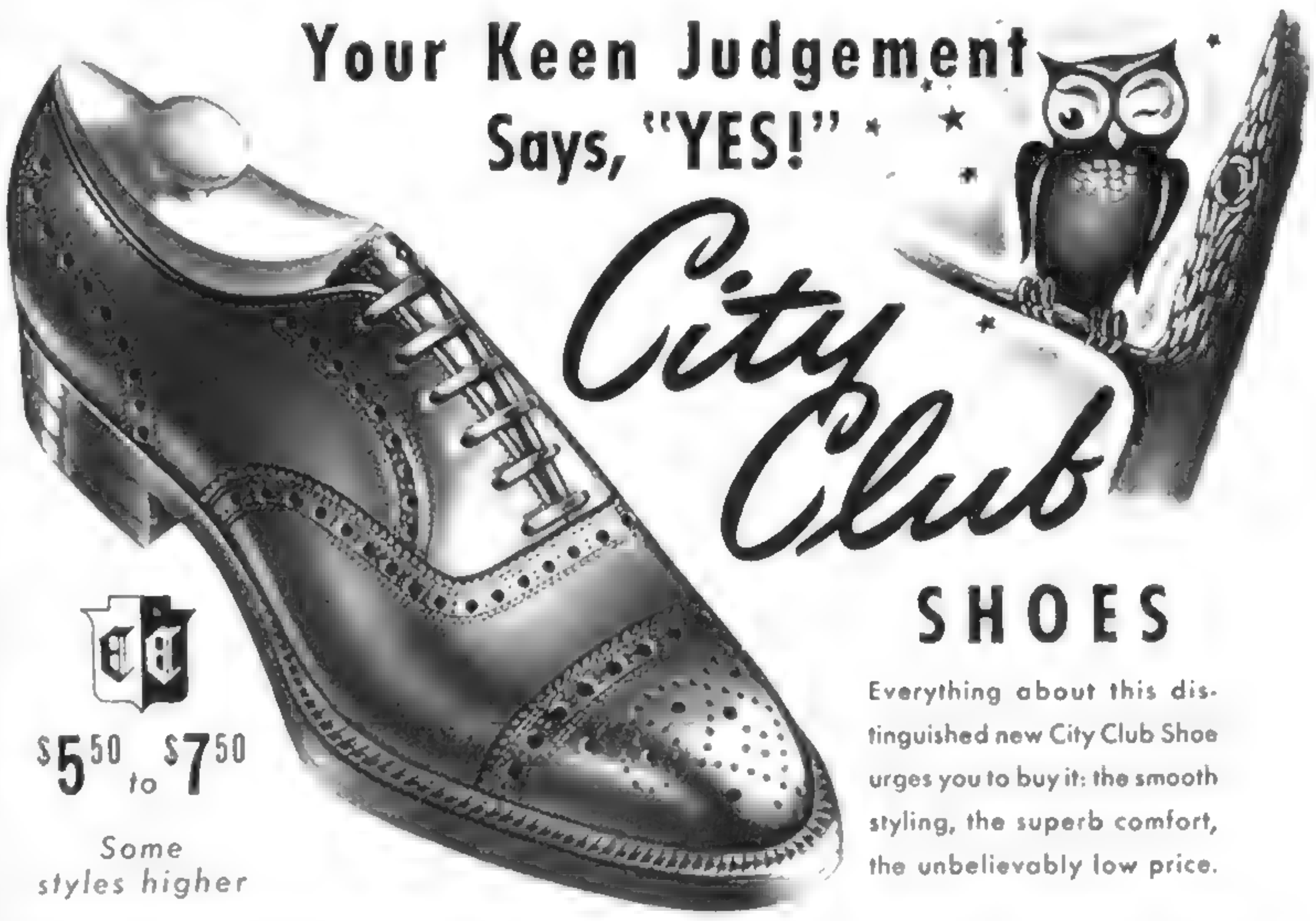

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(See Esquire's ad on page 15)

I Had to Be Lucky

Continued from pages 104-197

hundred feet in one jump.

By this time, in the newer Wright models, we had been equipped with an ignition switch on one of the control levers. I was so scared by this unexpected phenomenon that I automatically turned the motor off. But still I kept going up.

It was weird, a condition that none of us had ever encountered before, so I had no precedent to guide me or idea what to do. There was the up wind; right under it my tent and the only landing space within miles and I couldn't get down!

I hurriedly switched the motor back on and turned for the lake. With such a blast on my tail, I roared out over the lake for nearly a mile at terrific speed, but I didn't take a full breath till I felt the plane under control once again. Then I dived to about ten feet above the water and started for shore with the motor wide open.

There was a whole fleet of boats riding at anchor at the Chicago Yacht Club. They were right in my path and I had to dodge in and out among their masts.

As I went over the shore line, I could hear the roar of the crowd even above the noise of the motor. They all thought I was doing some fancy tricks for their amusement. All the time I was wondering what I'd look like when they picked me up.

Somehow I landed without cracking up and received the congratulations of Mr. Kohlsaat and the Chicago officials for the marvelous exhibition. I didn't do any explaining. I preferred to let them believe it was intentional, but for the remaining three flights, I was extremely careful to maneuver myself out of the upblast.

A further provision of the contract called for a flight from Chicago to Springfield, Illinois, a distance of 187 miles. It was to be the first long-distance flight in history.

Mr. Kohlsaat tried to persuade the President of the Illinois Central Railroad to provide a special train to follow the flight. The answer was, "He'll never make it, but I'll put a special car on one of our regular trains and if he starts out ahead, the train will stop long enough to pick up the pieces."

I started ten minutes ahead of the train, flying at a fairly low altitude directly above the right of way. Mr. Kohlsaat and the President of the I. C. remained in Chicago, receiving telegraphic bulletins from each station as I passed over.

After I'd gone about seventy-five miles, the President of the I.C. began to get enthusiastic. He wired ahead to turn the train into a special and have it stay with me if the flight took a week.

When I had made about half the distance, I had to land in a field beside the tracks to take on more gas, oil and water. When the train came alongside, it stopped and the conductor invited me into the diner for lunch.

After a short stop, I took off again and flew the rest of the distance in one stretch, still followed by my faithful train.

The Illinois State Fair was in progress at Springfield and there was a crowd of nearly a hundred thousand people at the fair grounds, none of whom had ever seen an airplane and most of whom didn't believe there was "any sech animal."

When a tiny speck in the sky finally shaped into a great bird, they became hysterical with excitement. I circled over the grounds a few times and then landed. When they saw a human being get out of this queer contraption, some of the women fainted and many others, both men and women, wept hysterically. Some were silent with awe, while here and there a man dropped to his knees. Curiosity was so great that it took a solid cordon of police around the plane to keep the crowd from swarming over it.

Exploring a new element, we flyers had a queer sense of exaltation in those days and I was a bit awed myself.

My flying time for the world's longest flight was five hours and forty-five minutes, elapsed time seven hours, nine minutes and my average speed was thirty-three miles an hour. The papers made much of the fact that I had cleaved the air like a sea gull in the face of a fifteen-mile wind!

After an exhibition at St. Louis, I went directly to the Gordon Bennett Aeronautical Meet at Belmont Park, where once again my ever present god of good luck smiled on me and saved me from almost certain extinction.

This was the greatest aeronautical meet ever held up to that time. As many as five aeroplanes were circling the air at one time in front of the grandstand. Several trophies and special prizes were offered, of which the principal one was the cup to be awarded for the greatest speed attained.

The Wright brothers had spent months in designing and building a new plane, practically a flying motor, which was to be the fastest ship in the world. Of course, it seems ridiculously slow today, but at the time it was unquestionably just that, for in preliminary test flights it had shown 90 miles an hour, a speed of at least ten miles faster than any other ship in the air.

The official speed flights for the Cup were made by taking off and sailing around until the motor was well warmed; then signalling to the judges when ready to cross the starting line.

While I was getting ready to start, Le Blanc, a French pilot, was making his speed test in a 14-cylinder Gnome rotary-motored Bleriot monoplane. He was on his last lap, flying low for greater speed.

Something went wrong and he

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swooped down and hit a telephone pole. He struck it so hard that he took out an eight-foot section from the middle of the pole, leaving a stub on the ground and the upper part still suspended from the wires. The accident occurred on the far side of the field, so I decided to fly over and see what had happened.

I took off into a thirty mile wind, rose to about a hundred feet, then turned and started with the wind. Just as I straightened away, a connecting rod broke and tore the gasoline pump shaft off with it. Of course, the motor stopped dead.

There I was, at a low altitude, no chance to turn into the wind, with a dead motor and my own speed, added to that of the wind carrying me nearly a hundred and twenty miles an hour.

There was very little supporting wing surface in the racer and I came down fast. I tried to set her down as lightly as possible, but the light landing gear couldn't stand the terrific speed.

I am putting it most conservatively to say that the landing gear was light. Fragile wheels with practically no shock absorbers were suspended beneath the old landing skids and as an afterthought, on the forward end of the skids, another pair of wheels were tied on, which were supposed to keep the bus from nosing over.

All four wheels crumpled at once and the plane rolled over and over like a tumbleweed in a high wind.

The first three or four somersaults were enough for me. Involuntarily I got off then, but what was left of the ship turned a dozen or so more. Needless to add, we didn't win the speed cup.

I had started out to see what had happened to Le Blanc. When they brought him into the hospital, there I was, lying on the operating table waiting for him.

It took me some time to recover from the crash, but as soon as I was able, just as eagerly as ever, I went back to nursing the unwieldy old crates and cranky motors into the air for the edification and thrills of gasping crowds.

At the same time, I continued my instruction duties, teaching many of the leading flyers of the early days; among them Commander John Rogers of the Navy and several Army flyers; A. B. Lambert, publisher and President of the Aero Club of St. Louis; Frank Coffyn and Eddie Stinson.

I also had the honor of being the instructor of the famous daredevil Galbraith Rogers, who in 1911, was the first man ever to span the American continent by air.

He carried the first United States transcontinental air mail and arrived in Los Angeles from New York after fifty days of crashes, bad weather, repairs and short flights. During that time, he flew 3,390 miles in eighty-two flying hours, making a total of sixty-eight flights, the longest of which was 133 miles.

Then in July, 1916, I had one of my narrowest escapes and again the guiding hand of the little good luck god reached out to save me.

I was at Pensacola, Florida, putting a Wright flying boat through its paces in Navy acceptance tests. Lieutenant (now Captain) Whiting was the official observer for the Navy. He was the first man who had ever left a submarine through its torpedo tube, so that may have been one reason he was selected by the Navy for the hazards of flying.

We had spent several days in making the takeoff and landing tests in smooth and rough water. The only remaining tests were for speed and altitude.

The day for these tests dawned clear and calm. The sea was almost as smooth as glass. It was perfect weather for either test. I asked Whiting to make his choice. After some consideration, he chose speed. That choice saved both our lives.

The ship was a twin-propeller tractor with a speed of 78 miles per hour. We took off, circled a few times back of the starting line and then I gave her the gun. We roared across the line and down the five-mile course, flying about twenty feet above the water.

We had covered about four miles in three minutes, when the brace rod supporting one of the propellers broke. The drive chain pulled the propeller around at right angles and its flashing blades neatly severed both wings.

The next thing I knew I was under twenty feet of water, looking up at a tangled mass of wreckage which was supported by the rear half of the boat. I looked frantically for Whiting, but I couldn't see him. I swam out from under the wreck and came up with my lungs almost bursting. Still there was no sign of Whiting.

Wondering if I would be able to untangle him from the wreckage, I was just going down again after him, when up he popped, cool as a cucumber and announced that he had been up once before and had gone down again to look for me.

When we examined the wreck, we found that both of us had gone right through the bottom of the boat when she hit the water. We were scratched a bit, but otherwise unhurt.

Whiting's lucky choice had saved us. Had he chosen altitude instead of speed, we should have been up just about 2,500 feet when the wings came off. In that case, there's no necessity to explain what would have happened.

I don't fly very much any more. I feel that I've had just a little more than my share of luck. It has always been my contention that everyone is entitled to just about so much and if it's carried too far, the inexorable law of average is bound to catch up.

Left are only a pitiful handful of early birds who are privileged to see where our pinfeather efforts have led. I'm proud of my part in the beginning, and I'm perfectly content to rest on my laurels and let the eager horde of air-minded youngsters carry on. ###

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 88

don't know what it is, but it's magic, and there's nothing like it in the world!"

The second is placed in the mouth of the drunken old actor's suddenly rebellious daughter:

"His life—what about *my* life? . . . I could have made a career in music, I let it go; I like new people, and Robert's the first I've met for eight years; I loathe the dirt and disorder, and for as long as I can remember I've rubbed shoulders with both; I have a great liking for grass and trees, and—and the only time I've been to the country was to see a friend married. I'm fond of children. For eight years I've been a prisoner in this room, and I've served my sentence as faithfully as I know how. I've cheered him up when he was depressed, lied to him if it made him happier, pretended he couldn't have been sick the night before because the room was as clean as a new pin—and while that's been going on, time's been going on too. Twenty-nine isn't old, but it's quite a time to catch up; there's a chance to catch up now. Before God and my conscience, that I've searched into through whole anxious nights, I have the right to take that chance and nothing in the world is going to stop me! That's all."

So much for clichéful sentiment and challenge. Now for a half-dozen samples of humor:

1.

"I saw in the paper about a Turk that lived to a hundred and forty."

"'Uman bein's is different."

"Isn't a Turk a human being?"

"I thought she said a turkey."

2.

"Gentleman rang up twice. A Mr. Rabbit."

"You mean Robertson?"

"That's right."

3.

"In public without lipstick? I'd feel quite naked."

4.

"Laryngitis—an affectation of the throat."

5.

"Got anything tomorrow, Mrs. B.? I might come."

"Waterloo Station. My Rosie's lookin' forward to that, bless 'er. Shirley Temple's father an' mother."

6.

"*And* she talked French to the waiter."

We come to humorous resource in the way of character. One such is Bevan, a policeman. Here is Bevan, a paraphrase of the familiar sapient butler out of hokum plays on end:

1.

Cattrin: "Bevan, I did appreciate your giving up your lecture."

Bevan: "Not at all, Miss Thomas, it was on Chinese philosophy, with which I am out of sympathy."

2.

Maddoc: "But how do you account for Hazlitt's lecture on Ophelia?"

Bevan: "I am not an admirer of the essayists, and it was Coleridge."

We turn to a contemplation of fertility in the way of general dialogue. Here, some typical passages:

1. "And why all this to me?"
2. "I feel a beast."
3. "I feel as if I'd just gone over Niagara in a barrel."
4. "Oh my dear, why have I wasted all those years—why?"
5. "But you know life is not as simple as that."
6. "And please forget all this for tonight, and sit back and enjoy yourself."
7. "You won't think too badly of me, will you?"
8. "It would mean you weren't happy, and you must be happy, you know, because you're doing the right thing."
9. "About time you had a chance, with a nice fellow like Robert, and seeing the world—they tell me New York's a grand place for young people."
10. "It's my fault—for not realizing it was madness from the beginning—that no person has the right to make themselves indispensable to anybody else."

Etc., etc.

We survey the novel essence of stage directions:

Sample 1. "Cattrin crosses, sits on her bed, and watches Maddoc, who walks round the table, whistling defiantly. He sinks on the sofa, on the script, takes it, sees what it is, and tosses it on the sofa-end . . . Cattrin tries to go on with her darning. The sudden sound of music . . . They both look slowly up; Cattrin catches Maddoc's eye, and goes back to her work. His look travels to the script beside him. He looks away, drums his fingers, drums his fingers again, and looks again at the script; takes it up, looks at it casually, then turns his face to the audience to get a better light on the paper. He looks slowly round to see if Cattrin is watching; but just in time she is deep in her work. The music dies away; he begins to read. She watches, breathless."

2. "Silence. They have heard something on the stairs. They look at the door. The click of the handle. Cattrin looks before her; the others keep their eyes on the door. It opens softly and Maddoc enters with a thud; he is in his overcoat but wears no hat. His movements are slow, and he is drunk."

3. "A pause. A noise behind the screen. Maddoc's tousled head peers slowly from behind it; he sees the room is empty and shuffles out. He is in his dressing-gown, the cord trailing, with no collar and tie, unshaven, dirty, still suffering from his drinking."

We sniff the device of sprinkling the text with familiar names by way of creating weight and atmosphere. A part catalogue of the

Continued on page 202

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 88-201

aforesaid names: Covent Garden, *Daily Sketch*, the Cri, St. Margaret's, *Daily Mirror*, Selfridge's, Sarah Siddons, Ellen Terry, the B.B.C., Regent Street, the Haymarket, Edward VIII, *Evening Standard*, the Tivoli, Charing Cross, Queen's Hall, Toscanini, Chappells', Trollope, George Moore, *Brook Kerith*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, Henry Irving, Garrick Club, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Peer Gynt*, *Vasco da Gama*, Regent's Park, Beerbohm Tree, Drury Lane, Critics' Circle, the Lyceum, the Shaftesbury, the Lyric, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Caledonian Market, Green Room Club, Edith Evans, George Arliss, Café de Paris, Savoy Grill, Orpen, *Tristan and Isolde*, C. B. Cochran, *Henry the Fifth*, John Gielgud, Temple Shakespeare, Dover Wilson, Kean, Kemble, British Museum, the *Times*, Goneril, Regan, Dickens, *Charley's Aunt*, Albert Hall, Chelsea, the *Star*, the *Tatler*, the Odeon, Royal Opera House, *The Merry Widow*, John McCormack, *Punch*, *Pagliacci*, the Embankment, Gerrard 3482 . . .

We engage virtuosity in the Tender Note:

Stage direction: *There is sadness in the room.*

Maddoc (*drowsy*): "This room's miles away from anywhere. Just you an' me, a l'il place where the rest can't get at us, back in the old days when I was a l'il chap, with the old songs."

He drinks.

Cattrin: "That's right, Tadda. They keep the cold out, and the fog . . . (*Singing*):

'Mae'r feinwen fwyn a garaf fi
Yubell oddi yma'n byw . . .' "

Maddoc: "They keep everything out, do the old songs."

We observe the highly original method of introducing the young male love interest:

Stage direction: *A knock at the door.*

Cattrin: "Come in."

Robert opens the door and leans round it. He is in shirtsleeves, etc.

Robert: "Your father hasn't got a new Gillette blade, has he?"

Cattrin: "Well, I—"

Robert (*coming in*): "Sorry, I forgot this muck on my face—I'm the nuisance who called this morning and asked for a hammer."

Fan: "Are you the new unfurnished over the yard?"

Robert: "Moved in yesterday. I'm afraid they made a bit of a shindy getting my piano up."

We savor the subsequent airy humor of the young lovers in this sample:

Cattrin: "Have you finished with the hammer?"

Robert: "I wish I'd thought of shaving with it."

We further savor the rich phraseology of the lovers' dialogue:

1. (*Coldly*): "I think you'd better go, don't you?"
2. "How do I compare with other men you know?"
3. "I'm assuming you're not being sorry for me."
4. "Do you talk to everybody like this?"
5. "But why should my being as I am make it easier for you to talk?"
6. "I'm afraid that's his way of asking you to go."
7. "Except for one little item—yourself. Where are you going to end up?"
8. "Why have you suddenly turned into a magistrate?"
9. "Have you ever been in love?" "When I was nineteen. He was very kind to me. I don't quite know how I expected it to end"...
10. "I've told you enough about *me*, God knows—what is the one thing *you* want?" "As I've always known it was out of the question, it isn't really such a tragedy. It's just that by nature I'm meant to —have children."
11. "Can't you see that I'm asking you to marry me?"
12. "That's the thing about you, I think—you're great fun."
13. "You've got tears in your eyes."
14. "I'll be glad when he knows, Robert."
15. "I know what you're going to say. You're not coming with me."
16. "You might meet—somebody else."
17. "Do you remember the things I said to you that first night, just here?" "I know them by heart."

I take it that that is enough.

This, then, is the general composition of a play hailed by the English critics as "magnificent stuff," "one of the best plays of modern times," "a great play" and "a distinguished play." And this, the author hailed by them as a "young master-playwright."

We await, with curiosity, the American verdict. ⧺

When you look through next month's mammoth Christmas issue, don't miss one brand new and different feature, The Esquire Sports Poll, conducted by Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon, giving the professional and amateur lowdown on ten controversial sports questions.

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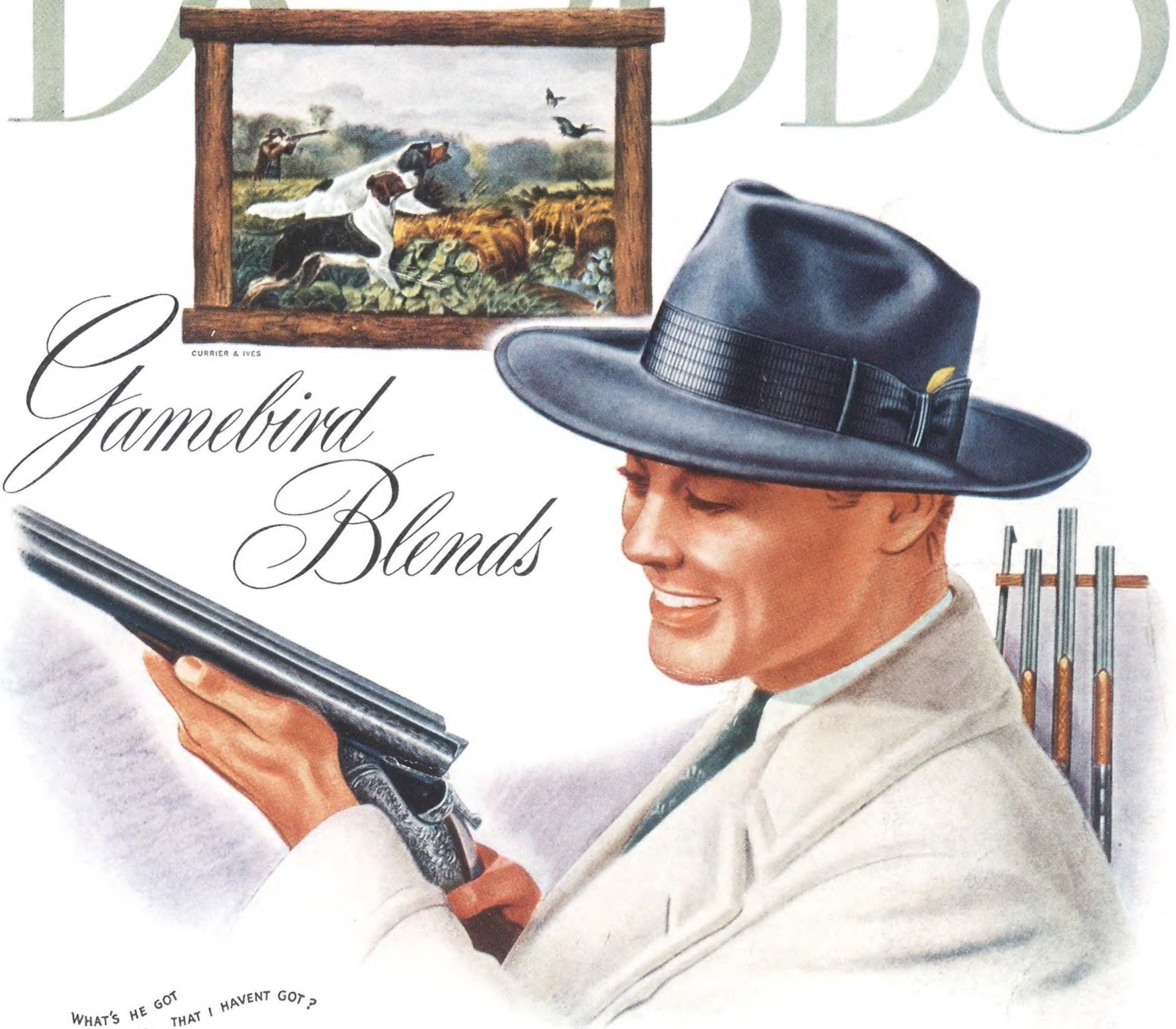

Gamebird Blends

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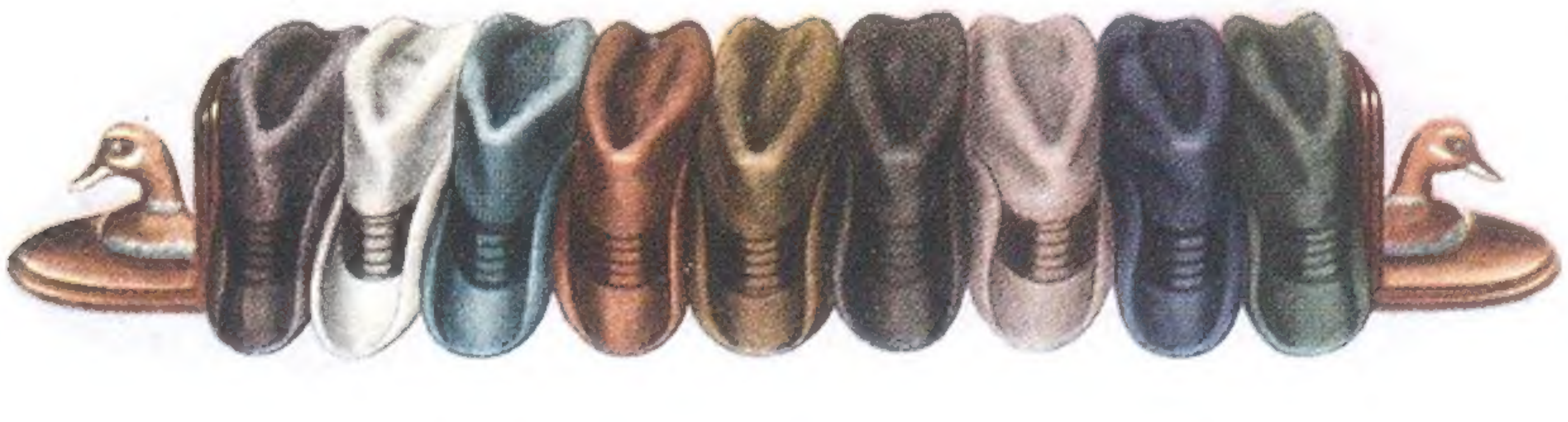
GUN AND OVERCOAT, COURTESY OF ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

WHAT'S HE GOT THAT I HAVENT GOT?

The fellow with the gun has something more than just "a new hat." He's got presence . . . the self-assurance of being better dressed! . . . the kind of true individuality *you* can enjoy if you wear a Dobbs *Gamebird Blend.* Here's felt of lustrous suede-like softness—and style that sets you apart from the crowd!

$^{\$}8^{50}$ · $^{\$}10$ · $^{\$}12^{50}$

NEW! *DOBBS EXCLUSIVE TONES* · **NEW!** *FINE SUEDE FINISH* · **NEW!** *RIB-ROW BANDS*



DOBBS HATS

Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

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LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

● *Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—J. M. Talley inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"Take my word for it—tobacco like this is plenty expensive!" says J. M. Talley, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, N. C. "But that doesn't stop Luckies. I've seen them go after this finer leaf in my warehouse again and again—and pay the price to get it!"

Smokers, the higher-priced tobaccos Luckies buy are worth the money because they're milder and better-tasting—just naturally more enjoyable to smoke than the ordinary kind.

Wouldn't you like these tobaccos in your *own* cigarette?

Remember: the independent tobacco experts see who buys what tobacco. And with these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen . . .

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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